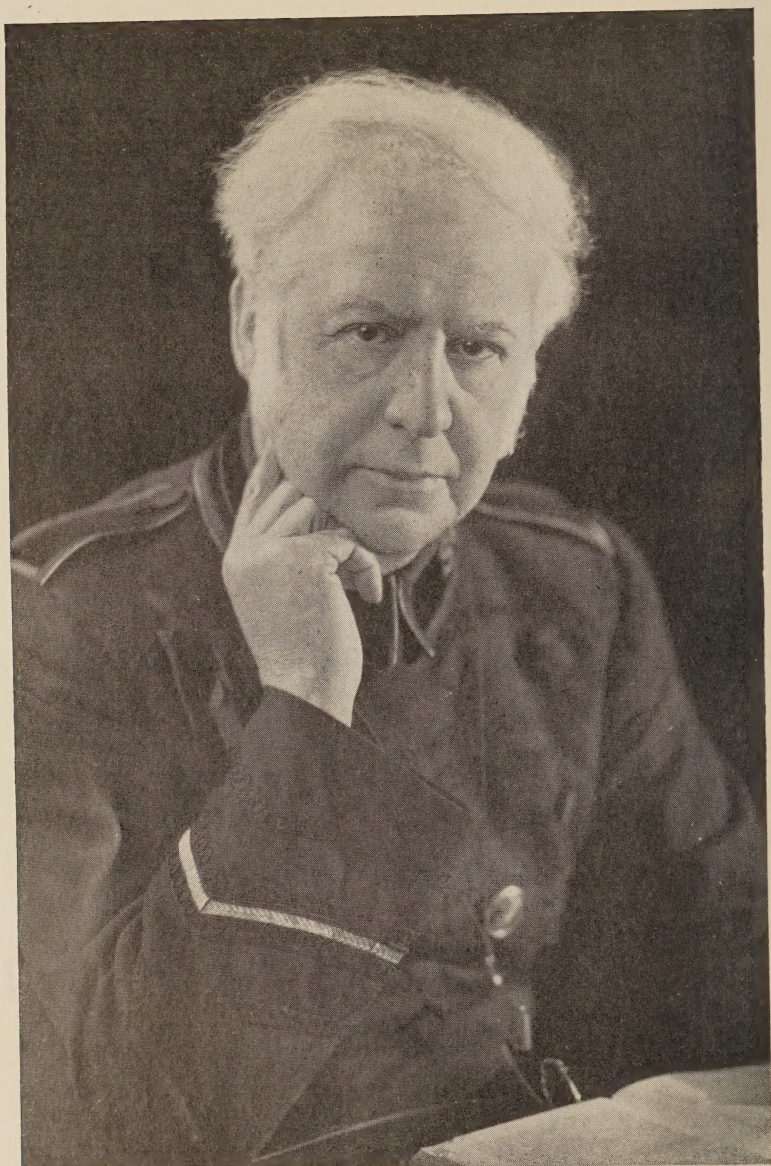


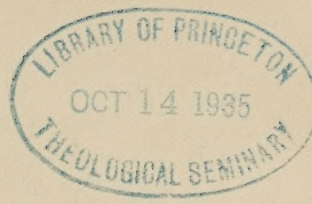
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Bramwell Booth

BRAMWELL
BOOTH

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BRAMWELL BOOTH

By

CATHERINE
BRAMWELL BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED

SEARS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK

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BOOTH

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PREFACE

MY aim in this book has been to manifest the man, who is my father, rather than to recount his doings. For this reason I have enlisted his own words, his letters and diaries to tell his thoughts and to support the conclusions set forth in these pages.

That others, skilled in the art, will give the world a better picture, I do not doubt. The subject is of sufficient interest. Bramwell Booth's character does not perhaps lend itself to easy portraiture as does William Booth's. Physically, William Booth's pronounced features made almost any daub recognisable, and it is characteristic of the two men that there seems to be no such thing as a bad photograph of the elder, and hardly such a thing as a good one of the younger. Shades of expression played so swiftly about Bramwell's features, a real likeness so much depended upon mobility, as to make it almost impossible to procure a static likeness. And there was something of the same elusive quality about his many-sided personality, a charm difficult to portray with pen and ink.

William Booth could hardly be misunderstood: forthright, almost rigid, in his simplicity he makes an attractive study, so also will Bramwell Booth, though for different reasons. Here are complexities, half-hidden traits; artists will return to the subject again and again to catch a fresh expression, to emphasise another quality. Happy I shall be if this book serve in some degree as a sketch which, though lacking in artistic merit, may yet provide accurate measurements and thus far help those who shall one day give the world a portrait of the man.

I only dared attempt a task for which I knew myself unqualified because circumstances combined with conviction to make me see it to be a duty. And having recognised a duty there remains but to do it; results are not our concern.

To write the story of Bramwell Booth without writing in part the story of The Salvation Army is impossible, but this book is not an account of The Salvation Army, and is written primarily for those who are acquainted with the main features of its development. On the other hand, it is impossible to write of Bramwell Booth without discovering that he lived and moved and had his being in The Army. It was the expression of his life, and there is a sense in which the life of The Army may be said to have been personified in him.

I have refrained from any expression of my own opinion about the events at his life's close, and have recorded them only as they appeared to him. The history of those happenings will doubtless be written and will throw further light on their causes and upon the motives of the chief actors, but these pages are only concerned with their effect on the life of Bramwell Booth.

CATHERINE BRAMWELL BOOTH.

HADLEY WOOD,
December, 1932.

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
MY MOTHER
WITHOUT WHOSE LOVING ENCOURAGEMENT
AND STEADFAST FAITH
IT WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE AND BIRTH

WHITECHAPEL in the 'sixties was very different from Whitechapel to-day. Darkness, drunkenness and dirt were at home in its ill-lighted alleys and waste patches ; but Whitechapel then, as now, teemed with men. Humanity densely packed the dingy houses in all the narrow streets that flanked the less narrow streets where markets flourished and where every fifth shop was a gin shop.

In one of these very streets you might have met them one Sunday night in 1865—father and son striding along together. The father tall, spare, black-bearded, with penetrating restless grey eyes, energy written in every movement ; the son dark too, brown-eyed and sensitive. You might have seen the man stop abruptly, take the child by the hand, and, pushing open the swing door, pass from the crowded street into the more crowded public-house bar. Here were men in all stages of intoxication, women with babies at their breasts, children squeezed in between the adults ; noise, stench, degradation. Stooping toward his son, William Booth said eagerly, "Willie, these are our people, these are the people I want you to live for and bring to Christ."

They left as suddenly as they had entered and hand in hand hurried into the night and so, in silence, home. Prophetic, almost symbolic ! For these two, father and son, were destined to travel strange roads together ; metaphorically speaking, one sees them hurrying through all, or nearly all, the Whitechapels of the world, always searching out the sinful, repulsive and outcast of the children of men, and always saying to each other, "These are our people."

That first vivid impression of mankind's misery and degradation, of its immeasurable spiritual need, which he received in Whitechapel, never left Bramwell Booth. More than sixty years later he lay dying in circumstances of peculiar personal sorrow and loss, but his thoughts and prayers were with "our people," the people who had not yet been brought to Christ. "Lord, save the people. Help The Army to do more to win souls. We must have more souls." These words formed part of his last audible prayer, spoken a few hours before death's touch freed him from the burden of the vision of the world's need and opened for him the door into the presence of the world's Saviour.

A few months before that abrupt entry into the gin-shop, William Booth, who, with a delicate wife and six young children had left success in the shape of crowded congregations and an assured place

as a popular preacher, had gone into the streets of East London, penniless and unsupported, with his message of Salvation. He said, "I saw multitudes of my fellow-creatures not only without God and hope, but sunk in the most desperate forms of wickedness and misery that can be conceived. I went out and looked on the wretched sons and daughters of debauchery and vice and crime, who were all about me."*

Whilst it is clear that William Booth received at this time a special call to the churchless crowds of the East End, his zeal for the salvation of the people was no new fever. Within a few months of his own conversion as a lad of fifteen, he and a boy friend were "preaching" in the back streets of Nottingham. Spare time preaching led to the adoption of a preacher's vocation; and in his early twenties he understood and shared Paul's cry, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." He was conducting revival services as a minister of the Methodist New Connexion when his eldest son and first child, William Bramwell, was born.

How completely William Booth captured the imagination and influenced the hearts of his children their lives testify. Seven of the eight became preachers, one was prevented from doing public work by delicate health. But none of them became so deeply imbued with the father's enthusiasms and faiths as did his firstborn, Bramwell. This tall, vivid, restless father, with his gusts of laughter and anger, with his tenderesses and depressions, with his flashing sermons and unquenchable hopes, was the boy's ideal and remained through all the disillusionments of manhood and to the last his loved and undisputed hero.

Yet it was from his mother that Bramwell received most after the flesh. Temperamentally he was far more her son than William Booth's, and the impress of her teaching marked him indelibly. What was she like? Her son writes of her:

"A slightly built woman, some five feet six inches in height, extremely gentle and refined in appearance, suggesting even timidity, and in her countenance such strength and intensity as made it, especially when animated, almost mesmeric in its power to hold the attention even of the indifferent and casual. So great an impression did the mere sight of her create that often people passing her in the street, not knowing who she was, turned back to gaze. Her head, which was small, was well set on her shoulders its poise and movement conveying great personal dignity . . . indeed, her whole body suggested a fine instrument carefully fashioned for some great purpose."†

Many who have themselves occupied no mean place as leaders among men look back to hours spent under the influence of this frail woman as among the most momentous of their human experience; but what shall be said of the effect of her presence, of

*"William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army," Vol. I, p. 371.

†"These Fifty Years," p. 10.

her character and teaching, on the two men, husband and son, upon whom above all others her love was set?

No one can read the letters she wrote William Booth before her marriage to him, without at least understanding that here was a woman not merely gifted intellectually, but one endowed with a nature capable of rare intensity. Harold Begbie speaks of them as :

“Breathing the deepest spirituality and revealing the mystical element which beautified and sanctified her revivalism, and rendered her one of the great figures in religious history.”*

To this woman, of whom in after years it was fitting to speak as “the Mother of The Salvation Army,” Bramwell was given as firstborn. She says, “I had from the first infinite yearnings over Bramwell”; and it is certain that this child was nearer to his mother’s heart, more intimately flesh of her flesh, spirit of her spirit, than any other. He was the richer for it, but it is also true that he paid the toll that love always exacts from a strong and sensitive recipient. Almost before he was out of his boyhood her love’s high expectation drew up her son’s opening nature to a level with her own conception of life. She lifted him, as it were, up to the windows of life before he was tall enough to reach them, and from her arms he glimpsed the boundless horizons of unsolved problems and mysterious sorrows. While I would not go so far as to say this robbed him altogether of childhood’s irresponsible gaiety, it is certain that he never for long forgot what we call the realities of life.

Even before her marriage Catherine Mumford had clearly-formed notions about children and the responsibilities of parents towards them. Writing to William Booth in 1852 she says :

“I am glad you feel the importance of the training of children, there is no subject on which I have felt and still feel more acutely. I have often looked on a little child and felt my whole frame affected by the consideration that it were possible for me some time to become a mother; the awful weight of responsibility wrapped up in that beautiful word has often caused my spirit to sink within me. Oh if I did not fully intend, and ardently hope, to train my own (if ever blessed with any) differently from the way in which most are trained, I would pray every day, most earnestly, that I might never have any. . . . My dear, I hope you do not consider the arduous but *glorious* work of training the intellectual and moral nature of the child solely the duty of the mother. Remember the father is, and must be, in every well-regulated family, the *head* of his household. Think for a few moments what is implied in being their *head*, their *ruler*, their *shepherd*, their *tender parent*. Oh, my Love, you have need to prepare head and heart.”†

“I never look at a little child but I feel unutterable things : What *is he*? What will he become, and what might he be?

*“William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army,” p. 192. †27.12.1852.

What eternal destiny awaits the immortal jewel lodged in that beautiful little casket? What influences will gather round it in this life's pilgrimage? What friends will aid it? What foes try to ruin it? These are questions my soul shrinks from answering even to itself."*

"You will not misunderstand me when I say that I never yet met with a female friend able to understand or appreciate my views and feelings on the great subjects which appear to me the only realities of life; all whom I know seem to live in a different world; they look not at the future, they seem to be shut up in the present little paltry things of everyday life; I am grieved that it is so; the *mothers of humanity* want different training."†

William Booth's work as a Methodist evangelist had already marked him an outstanding figure. Crowds filled every chapel in which he spoke. During the four or five months preceding his marriage nearly two thousand seekers' names were taken at his services. He was married to Catherine Mumford on the 16th of June, 1855, and together they spent one week of privacy and quiet at the side of the sea. After that week (it must certainly have seemed the shortest week on record to two people as deeply in love with each other as were Catherine and William Booth) Mrs. Booth accompanied her husband as he went from place to place preaching.

The Methodist New Connexion annual conference, held shortly before the wedding, passed a resolution to the effect that "The Revd. William Booth, whose labours had been so abundantly blessed in the conversion of sinners, be appointed to the work of an evangelist, to give the various circuits an opportunity of having his services during the coming year." This meant there was to be no settled home for the young couple. Mrs. Booth at this time took no public share in the meetings, nevertheless they entailed a considerable amount of fatigue for her, and very soon it became evident her health demanded some cessation from the journeying. She went to her mother in London, and it is charming to find her describing herself in one of her letters to her husband who was then preaching in York, "your own faithful, loving, joyful little wife." Later she rejoined her husband and wrote to her mother:

"We are to have apartments at Sheffield. You cannot think with what joy I anticipate being to ourselves once more. It will seem like being at home.

"For though I get literally oppressed with kindness, I must say I would prefer a home, where we could sit down together at our own little table, myself the mistress and my husband the only guest. But the work of God so abundantly prospers that I dare not repine, or else I feel this constant packing and locating amongst strangers to be a great burden."‡

*13.6.1853.

†18.7.1853.

‡"Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 203.

This happy hope was not fulfilled ; on arrival in Sheffield she writes, " We are not to be to ourselves," makes no other reference to her disappointment, but tells, " William is posted on the walls in monster bills in all directions."* The meetings continue, her joy in her husband's preaching and the manifest success of his services is evident. In spite of her continued delicate health, in spite of having no home, and being of necessity constantly with strangers, peculiarly trying to one of her retiring temperament, *she is happy*. To her mother in October she writes, " I never was so happy before."

But the unsettled life, its spells of elation and over-fatigue undoubtedly contributed to the reactions her highly-strung spirit suffered. She had not the time needed for rest, as would have been possible in a home of her own. Taken as a whole, however, it is clear that this period was one of the least anxious of her life. Her joy in the anticipated advent of her child cast its lustre over the other joys and loves of her life. This mood is reflected in her letters to her mother at this time.

" The work goes on gloriously. On Sunday night the Chapel was packed to suffocation, and after a powerful sermon a mighty prayer-meeting ensued in which upwards of sixty names were taken."†

" Don't imagine that because I am so happy . . . I think or care less about you. I don't believe I ever loved or valued you so much."‡

" Don't worry ! I have seen the folly of my former days of apprehension, distrust and sinful despondency in regard to the future. . . . But now the clouds have dispersed, and the sun shines, how plainly I see that I might have been much happier if I had trusted the Lord more. . . . The Lord help us for even yet I need much faith in God for the future. I am often dreadfully tempted to entertain gloomy anticipations, and to think that my present lot is too happy to last long."§

" I could not tell you how happy we both are, notwithstanding my delicate health and our constant migrations."**

This sense of joy in life, in each other and in the child-to-be had its invigorating effect upon her spirits, and the material uncertainty of their life at the moment failed to counteract its healthful effect.

" He [William] often tells me how beautiful I look, and says he wishes you could see me ; and I do think I look better than ever I can remember doing ; my countenance has quite lost the

*" Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 208.

†" Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 208.

‡" Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 212.

§" Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 212.

**" Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 214.

haggard expression it used to wear, and I generally have a little colour, so you see all this happiness is not fruitless.”*

The experience through which she is passing brings a perceptible change, too, in her outlook. “On her part, she is no longer the writer of the love-letters, a woman so obsessed by religion that her humanity scarcely appears there, so mindful of God that she can hardly write one letter to her lover without a reproach, an admonishment, a warning, or a cry for deeper spirituality; she is now, with an even quickened sense of religion, the adoring wife and the expectant mother, full of concern for domestic trifles which are really of immense concern, and happy, contented, ravished by a wonderful love.”†

Meanwhile her husband’s preaching goes on with undiminished vigour. And added to the excitement of spirit resulting from her personal joy was the religious exaltation which seldom fails to move sensitive and reverent natures when in the presence of a great crowd of worshippers.

It is but natural that this young wife should be more than usually susceptible to such influences. Was not her husband the messenger upon whose lips the people hung? The noblest instinct of her nature was drawn out in solicitude for him, lest the reaction always lying in wait for a spirit exhausted by efforts such as his might lead to some lowering of the high standard set for the beloved.

Now added to the hopes and prayers which centred in her husband came the hopes and prayers for the unborn child. Perhaps now was sown the seed of that capacity for anxiety which bore its fruit even in hours of joy and successful achievement. That he inherited his mother’s temperament is evident; how far certain qualities were intensified by the emotions to which she was subject before his birth who shall say? She writes of the Watch-Night service to her mother:

“I cannot tell you the nature of my feelings on again mingling with the great congregation on such an occasion and under such new, interesting and happy circumstances. It was truly a thrilling hour to my soul. . . . You know what an enthusiastic excitable nature mine is, and can easily imagine the rush of emotion I should experience at such a season, while meditating on the past, rejoicing in the present, and anticipating the future.”‡

They moved to Halifax where they stayed two months. Here 641 names were taken at the services, and one new name was added to the family circle. Mrs. Booth was delighted to have a home of their own for this little spell. She writes to her mother:

*“William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army,” Vol. I, p. 296.

†“William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army,” Vol. I, p. 291.

‡3.1.1856.

"Of course I have many little things to attend to in my new house, but I like it very much and never was happier. . . . I should like you to send the parcel as soon as you can now, as I want everything ready."*

The parcel duly arrived and the mother-to-be laughed and cried as she unpacked it and examined the precious contents. "The style of the little gowns far exceeds my expectations, *they are beautifully done.*" "I like the little tucked waists of the long clothes ones very much." "The caps are little ducks." And so the appointed time drew near and between eight and nine on the evening of March the 8th, 1856, that son was born whose life and love were to be so intricately interwoven with the life and love of his parents. William Bramwell's parents looked upon their child as a gift from God. They were disposed by their views of life and religion, as well as by their faith each in the inherent greatness of the other, to regard the child born to them as one for whom noble possibilities were already purposed in the mind of God ; they received him as one in whom some high and beneficent end should be fulfilled. This came not of pride as might at first be supposed, but of their conception of God as the Father of every human soul, and of every human soul as the perfect, though unfinished work of God's hands.

Humility of mind they both, especially the mother, possessed. Few had a clearer view of the impotence and incompleteness of man apart from God ; but to look upon man as inherently incapable of being, and unworthy to do, what God willed was to her not to degrade man, but to dishonour God. The influence on their children of this idea of the relationship between God and man can hardly be exaggerated. From earliest infancy they were taught to regard themselves and their work in the world as important because they had come from God and would return to God ; life was God's gift, noble and precious from the nature of the gift and of its setting, but above all because of the Giver, to Whom an account must one day be rendered. These and like thoughts were hidden in the young mother's heart when her child was first put into her arms. She says : "I held him up to God as soon as I had strength to do so, specially desiring that he should be an advocate of holiness . . . we named him after the well-known holiness preacher, William Bramwell, with the earnest prayer that he might wield the same sword."†

The happy father writes to his wife's parents :

"It is with feelings of unutterable gratitude and joy that I have to inform you that at half-past eight last night my dear Kate was safely delivered of a healthy and beautiful *son* . . . the baby is a plump, round-faced, dark-complexioned, black-pated little fellow. . . . The Lord has been very good to us. We wanted a *son*, and I wanted him to be like his mother."‡

*"William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army," Vol. I, p. 297.

†"Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 247. ‡Sunday, 9.3.1856, Halifax.

And shortly afterwards a pencilled note follows from the new-made mother to *her* mother :

“ By a little subtlety I have succeeded in getting hold of a bit of paper and a pencil and now I am going to whisper a few words into your ear. . . . I now know what it is to be a mother and I feel as though I had never loved you half as well as I ought to have done. Forgive all my shortcomings and be assured I now appreciate all your self-sacrifice on my behalf.”*

Although Mrs. Booth's recovery was not as satisfactory as had been confidently expected, they moved to Macclesfield in April, and Mrs. Mumford came to stay with her daughter. Here the baby was baptized by his father with about thirty other infants. “ Not wishing the ceremony to interfere with the revival services,” says Mrs. Booth, “ we had them all postponed to one day, making it the occasion for a special demonstration, and an appeal to parents to consecrate their children to the service of God.” One sees in this the germ of thought which later made the dedication, The Salvation Army's equivalent ceremony, a rite in which the parents solemnly consecrate the child to God and His service and an appeal is made to all parents present. Thus one may say Bramwell Booth was the precursor of The Army's tens of thousands of “ dedicated ” children.

The little family moved from place to place and the strain and excitement consequent upon the revival services continued unabated. The young mother from now on became increasingly engrossed in this side of her life. It occupied the greater part of her letters to her mother, and it is not difficult to realise that the progress of the mission, the “ spirit ” of the meetings, the needs of the converts, had permanently become the bread and meat of the conversational menu shared by husband and wife. The baby's beauty, liveliness and general charm introduced a fleeting piquancy to this wholesome if somewhat monotonous diet. Changes of lodging, the qualifications of the nurse-maids occasionally obtruded, but in the main their joys and anxieties were associated with the preaching. Of the baby Mrs. Booth wrote to her mother :

“ When his father first comes in sight he is fit to fly, they play all sorts of games, such as tossing, rolling, jumping, walking, etc., keeping me in a ferment all the time for fear of an accident.”†

“ I wish you could see your little grandson, he gets a real beauty, everybody exclaims when they see him, ‘ What a sweet child,’ ‘ Oh, what a lovely baby.’ His eyes are as bright as stars and get darker every day, his head is quite different to what it was in front, everybody who understands phrenology says he has a splendid development, and great strength of *will*, of which he already gives ample proof by sticking to his point till he gets it ; you might as well try to curb the wind as try to cheat him

*“ Life of Catherine Booth,” Vol. I, p. 243.

†Sheffield, August, 1856.

out of his food when he wants it, and if he gets hold of anything he must not have and I substitute something else, if *he* does not think it equal to his lost treasure he throws it on the floor and screams, this rather proficient for six months is it not! . . . Everybody says he is the picture of his mother, but I have not the *vanity* to believe it.”*

They visited Nottingham in December and Grandmother Booth enjoyed the company of her small grandson as well as the happy privilege of seeing the success of her son. He felt some trepidation at the thought of this visit.

“Being so well known,” he writes, “and remembering that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, I had dreaded the critical *hearing* of those for whom I had in my youth contracted that reverence which in after life perhaps never fully leaves us. However, my confidence was in my message and my trust was in my Master.”†

His return to his native town was an astounding contrast to the departure of the unknown and comparatively friendless youth only seven years before. Seven hundred and forty converts were made, and Mrs. Booth writes :

“The work here exceeds anything I have yet witnessed. Yesterday the chapel which is a very large one, seating upwards of twelve hundred people, was full in the morning and at night hundreds went away unable to get in. It was so packed that all the windows and doors had to be set wide open. Sixty-seven came forward in the prayer meeting.”‡

From Nottingham they went to London for a much-needed rest. Here William Booth left mother and babe with her parents. One gathers how definite a place in his father’s life the child had already won from the references to him in the letters to his mother :

“You do not say whether the boy is well and good. I hope he is. Put as much about him into the letters as you can. Kiss my precious little son for me again and again.”§

“I am glad little Sunshine is better. I am anxious to hear more about him. I find it difficult to retain his exact figure and actings in my mind. He is a joy to me. . . . Let us regard him as a loan from heaven and ever remember that it may please the lender at some unexpected season to resume the gift, to call in the loan. God grant he may be continued to us.”**

“How is baby? Bless his little heart! Tell him his papa prays for him and hopes that God will make him a Luther to pull down the dreadful abuses under which the church groans. O Kate, ours is a solemn and important vocation, the training of that boy.”††

*28.9.1856.

†30.11.1856.

‡15.12.1856.

§27.1.1857.

**14.2.1857.

††“Life of Catherine Booth,” Vol. I, p. 272.

It is a little difficult to realise that the baby of whom his father wrote was but ten months old ! But at ten months he was already quite a traveller, and soon set forth again with his Father and Mother, this time to Bristol and then to Truro. The journey from Plymouth to Truro was made by coach, the baby in his nurse's arms upon the box. Storm and rain were encountered and the rain dripping from the nurse's bonnet-strings dyed the baby's face blue.

"It was a wearing affair, I can assure you," Mrs. Booth writes a few days afterwards. "Babs seems to have stood it the best of any of us. Bless him ! He was as good as a little angel almost all the way through. He has just accomplished the feat of saying 'Papa.' It is his first intelligible word."*

After Truro, Stafford. Grandmother Mumford thinks these long journeys and constant change of home not the best for "Sunshine" and there is a proposal afoot that she should have charge of the child for a time, but his mother will not hear of it and writes :

"Much as I should like to have a settled home, you know my objections to leaving William, and they get stronger as I see the constant need he has of my presence, care and sympathy. Neither is he willing for it himself. He says nothing shall separate us, while there is any possibility of our travelling together. Nor can I make up my mind to parting with Willie, first because I know the child's affections would inevitably be weaned from us and secondly, because the next year will be the most important of his life with reference to managing his will and in this I cannot but distrust you. I know, my darling mother, you could not wage war with his self-will so resolutely as to subdue it and then my child would be ruined, for he must be taught implicit, uncompromising obedience."†

"The next year" here referred to was the child's second ; it was however already recognised by the small household that he was on the way to be "the master." One wonders how it might have fared with him had his mother been cast in another mould, or content to leave the care of him to others. The effect of his mother's influence upon the child in these earliest years can hardly be over-estimated. His temperament was exactly suited to receive an indelible impress from such a nature as hers, their love and "attraction" for each other, as well as a mother's unique opportunity for contact with her child, gave her all the vantage possible from a favourable disposition and environment.

Here are glimpses of the child through the eyes of his parents, from letters written to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford :

"There is quite work enough in this house for Eliza without

*8.4.1857.

†15.5.1857.

ever touching Willie at all and he is such a go-ahead that it is not safe to leave him a moment. He is up to all sorts of antics, climbing the stairs, pushing the chairs, rubbing the furniture, riding across the sofa pillows, getting up to the windows, dancing, etc., but amidst it all he gets more and more beautiful and interesting daily, everybody that sees him is charmed with him at once. . . .

"My only fear is that they will spoil him while I am laid by ; his grandma [Mrs. Booth] is of no use to him at all, she lets him do as he likes and of course he shows off with the old lady in style, especially as she is the only one in the house he can master. It is quite amusing to see the difference in his manner to her, nevertheless she is getting very fond of him."*

"I would come and bring Willie with me . . . I know you would be very glad to see him. And he is worth seeing. I never saw a more beautiful little fellow, but the trouble of him I am sure you cannot imagine. He wriggles like a boa-constrictor, hops about like a pea in a frying pan, is mischievous as a monkey, self-willed as his grandmamma, nervous, unsettled and impatient as his papa and yet lovable, noble and generous as could be desired."†

"Willie needs much more of my own supervision and attention than I am able to give him and this troubles me, especially as I have not quite as much confidence in Louisa as I could wish. I believe she is kind to them, but I fear she is not conscientious in carrying out my wishes when my eye is not on her and you know my views on this subject. . . . However, I shall see in time and if I don't find her a suitable person to be with Willie I shall send her home again, if it were twice as far. . . . I am sorry, as now they have such a nice nursery all to themselves I might feel so comfortable about them if I had perfect confidence in her."‡

"Willie gets every day more lovable and engaging and affectionate. He manifests some very pleasing traits of character. You would love to see him hug Ballington [his brother, born July 7th, 1857] and offer him a bit of everything he has ! He never manifests the slightest jealousy or selfishness towards him, but on the contrary he laughs and dances when he caresses baby and when it cries he is quite distressed. I have used him to bring me the footstool when I nurse baby and now he runs with it to me as soon as he sees me take him up, without waiting to be asked, a piece of thoughtfulness I seldom receive from older heads ! Bless him. I believe he will be a thoroughly noble lad, if I can preserve him from all evil influences. The Lord help me !

"I have had to whip him twice lately severely for disobedience and it has cost me some tears. But it has done him good and I

*July, 1857.

†Wm. Booth to Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, 24.11.1857.

‡Mrs. Booth to her mother, Gateshead, August 1858.

am reaping the reward already of my self-sacrifice. The Lord help me to be faithful and firm as a rock in the path of my duty towards my children ! ”*

And this is the babe of two !

In October 1858 a small sister made her appearance.

“Willie is very pleased with his baby ‘tissa’ as he calls her. He gets into my room as often as he can and when he does get in he lets me know it, he is a merry, sunny little fellow, so full of life and spirits he does not know how to let it out fast enough. I think he is one of the loveliest children I ever met with, he attracts everybody’s notice at once and is becoming a general favourite in the circuit. Oh what need we have for grace to train him.”†

Driving home in a gig from a meeting to which Mrs. Booth had taken the three children, they met with an accident which might have had serious consequences. Mrs. Booth writes :

“Fortunately I sent the nurse home on foot with the baby—a young woman accompanying her. Young Scott was driving. Willie sat in the middle and I with Ballington on my knee all muffled and cloaked up, next to him. The moment we were all in, I felt that we were too light on the horse’s back, but did not say anything for fear of being thought ridiculous. We had not gone many yards however, before I felt sure we were not safe and said to young Scott, ‘Oh dear, I feel as though we were slipping backwards.’ I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when the pony frightened by the rising of the shafts set off and we were all thrown out backwards. I fell flat on the back of my head with Ballington on the top of me. I don’t know how Willie fell, but wonderful to say they were neither of them hurt. . . . Willie says, ‘jig boke, make *Mama* fall. *Poor Mama*, got pain.’ You would have been pleased to see what concern the little creature manifested about me when I lay on the sofa at Mr. Scott’s. He seemed to forget everybody but me.”‡

Was this the first time his mother recognised the child’s ability to forget everybody and everything in his solicitude for one he loved or found in need ? The power to concentrate his sympathy on its object to the apparent exclusion of all else remained throughout his life an outstanding characteristic of his nature. He lived as crowded a life as any man, was harassed, burdened and indeed driven by work in every shape, but if his sympathy were drawn upon, it was as though every other consideration faded out of his sight and the need of the individual commanded all he had to give, whether of time or tenderness. Not only was this a fact, but with rare delicacy

*“William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army,” Vol. I, p. 309.

†Mrs. Booth to her mother, Gateshead, 1858.

‡“Life of Catherine Booth,” Vol. I, p. 327.

he was able to make the individual realise that it was so, and in such fashion as to give the recipient a higher notion of his own worthiness to be helped or comforted, since Bramwell Booth found it so important.

Such capacity for sympathy is in itself a gift with which comparatively few are endowed, and not many of these succeed in retaining it undiminished and unadulterated after they have become great in the eyes of those about them. The tendency of life, especially of a life rich in experience of men and affairs, is to magnify the value of the love a man may bestow, and to minimise the value of the soul needing some outpouring of that love. Bramwell Booth knew how to love and how to manifest his love. Many a man who never professed to love him has been convinced that at some moment of their intercourse he was loved by Bramwell Booth. Unhurried when the turmoil of his life was at its height he would make men feel, as before he was three years old he made his mother feel, "he seemed to forget everybody but me." "Like his work, Bramwell Booth's altruism, too, is distinguished to the careful observer by a peculiar difference," wrote one who studied the two men. "William Booth loved *mankind*: Bramwell Booth loves *me*. . . ."

When he was three his mother wrote :

"Willie gets more and more old-fashioned every day, everybody says they never heard such remarks from such a child before, and yet *he is a child*, not a premature man, a species of precocity which you know I dislike and could not tolerate. I fear we are neglecting him now so far as any book-learning goes."†

One cannot but be glad the books were neglected for some time to come, though no doubt in those days his mother risked censure. The child was more than usually active, self-willed, sensitive and, if one may trust to the judgment of parents, of an engaging and beautiful appearance, but a normal, healthy child, and not in any sense a prodigy. Mrs. Booth believed in toys. In rough notes of her reminiscences she says :

"I never stinted them in toys. I thought them as needful as food. I used to teach them to count with raisins and apples and always let them have rice or any sort of dry stuff to weigh up. It was a never-ending treat and many a pair of scales was broken in the doing."

"Don't sit so close to work," writes daughter to mother in 1859. "It is such folly when I do not desire it and when the things you labour most at lie in the drawers and are seldom worn because they are too handsome. What will you say when I tell you that the beautiful frock you brought Willie has never been had on yet, and I am now altering it a little to make it less showy?"

†*Dr. P. A. Clasen. 14.11.1859.

"You see, my dear mother, William speaks so plainly on the subject of dress that it would be the most glaring inconsistency if I were to deck out my children as the worldlings do and besides I find it would not do, the seeds of vanity are too deeply sown in their young hearts for me to dare to cultivate it. It is a species of self-denial I confess, to abstain from making them as beautiful as they *might* be made to look. . . . Don't think I undervalue your kindness. I am most grateful for all you have done for them."*

Having in mind the standard later set for The Salvation Army by its Founders, this letter is of quite special significance, and, in the minds of those interested in the development of The Salvation Army, may well be linked with the direction in its Dedication Service : "You must keep as far from the child as you can all . . . finery" : and in its Soldiers Regulations : "Soldiers should abandon all worldly finery, such as gold and silver chains, ornaments, ear-rings, flowers, feathers and the like."

The problem of obtaining suitable help in the home seems to have been as acute in the 'fifties as now ! One sees clearly the harassed mother, who has added to the care of husband and three children a class meeting of her own, almost distracted in the search for a nurse who will put "conscientiousness" and "truthfulness" above everything. There is the cook, who, though "strong as a pony" is "the most careless, slovenly gossip I ever came across. She will work while my eye is upon her, but the moment I am gone she starts reading, etc. You may guess how I have been tried."†

Of a new one,

"I have great hopes of her suiting me. If I can teach her to bake nicely I think she will do well."

But alas, three months later,

"I feel almost in despair. I am sure if the kindness I have shown to Jane and the privileges allowed her have been so useless I despair of ever making any impression on anyone ; what am I to do ? I wish I could be like other folks, scold and storm and *make* them do and not let their airs affect my comfort, but I cannot, it makes me miserable."‡

"If I could only get a good, clever nurse-girl, we should be one of the happiest families in this town, but I am so pestered with *servants*."§

"I like Eliza much better than I did . . . her only drawback is her manner, but I think she improves. Willie is very fond of her indeed which of course is a blessing."**

*April, 1859.
§7.2.1859.

†15.7.1858.
**Undated.

‡Gateshead, November 1858.

So the nurses come and go, and the small occupants of the nursery look about them and grow apace. Willie does not go to school, but his grandmother "will be very much pleased with Willie, he gets very interesting. He loves to listen to stories about Joseph, Moses, Daniel, Jesus. Indeed he can 'peach' as he calls it, very nicely ; you would like to hear him say, as he throws his arms out and speaks through his eyes,

All ye that pass by to Jesus draw nigh
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace, your surety He is :
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His ! "

The child was three. What did the words convey to him ? " Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His ? " This seems to have been the first effort at learning ; it was never forgotten, and whatever he made of it at three, it probably helped to mark out the vision of Christ as the Man of Sorrow, despised, rejected, ignored, which took permanent possession of his soul.

CHAPTER II

CONVERSION

IN 1858 William Booth was appointed to the charge of a congregation in Gateshead. Whilst there happenings important to the little family took place. The work at the chapel soon revived, every available space was crowded. The men in the neighbourhood nicknamed it the "converting shop." Meetings were held in the open-air, a new departure which stirred up opposition from the publicans who encouraged some of the rougher elements to make disturbances. William Booth was not deterred by this. On the contrary, it is evident from the prominence he later gave to such services that he was thoroughly convinced of their usefulness as a means of reaching the people.

There were two sisters in the nursery now, Catherine and Emma ; Catherine, to become perhaps the most eloquent speaker of that eloquent brood, was coaxed into "preaching" by her eldest brother, when she was but in her 'teens. In the early years of Salvation Army warfare her fighting spirit earned her the family nickname of "Blucher," by which her father and brother constantly referred to her, even in "official dispatches."

Emma was born in Gateshead a year after Catherine. A bond of the closest affection existed between Bramwell and Emma. She was discerning and affectionate, and intuitively understood the brother whose personality once ruled the nursery and who from the very strength that was in him must needs suffer throes of heart and mind above the common lot. She knew the art of sympathy, and love taught her to use it to the comforting of that often troubled spirit. At Gateshead too, shortly after Emma's birth, Bramwell's mother, that shy, delicate little woman, suddenly took it into her head to talk to the folk in the squalid streets through which she passed on her way to chapel. She chatted to a group of women sitting on a doorstep, went into a home and talked long with a drunken husband, arriving at the chapel just as the service was concluding. Once begun, this kind of work went on. One or two evenings a week were devoted to it, evenings, because, as she explains, she had no other time. It was also because the drunken husbands in whom her interest especially centred were not at home during the day. She nursed the sick, or washed the baby, or did anything else that needed doing, talking the while of things heavenly. This was an immense strain upon her, but her heart was drawn out to the people, and I think it legitimate to question whether, if

she had not first responded to the impulse to speak to people individually on the streets and in their homes, she would ever have taken the amazing step of speaking from her husband's pulpit.

She was sitting in the minister's pew with her eldest son aged four beside her, when, at the conclusion of the address one April Sunday morning, she rose, and walking down the aisle asked her husband to allow her to speak. He, amazed and delighted, announced her desire to the congregation, who listened spell-bound. There was, it is said, "more weeping than on any previous occasion." What was the effect, one wonders, on the small person of four left to himself in the pew! With his characteristic impetuosity and generosity, her husband announced she would preach that evening: she did so, in an over-crowded chapel. Her preaching was an immediate success, and, from that April day in Gateshead, Catherine Booth, who spoke of herself as "the most timid and bashful disciple the Lord Jesus ever saved," was hardly to call a Sunday her own. Whenever she was well enough she preached. In later years her son Bramwell often had to carry her from the pulpit to the cab that took her home, her physical strength utterly exhausted by the delivery of her message. This example of his mother's heroic mastery of herself profoundly influenced the young man and gave her the right to upbraid him, when in his turn he shrank from the strain of a public ministry.

Whilst they were still at Gateshead came the hour when William Booth supported by his courageous wife, made the decision which severed his connexion with the Methodist New Connexion. When he accepted the charge of the church in Gateshead it was on the understanding that after a short stay, probably of not more than a year, he would again be appointed as an evangelist. But after three years he found himself still ministering to that one congregation and faced with the fact that the Methodist authorities were not prepared to allow him to resume revival services. The churches wanted him, there was no lack of invitations, but Conference opposed. William Booth was not ready to abandon the work to which he felt himself called and in which he had met with so signal success. There were discussions, letters, attempts at compromise, but at last the young minister sent in his resignation. Something of Mrs. Booth's feelings whilst the issue was debated may be seen in the revealing letters she wrote to her mother at the time. In one of these we read:

"You see I am so nervous I can scarcely write. The fact is I am but poorly and almost bewildered with fatigue and anxiety. We don't know what to do. And yet God knows we only seek to do the right. If I thought it was *right* to stop here in the ordinary work I would *gladly* consent. But I cannot believe it would be so. . . . None of our friends would think it right if we had an *income*! Then I ask does the securing of bread and

cheese make that right which would otherwise be wrong when God has promised to feed and clothe us ?

"William hesitates, he thinks of me and the children. But I tell him God will provide, if he will only go straight on in the path of duty. . . . Oh, pray for us more and more !"

And again :

"But I have no hope that *God will ever assure us that we shall lose nothing in seeking to do His will.* I don't think this is God's plan. I think He sets before us our duty and then demands its performance, expecting us to leave the consequences with Him.

"If my dear husband can find a sphere where he can preach the Gospel *to the masses* I shall want no further evidence as to the will of God concerning him. If he cannot find a sphere I shall conclude that we are mistaken. . . .

"But I cannot believe that we ought to wait till God guarantees us as much salary as we have hitherto received."*

At the moment nothing was guaranteed. It was not even certain whether invitations to conduct "Missions" would be forthcoming, now that William Booth had severed himself from his Church. The whole family, accompanied by a faithful and loved maid, the Irish Mary Kirton, went to stay with Mrs. Booth's parents in Brixton. An invitation to lead a mission in Hayle took the Booths there in August 1861. They spent eighteen months in Cornwall, during which time about seven thousand persons professed conversion.

In 1863 came a call to Cardiff. The visit proved important in that here began a lifelong friendship with two families, the brothers John and Richard Cory and Mr. and Mrs. Billups. But for the understanding sympathy and generous help of these friends, William Booth's future might have been different indeed. At this time Mrs. Booth was full of anxiety about the education of her sons. Bramwell was now seven years of age. The continual moving from place to place added vastly to the difficulty of obtaining suitable tuition and Mrs. Booth writes to her mother :

"Willie ought to go to school, but nobody cares to take any pains with him when they know he is going for a few weeks. The last school we thought was a first-rate one, but the master took nearly all his books away and put him into babyish spelling which he learnt three years ago and let him sit doing nothing nearly all his time."†

"If I were not afraid of evil contamination I would send Willie and Ballington to boarding school, but I feel as though I dare not think of it."‡

The children were away from their mother for a time. Bramwell was five years old when she wrote :

*"Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. I, p. 420.

†Birmingham, 24.11.1863.

‡Cardiff, 1863.

"My dearest Willie,

"I promised in my last to write you a letter all to yourself, and so the first thing I do this morning shall be to write it. I have been thinking a great deal about you my dear boy and about Ballington, Katy and Baby too, but most about *you* because you are the oldest and biggest, but if I know you are good and do as you are bid they will most likely be so too. I do hope you are praying to the Lord every day to help you and trying to do as Grandma and Mary tell you and if you are I know this letter will find you happy, because when little children are *good*, they are always happy, but I never knew a naughty child to be happy in my life, and I dare say Grandma never did, just ask her if she ever did?

"I often wish you were here with us, it is a beautiful place, such nice fields and lanes where you could run about and play and romp and sing and shout and such nice places to fly kites without trees about to catch them, well when you get a little older. . . .

"I fear you begin to think it is a long time before Papa comes to fetch you, and I am sure I think so too. But you see we cannot always do just what we would like. We have to wait till the Lord lets us, and we may be always sure He knows best."*

The "Lord's" part in their lives was a very real thing to the small child, and he soon discovered, babe though he was, that it was not easy to "be always sure He knows best." Willie had notions of his own about what was best, clear notions at least about what *he* wanted! He looked upon his father as all that was good and wonderful, loved his mother with an intensity rare in one of his age, yet in this matter of God's part in life and his own attitude towards God he came to feel himself separated from his loved ones. When but six years old, he was distinctly aware of division between himself and the mother he loved, of opposition within himself to what she desired and taught! Throughout his life he challenged the idea that a child is not conscious of sin. He was himself conscious of deliberate refusal to accept God's rule, and was by turns miserable and defiant and for months burdened with a sense of "wrongness." Within twelve months of the beginning of the illness which ended in his death, he gave a series of talks to a company of Salvation Army Officers, engaged in work for children and young people, assembled from various countries for a course of specialised instruction at the Staff College, England. Hear him in one of these :

"First of all we must believe they [*i.e.* the children] can be saved, converted to God, born again, transformed by the Holy Ghost. *You* must believe it, up to the hilt, believe that it can be done.

*Hayle, 15.8.1861.

"I am always strong here, because I was saved myself when a child of seven. I never have any trouble in believing, when looking at children, that the Holy Ghost can change them as He changed me. I was a regular little rascal! Wilful and proud. . . . Then . . . I came under conviction, and went through three or four months in most awful misery."

Whilst at Cardiff his parents held a series of meetings in a circus. These the child attended; they made him unhappy. One sees him there, his sensitive face set in lines of defiance, his little head held high. He was the preacher's son and proud even if he were unhappy too! Then one evening during the after-meeting his mother came and sat beside him. Their eyes met. No one who noticed Bramwell Booth ever failed to notice his eyes, brown, luminous, steadfast, his mother's eyes over again people said. What a picture, those two, amongst the heterogeneous crowd, so like each other; so close in love to each other; the small creature whom it had been his mother's aim to train in that "implicit, uncompromising obedience,"* lifting his eyes to hers, and, in answer to her invitation to give himself to Christ, saying deliberately, "No!" This is how he tells of it:

"She said to me with great tenderness, 'You are very unhappy.' When I replied, 'Yes,' she added, 'You know the reason,' and again I had to say 'Yes.' Then came the clear question as to giving myself to God and I said 'No.' She put her hands suddenly to her face, and I can never forget my feelings on seeing the tears fall through them on to the sawdust beneath our feet. I knew what those tears represented. But still I said 'No.'"[†]

She says:

"For some little time I had been anxious on his [Willie's] behalf. He had appeared deeply convicted during the services, and one night at the circus I had urged him very earnestly to decide for Christ. For a long time he could not speak, but I insisted on his giving me a definite answer as to whether he would accept the offer of salvation or not. I shall never forget the feeling that thrilled through my soul when my darling boy, only seven years old, about whom I had formed such high expectations with regard to his future service to the Master, deliberately looked me in the face and answered, 'No.'"

He continued, he tells us, in this unhappy frame of mind:

"Sin was revealed in me and I came to see how its power was slowly increasing. My parents treated me with loving patience. They did not say much to me except when alone, and then led my thoughts rather away from myself. I remember however, how my father's prayers at family worship seemed to take on a new meaning for me."[‡]

*See page 10. [†]"These Fifty Years," p. 60. [‡]"These Fifty Years," p. 61.

The strong sense of guilt which pressed so heavily upon the child's heart was not occasioned by flagrant naughtiness. People thought him a remarkably good child. His affectionate disposition protected him from selfishness and bad temper. He did not know the meaning of jealousy. His Mother says he never told a lie, nor did his conduct ever cause her five minutes' real anxiety. Yet there is no doubt he was vividly conscious of wrong. He did not want to be religious, above all he wanted his own way, in spite of his mother—in spite of God.

About three months after that "No" in Cardiff, they went to Walsall, where an eight weeks' Mission was conducted. Attending some of the meetings the child's misery became more acute. He says: "I felt myself in a new and more serious way to be a sinner." He gave up his games; began to pray in a kind of fervour of fear for help, but in spite of all, "I could not bring myself to say 'Yes,' where I had already said 'No.'" Nevertheless the moment came. His mother held some meetings for children only, and in one of these the boy made his decision. He does not remember anything of what was said, possibly he was not influenced by any word spoken then. He must, as we know, have gone to the meeting with his little heart in a turmoil of rebellious unhappiness. Whether what his mother actually said on that occasion helped him is immaterial; some influence moved him, his resistance was broken, his will yielded. His mother did not see him stand up and take the step, but "discovered him" as she says, when writing of it to her mother, "at the communion rail among a crowd of little penitents. He had come out of his own accord from the middle of the hall, and I found him squeezed in among the rest, confessing his sin." Here he kneels, as he himself describes it, "ashamed and broken up."

A young man, of whom nothing is known, spoke to him. Whoever he was, it is evident he had a clear notion of the importance of what he was doing. He does not seem to have had any idea who the child was, but had he been vouchsafed a vision of what the little penitent would live to accomplish this unknown servant of Christ could hardly have added to the zeal and wisdom with which he dealt with the boy. All his life Bramwell Booth remembered with gratitude and appreciation the thoroughness and spiritual insight of this unknown disciple of Christ. The moment was even more critical than could have been understood by those who shared it. Anyone knowing the child's affectionate and sensitive nature might well have thought to help the little fellow's distress by comforting words about God's love, but, led of the Spirit, far from playing the part of a comforter, this unknown man made the child's already burdened heart ready to break from shame and fear. He called for a confession of the sins for which forgiveness was being sought. Speaking of it years afterwards, Bramwell Booth said:

“He made me confess my wickedness, made me realise what a fearful thing it was to want my own way—it was going against the One Who died for us. I saw that it was. And that pride was the sin that sank Satan into hell. He said, ‘It will send you there too,’ and I felt it would.”

So he led the child down the steep way of humiliation and self-aborrence which souls of no matter what age must all tread if their quest is to end in the discovery that Christ “hath power to forgive sin.” In his distress the child cried aloud, and then his unknown interlocutor left him. A little later his mother knelt beside him, put her hand lovingly upon his head, prayed with him, “and led me to cast myself with faith in His promise upon my Saviour. Gradually light came to me, and the accusing sense of guilt was taken away, and then my Lord gave the assurance that I was forgiven and made one of His own.” Thus he writes of it. Thus was the first spiritual conflict ended. Many were to follow, but the certainty of this victory, with the accompanying reality of the preceding confusion and rebellion, of the sense of helplessness and guilt, of the ensuing sense of peace and release, was never dimmed.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOLDAYS

WILLIE, as he was called in childhood, was now old enough to enjoy the excitement which repeated changes of abode involved. These events were far more to his taste than the settled order of schoolroom life. It was during this period that governesses began to make a fleeting appearance. There is a number of references to them in letters, their qualifications, the hopes entertained as to their suitability or otherwise, as in these from Mrs. Booth to her parents :

“The young lady I have does very well indeed with them and I should *keep* her, but she expects to be called away to a school for which she was engaged before she came at midsummer. She is a trained teacher, has her certificates from Homerton College. Willie is very quick but very troublesome to keep at it.”*

“Willie is getting on nicely with his lessons, he will be in the Rule of Three his next rule. Mr. Hurst, the Free Church Minister here, a nice educated man, is teaching him Latin, he gives him two lessons per week. He says he is as sharp as a needle, and so he is, but he lacks application.”†

His father, as we have seen, said of him when an infant, “he hops about like a pea in a frying pan, is mischievous as a monkey,” and his mother tells us, “he was of a very active and restless disposition. I do not think that he ever sat five minutes at any time on anybody’s knee. His energy as a child was something marvellous.” Now that he is older the child’s activity is more or less a trial to his teachers, but as a general manager in the nursery he has no rival. He organises the games, rules with a generous unselfishness, fully realising that as eldest and being biggest and strongest he must look after the others, and yield his will to their happiness, which in the main he does. One would judge him much older than his brothers and sisters, who early become to him ‘the children,’ he being somehow of a different order, and not in his own eyes alone, for all who have to do with him soon slip into the way of treating him as though he were much in advance of his age.

During his eighth year his father was a great deal from home. At one time, except for a Friday and Saturday, he was away about twelve weeks. These long absences no doubt drew mother and son together. His mother found in him a companion, and almost

*Leeds, July 1864.

†Leeds, Xmas 1864.

without realising it fell into the habit of discussing all kinds of things with him. The "Missions" as the series of meetings his parents conducted were called, sermons, doctrine, in fact religion in all aspects was the chief interest, but there were also nursery and household problems, plans, contrivings. Mrs. Booth believed children were happier if occupied, and Willie, who had learned at two to bring the stool when his mother nursed the baby, enjoyed his full share of helpful activities. By the time he was ten he was able in practical matters to order the household.

Their unsettled manner of life was a trial of no mean order to their parents, but the children rather enjoyed it. Bramwell entered into the "fun" of the journeys and the orgy of packing which preceded them. One can see the crowded carriage, parents, maids, and five or six youngsters, not to mention pets and toys! For, long before anything in the way of a settled home was known to them the children had added to the liveliness and thrills always the rich endowment of large families, the joy of "live things" to love and tend. If this delighted the children, what does it not tell us of the "child" which still lurked in the preacher father who was the chief instigator of these additions to family responsibilities? What of the measureless unselfishness of a mother, who, herself a preacher, managed the home, made the children's clothes, often supplemented the cook's efforts, and, in a house not her own, where she "endured torture, always treading on other people's carpets and using other people's furniture," not merely tolerated, but welcomed white mice, dogs, cats and birds? Pets harmonised with her idea of what was good for the children, that they should learn to love and care for animals was to her mind a necessary and not unimportant part of their education. It was part of her creed that the children must, so far as she could ensure it, have a free and happy life. To this end, as she tells, she "always carried a nursery carpet, chose a room for a nursery, put in some plain furniture and turned the children in with their nurse."

Mrs. Booth's energy in spite of poor health was amazing. She was constantly preaching. To her mother she writes :

"A great deal has devolved on me during the last fortnight. I have conducted a service every night. My time is almost wholly taken up in mending, turning and attending to their clothes . . . Leeds is a very dirty place, which makes it worse, and I cannot bear to see them 'go out a figure.'"*

If she could not bear to see them "go out a figure" she was careful to hide this from the children themselves. Willie was sensitive and resented patches in particular. "But, mamma, the boys will laugh at me! They'll think we are poor." "Well, Willie, so we are." In later years, he said, "She not only patched our clothes, but made us proud of the patches!"

*Leeds, 1864.

They have not much occasion to mix with other children, but what need? They are a big enough party at home. As they grow older the fun grows more furious. A much-favoured romp is the united effort to "get Papa on his feet," from where he lies on the floor. One can picture them, the shouts and laughter, as the helpless giant, almost raised, slides down with delicious suddenness and the whole performance begins again. Or, there is that ancient game of skill called "snap," always more thrilling when Papa joins in, shouting as loudly as any of his sons and daughters, and dealing out the cards with his long, swift fingers at a speed which is the envy of the whole circle.

And there were singing bouts! This whole flock of children was taught to sing and to love singing. William Booth loved music. Catherine Mumford took up practising the piano again to please him before she was married. She was not musical in the sense that he was, for, though he played no instrument, his "ear" was good; the music was in him. He sang as he went up and down stairs, he sang while dressing in the morning, and to the last days of his life he sang. And all the children sang too. What joyful shouting! Two or three of them on and around his knees, the rest at hand; all singing, their mother joining in, often with the youngest babe in her arms, while the love in her eyes caressed them all. Of the eight, six wrote tunes, and all but one have written songs which are likely to be sung as long as hymn singing constitutes a part of Christian worship.

Such the recreations when the all-beloved "Papa" was at home. Naturally to please him was the chief aim of the adoring circle, not the less that his displeasure expressed itself in painful forms! To the children's mother he writes:

"I am delighted with your account of Miss McBean. Strange and good that she should have heard of us. Of course, she had an idea of what she was coming to. Hope the children will be good and respectful. Tell her she must *exact uniform obedience*. Tell Willie that if he does not obey and set his brothers and sisters an example in this matter, he must prepare not only to lose his *dog*, but to live in the attic while I am at home, for *I will not see him*. On the other hand, if they are good and *obedient*, they shall have a party again on the Friday evening, and have Patience, etc., and we will have a great many more nuts and have some nice games."

Thus migrating from place to place life unrolled itself to the children, who absorbed impressions which were to serve them in good stead in coming years. Travelling never assumed much importance in Bramwell Booth's mind. It was an external incident; he slept, worked, wrote, held conferences as naturally in the train as anywhere. All the family grew up with a fine contempt of

journeys as barriers to being where they wanted to be ! Throughout their lives they have dashed about the world in a manner that might well have proved exhausting had they not been early familiarised with the idea of journeying as a common occurrence.

For the parents the early 'sixties were a time of acute anxiety. Their path, which had seemed to be clearly defined when they stepped out upon it, now barely disclosed a footing for the next step. They had left the highway of assured work within the Church for what threatened to become a mere track losing itself in a wilderness of uncertainty and futility. The bread and butter for the nursery table was in jeopardy. Those who had opposed William Booth's evangelism within the Church were alarmed at his success as an independent revivalist. The position, they felt, would be worse than ever if the Booths were to be free to roam about holding special services in any church that would receive them ! This eager man, and especially his unconventional, eloquent wife must not be allowed such freedom. Conference was successfully invoked, a resolution was passed closing the churches under its jurisdiction to unauthorised evangelists. James Caughey and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were also shut out by this resolution. For two years afterwards William Booth wandered about seeking a congregation ! Only small buildings were available and results were correspondingly small. What a contrast to the crowded chapels with companies of twelve or fifteen hundred people every night. To add to the burden these two were shouldering there came to Mrs. Booth in 1864 a period of more than usual ill-health. See her anxiety when she writes :

"We feel as though we were literally walking on the waters, with nothing but the promises of God to depend on. Faith says, 'Well, is not that enough ?' The Lord help us to feel it so !"*

The possibility of going into business was under discussion. This was the hardest test of faith ; that, having sacrificed all in order to answer the call to evangelise, they should be driven, from sheer temporal necessity, to a secular occupation. Surely they had better have been content with the opportunity of a church, limited as they felt it to be !

Catherine Booth's little son, reacting unerringly to his mother's sunshine and shade, crept closer into her confidence, and though unable to understand fully the issues at stake was nevertheless conscious of a threatening anxiety. He spoke in after years of this time as a period when he entered more intimately into his mother's thoughts, and when a sense of equality in discussion established itself between them, so that, to some degree, he ceased to be merely the child in his relation to her and became her confidant and adviser. As at his conversion he leapt forward in spiritual

*April 1864, Nottingham.

age, so now he entered prematurely into the realm of anxious responsibility for those he loved. He and his mother prayed together that a way might be opened. About this time too, he began to be conscious of the pain of knowing that those he loved were not received everywhere with open arms. The hero father who could hold the crowds spell-bound was cold-shouldered, his preaching not wanted. This was a new expression on the world's face, all the stranger that it was often to be seen on the face of the religious ! Writing of his father, Bramwell says, "Those two years were probably the darkest of his whole life, at least from the time of his ordination onward. I consider he was being most marvellously fitted for the work which, unknown to him, was awaiting his hand in the East End of London. They were wilderness years, but they were years in which the reality of his call was being proved to his own consciousness and his fibre stiffened for conflict and conquest."* No one looking back over William Booth's life and work can question this conclusion. No ! William Booth did not wander into this wilderness by accident, he was led there by design, and it is not without significance that the child, who was to play so vital a part in the work his father was being prepared to do in the world, was converted on the threshold of those wilderness years. Before his submission to God he had become rebellious, resentful, questioning. What if circumstances had forced these enigmatical years on him while still in that frame of mind ? What might have been his reaction to them ? It does not require much insight to see how the nascent disciple might irrevocably have become a confirmed rebel. His writings abound with such passages as :

"God's people are not their own, they are under the will of another, they are mastered, and they have submitted wholly to the claims of their Master. Some of us have been brought to submission by His providence ; some by His afflictions, those which He bore Himself and those which He laid upon us ; some by the attractions of His wonderful love ; but by whatever means, the great fact is that we have been bowed down, we have said, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done' !"†

And :

"While the changing theories of the critics come and go like fitful mists round the lighthouse when fog is coming on the sea, the Truth stands out with unchanging lustre. This is eminently the case with the Cross of Christ and all that it means. No research, no erudition, no wisdom as we understand wisdom, can, without a personal experience of its power, explain its glories or apprehend its mysterious birth."‡

*"Echoes and Memories," p. 43.

†"Training Staff Councils," p. 23.

‡"Life and Religion," p. 98.

But Bramwell Booth might have become merely a clever infidel and the advocate of far different doctrines had the sorrows and trials of this time overtaken him whilst still unsubmitted to Christ, whilst still "without a personal experience." Had his son been a rebel son, an unbelieving son, William Booth's story would have had a different ending, and The Salvation Army, had it ever existed, must certainly have acquired another form. Looking back over their lives as a whole, one sees that those moments in the chapel at Walsall were pregnant with undreamed-of consequences. There is the agitated child, oblivious to his surroundings, exercising his power of choice, and as once before in the sawdust-strewn circus at Cardiff, he had deliberately refused, so now, deliberately accepting Christ; and in so doing unconsciously deciding the whole course of his life.

The effect on the boy of the parents' wilderness experience was determined by the outlook of his soul. It was now definitely other-worldly, Godward, and if his father learned precious lessons in those years "of enduring and of hardness," so did the small son; and for both the lessons were of God and of His ways with the world. The changed circumstances bred a new quality in the boy's love for his parents. He became a defender of the faith, of his unwavering boyish faith in his heroes. From now on every faculty of his being was harnessed to serve them. It was increasingly clear to him that to help, to comfort, to love his father and mother was the chief reason for which God had sent him into the world. Later in life he will pass through a period of spiritual conflict when he will doubt his vocation as a preacher, when he will judge himself unfitted for public life, but he will never question the certainty that he should devote himself to holding up the hands of his parents in their work for God.

When Bramwell was nine the family came to London. It fell like this. A "Mission" in London had been discussed. But William Booth was diffident about success in London. The financial position continued very strained. Just then Mrs. Booth, whose health was something better, received an invitation to preach at Rotherhithe. She was the advance guard. Her meetings were an immediate success, and, little knowing that London was to be the base from which "an Army with banners" was to march on the world at his command, William Booth followed, bringing the children with him from Leeds. One longs for a description of that last family journey. Mary Kirton was still with them, an expert at these flittings by now, but even so, there were six children, with pets and belongings, to be piloted safely. William Booth wrote to John Cory: "Hope the arrangements will prove to have been of the Lord. Can't see far ahead just now. Must hope and trust." And so, without anything that could be called a settled prospect, the household was established at Hammersmith on "hope and trust." Its head was not looking for a fortune, had

that been his quest "hope and trust" might hardly have been considered a sufficient backing. As he had said some years earlier, when discussing his future with a friend, he did not "ask for a salary or a guarantee, but for a sphere." If he could find that, and, hesitatingly, a friend who during the first few months would sometimes look in and say, "Children, have you any bread?" it would suffice. The friend to whom he was propounding his ideas laughed aloud at this notion of a competence. Now it seemed William Booth was prepared to dispense even with the friendly questioner.

They lived at Hammersmith, but the East End was soon to cast its spell over the preacher. Having nothing to do, and being invited to preach in the place of one fallen sick, he went to a small chapel where his congregation consisted of a score of folk. But on his way there and back William Booth passed through Whitechapel. Here were crowds! Here were devils, flagrant, flaunting. Here he would preach, not because he wanted to, but because he must!

Mile End Waste was then, what its name betokened, a waste space where crowds congregated, pitted their dogs, drank, gambled and idled. Here William Booth repeated the tactics of his 'teens in Nottingham slums, and preached in the open-air to any who would hear. The picture of him standing alone preaching to a crowd on Mile End Waste is familiar to Salvationists everywhere, and belongs to the annals of The Salvation Army. There are those still living who stood and listened to the tall, animated preacher, who, standing on a box or a chair, pleaded God's cause with the crowd. In his travels up and down the world, Bramwell Booth was constantly meeting men from all manner of isolated and unlikely corners of the globe who were eager, each and all, to tell him they had "stood with your father when he stood alone on Mile End Waste." Bramwell Booth's eyes twinkled in the way they had, and he was heard more than once to say that if the memory of all these was to be relied on, far from standing alone the Mile End pioneer must have been backed up by hundreds!

The fact is, all manner of zealous souls soon gathered round this fiery stranger. A tent was erected on the old Quaker burial ground where a successful "Mission" was held. When the tent came to grief, the use of a dancing hall was obtained, into which seats for six hundred were carried, and within a few months of standing alone William Booth was leading a thriving soul-saving work. But it was not this that fascinated him; his heart had been taken captive by the misery of the crowds still untouched. Another whose seeing eyes had wandered over like scenes at that time wrote:

"Here was nothing but sullen subjugation, the most grovelling slavery, mitigated only by a tendency to mutiny. Here was a strength of circumstances to quell and dominate which neither Jesus nor Paul could have overcome—worse a thousandfold than

Scribes and Pharisees, or any form of persecution. The preaching of Jesus would have been powerless here ; in fact, no known stimulus, nothing ever held up before men to stir the soul to activity, can do anything in the back streets of great cities so long as they are the cesspool which they are now.”*

William Booth looked upon the same scenes but with faith. Bramwell, speaking at his father's graveside, so beautifully said of him, “He believed God and saw the sun rise whichever way he looked.” And he saw it rising over the Whitechapel crowds in 1865. William Booth himself says, “I saw them not only without God and hope, but sunk in the most desperate forms of wickedness and misery . . . the drunkenness and harlotry and blasphemy and infidelity of these crowds had a fascination for me.”

He lost his heart to them. Between eleven and twelve one night after his return from a meeting he told his wife that he felt he ought to stop and preach to these multitudes. Catherine Booth fully understood that to remain working in this sink of sin and poverty would leave them once more literally without resources, save the precarious profits from the sale of their pamphlets. She looked long and lovingly at her husband and said quietly, “Well, if you feel you ought to stay, stay. We have trusted the Lord *once* for our support, and we can trust Him again.” So the die was cast. Friends came forward, in particular Samuel Morley, who for some time practically financed the work. The Booths moved to a house in Gore Road, near Victoria Park, in order to be nearer the scene of action, and for some twenty years this hitherto peripatetic family lived in East London.

Bramwell was now ten years of age and his education could no longer remain the rather haphazard affair it had been. A proficient governess came to the home and took the elder children in hand. Later a tutor for Bramwell, of whom his pupil writes :

“He was a remarkable man, Irish and a Roman Catholic, something of a traveller, with several modern languages at his command, and a good deal of classical lore in addition. He was a Trinity College, Dublin, man, a Doctor of Laws, but had been broken down through drink. . . . He had two pupils at our house, myself and another lad who came to take lessons with me.

“I consider that my indisposition to bother with some subjects until I was in the region of middle life was due in large measure to the distaste I got for ordinary books after imbibing his most brilliant, though perhaps sectional, instruction. If we had been a roomful of men at Oxford instead of a couple of gaping boys, the Doctor's lectures could scarcely have been given with more exactitude and eloquence, or have been more apt in literary allusion and quotation, or more complete in references for subsequent study.

*“Deliverance of Mark Rutherford,” p. 27.

“ . . . Mathematics, which appealed to me, was a subject on which he was strong, and, by the way, one of the minor sorrows of my later years has been to hear that Euclid is not entirely to be trusted ! He also captivated our ardent minds—mine at least—with the knowledge he had acquired by travel. He had spent years in Rome, meeting there men from the ends of the earth, and had been a frequent visitor to France and Spain. He helped me, brought up as I had been in what would nowadays be called a narrow circle, to feel a wider sympathy for men of other faiths which came to be a source of strength to me in later years. . . .

“ There was another side to my relationship with my strange and brilliant tutor. I knew, of course, his weakness, and naturally sympathised with my father's efforts to rescue him from his alcoholism. He lodged in fairly comfortable rooms in the Richmond Road, not far from our home, which overlooked Victoria Park, and occasionally I called upon him there. More than once I found him drinking, and then, with great trepidation, I would expostulate and finally pray with him. He was always most gentle and touched, perhaps also a little ashamed at these times, and knelt down with me. But of course, no reference was ever made elsewhere to those visits.

“ It was during this period that I came for a short time under the influence of another brilliant and attractive man—the late W. S. Lean. My father asked him to examine me now and then, and investigate my progress under ‘ the Doctor.’ Mr. Lean was a charming man, and while his learning and school manner quite over-awed me, he made me feel how fine it was really to know things. Mr. Lean was then a tutor at University College.”*

Mrs. Booth was opposed to sending young children to school, and she only consented to Bramwell's going because, as she says, “ partly persuaded by William, and from a desire to do the best for the boy's education, I sacrificed my natural objection to schools.” After a period at a preparatory school he went to the City of London School, up to that date the youngest boy to enter his form, which was by a school examination. In both schools he suffered rough usage. His religion marked him out as apart from the herd who were a law to themselves in some matters. He says, “ I was soon nicknamed ‘ holy Willie ’ and treated with almost every kind of indignity that the rather cruel mind of a certain type of boy could suggest. I was very conscious also of being a continual object of amusement to many of my fellow scholars.” At the City of London his position was made more difficult from his refusal to give his papers for copying by older boys in return for monetary and other advantages. A lady living with the Booths at the time tells of the incident which abruptly terminated the boy's school-days :

*“ These Fifty Years.”

"Willie had a term at the City of London School. One day he came home looking pale. He did not make any complaint, but after a time became very ill, spitting blood. A doctor made an examination and questioned him carefully, at last getting out of him that the boys had caught him, head and legs, and bashed him against a tree to bang Salvation out of him."

A grave attack of pleurisy followed, the boy was long ill, and before he had fully recovered rheumatic fever supervened.

He was acutely sensitive, and what he suffered physically and mentally lived in his memory and had, no doubt, something to do with the wealth of understanding sympathy he showed towards those, and especially towards the young, who were in surroundings hostile to religion and high standards of conduct. The experience became for him a sort of heart treasure. He too had suffered for his Lord. And this meant a secret joy for, as his soul developed, his love for Christ came to be the master passion of his being. Christ became a Presence, for Whom and in Whose sight and hearing all was done and said, and to please Whom was the chief end of life. One who often heard him says, "I consider his public utterances made abundantly clear the love and passion of his life—the Lord Jesus." Few who heard him are likely to forget the tender tone of his voice when, concluding a prayer, usually with a variant of the phrase, "We ask all in the Name of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," he would pause and repeat, "Our Saviour—your Saviour—my Saviour." It was often as though the intensity of his love and faith gave the words a potency that made the place, for a moment, the "Holy of Holies."

The rough handling at school affected the child for life. Physically it relegated a hitherto vigorous, healthy boy to the ranks of the delicate. Upon a nature so intense and so delicately poised as was his, this imposed a handicap which added enormously to the strain of the work he was destined to undertake. The immediate effect was to suspend the child's education, that is, in the conventional sense. For a couple of years he was obliged to live an invalid's life. The experience itself meant more to him than it would have done to one of different temperament. To suffer for conscience' sake, to be among the scoffed-at for Christ's sake, was theoretically as familiar to the boy as his own name. Experience often makes short work of theories. But in this case the theories stood the test, and were more firmly established by the few months of rough and tumble, practical living them out, than might have resulted from years of teaching. He endured in his own spirit and person a taste of persecution, which stamped certain truths ineffaceably on his heart, and burnished, as it were, the heroic in his character.

Later, when The Army passed through its baptism of fire,

Bramwell received many a blow and rather revelled in the scrimmages that accompanied the open-air meetings and marches.

He did not suffer in these as when a boy he suffered alone with his tormentors, the terror all exaggerated by a child's shrinking from pain and ridicule ; neither did he find in them the inner joy that the memory of that single-handed stand brought him. He was called upon to suffer for his convictions many times in the years that followed, but the battle with brute force, ridicule and injustice was fought and won in the school playground. Assailing forces never had power to terrorise him again. He might be vanquished in the contest, just as he had been by his school fellows, who half-killed " the little beast " ; *in spirit he had won.*

CHAPTER IV

BOYHOOD ENDS

BRAMWELL'S schooldays were not uniformly dark ; and his first three or four years in London held much that belonged to what he himself called the "jolly life of a happy boy." When he was twelve Miss Short came to live with the Booths, helping in various ways, and giving an eye to the children during their mother's absences. Perhaps from the fact that she was in the home at the time when his ill-health was such a trial to him, the boy grew genuinely attached to this cheerful, kindly woman, and he kept in touch with her until his death, going occasionally to see her at the sea-coast resort where she lived. It is characteristic of him that in his harried, hurrying life he should make time to see and write to this old lady as he did, and it is evident he treasured contact with anyone who could remember the home of his boyhood. Of Bramwell as a boy Miss Short says :

" . . . I could speak more interestingly about other members of the family than about Willie ; I mean interestingly from the point of childish pranks. I was not at all surprised when told that he was not expected to live long, and said, if he died and a memoir were truthfully written, no one who did not know him intimately would accept it. They would say that it was quite overdone. Few people would believe that a boy, full of fun and boyish interests, could be so controlled in his spirit as never to require censure, and always to fulfil heart's desire. The only naughty thing I ever knew him to do—if it could be called naughty—was to try to mesmerise the cook. He had been reading about mesmerism and went to the kitchen to experiment. The cook became scared and shot out of the house, and Willie came to report his adventure.

" At that time all his plans were to be a doctor and his games were in the line of doctoring or surgery. He used to dissect rats and mice, and I remember his persuading Emma to let him operate upon one of her dolls. When Willie made an incision and the sawdust ran out, she shrieked, ' Oh, but you are hurting her ! ' Willie realised her distress and at once left off his game. He put his arms round Emma and soothed her, saying, ' You silly little thing ! As if there could be an operation without blood.'

" When he was about fifteen he definitely told his father and mother that he wished to study medicine. Evidently led by God,

as events have since proved, they disapproved and told him 'no.' I went into the dining-room and found him stretched face downwards on the couch, his head in his hands shivering from head to foot with sobs. I knew how his whole heart was set upon the idea. I spoke a few comforting words to him, but though his disappointment was so deep, neither then, nor at any future time, did he speak one rebellious word about his parents' decision."

As a family the Booths were unusually united. They found each other interesting, distinctly more interesting than other folk. This was due in part to the manner of their upbringing. The home discipline was strict, it might by some be judged severe, but it allowed for the fullest freedom of individual development. There were no artificial restraints. They grew up in an atmosphere of perfect frankness with one another. Love for each other made serious quarrelling unthinkable, and most of all, love for their parents held them captive. "To please Papa," "to help Mamma" were appeals that never failed and that drew them unconsciously together. Their sense of responsibility for each other was indissolubly linked with their devotion to their parents, and tended to make them good companions.

Mrs. Booth loved her children with all the vigour of her deeply affectionate nature, to which was added the force of religious fervour. The children were received as God's gifts. Each was cherished, not for himself alone, but also for God. Each must be prepared to take his place as Christ's soldier. In hers, as in the heart of all mothers who possess a wealth of love, each child held its own place, none was impoverished, nor could be, by the love bestowed upon another. There were no favourites in her nursery. One of the first fruits of the sunshine of this love was the children's affection for one another. The natural, delighted interest of a loved and unspoilt child in the arrival of a new baby was carefully fostered by Catherine Booth, and as the children grew old enough to understand, each was helped to care for the happiness of the others and to joy in their doings.

Their mother held rather strong views on the harmful effect of competition, and certainly the sorrows that sometimes follow in its train did not trouble these youngsters. They were different from each other. Of course, all people were! Some could do some things and some others! That the elder should care for the younger, the strong for the weak, was the law of the home. The elder must take precedence in responsibilities and in yielding to the "little ones." Under his mother's administration Bramwell's place as the eldest, and even more his eager, sympathetic nature, developed in him a sense of anxious responsibility for all the family. His mother encouraged this tendency, partly because she believed it would strengthen the best qualities of his nature and

partly from necessity. She was often ill, often absent, then her commands were laid upon Bramwell.

All who knew him as a child remark on his solicitude for his brothers and sisters. He was the one to whom each turned. There was that about him which invited confidences. All his life, wherever he went, he attracted the troubled, and something of this had begun to show itself even in the child. It was to Bramwell one went when in a fix of any kind, he would "understand"! The children felt it; the servants acted on it; his father shared with him his anxieties for "darling mamma's health"; his mother talked everything over with her son. In the faded, hurriedly-scrawled and intimate letters to him from his parents, one finds repeated variants of the phrase, "Don't mention this to Pa"; "Don't tell Mamma, it would worry her"; "Write Emma, but don't tell her I told you." He was naturally observant, quick to notice a shadow in the eyes of those he loved: his instinct for seeing where sorrow lay hidden was a gift indeed.

Again and again, when in meetings, he would call an officer and direct him to one of the audience; having made sure the officer had located the right person, he would say, "There is trouble there, try to find out what, and help." A woman who went to hear him told me how after he had preached he came to her during the prayer meeting and said, "You are in sorrow I think. Could I help you?" She denied the assertion, but he firmly persisted and talked to her of the place of sorrow in life and of Christ's relationship to the soul in sorrow. She said to me, "It almost frightened me, for I was in sorrow, though no one knew of it, and I was not aware of anything in my demeanour which could have betrayed it. What he said to me changed the course of my life. After we had talked, I asked him what had made him think I was unhappy, and he said, 'While I was talking, I saw, for an instant, a look on your face which told me.' " Years afterwards she spoke to me of it, adding: "Wonderful, wasn't it, out of thousands and I was sitting right in the body of the hall, that he should see the look, and remember who it was clearly enough to single me out amongst all the others?"

I went to see a sick officer, Major Kew, who for some years had been A.D.C. to my father, with special responsibility for the meetings. We talked of him (though not with any thought of this book) and amongst other things Kew said, "Ah! his kindnesses! And how the people told him their sorrows! He had a way with him, had your father, of making people feel their troubles were his troubles." And the boy growing into young manhood somehow made the other members of the household feel like that.

When he was fourteen following his illness he went to St. Leonards for a change of air, and writes to his eldest sister, Katie, three years his junior, a little scrap of a letter which somehow has escaped destruction, and which discloses a good deal more of his "care"

for the children than the actual words tell. The incongruity of the admonitions with which it begins and the child's delight in castle-building with which it concludes make it all the more revealing.

"My dear old Sis,

"I am very sorry indeed to hear you are so poorly, but I hope you will soon be better, you must take great care, do not go out into the garden without something on, don't run about in the morning half-dressed, without your shoes and stockings on, and get into bed at night as soon as you are undressed.

"Take every possible care of Bertie, if his cold were not to get better or if he were to renew it, as the winter is coming on, he might have another attack of rheumatic fever, which causes a great deal of suffering to himself and a great deal of bother and expense for those around, but I hope he will soon get better.

"This is a very nice place indeed, pretty good beach, some sand, some rock and some stone and shingle. Emma goes with me and we dig together, we have been out this morning, but the tide was up and so we did not enjoy ourselves so much as usual. We are going out again and so I must conclude. Emma and Mamma send love to all and you must accept much from

"Your loving Brother."

Miss Short says: "He was an unmixed blessing in the home. With the other children—and a jolly, lively lot they were—his influence was more like that of a parent than of a brother. Once when sickness entered the home, I took the children who were not affected to a house in the country, and Willie took prayers with us every day, and had a service with us on Sunday."

A letter from his mother, when Bramwell was not yet fifteen, shows how she looked to him.

"Your somewhat graphic epistle cheered me a good deal this morning. I am glad to find you are in such good spirits. What a pity you lost your hat! However, it was better than losing your head, which would not at all have surprised me, seeing you are so fond of poking it where it ought not to be! . . .

"I trust now, if it be the Lord's will, that you are all safe. I hope you will in this emergency show yourself to be a true son of your mother, and a consistent disciple of the Lord Jesus. Very much depends on you as to the ease and comfort of managing Ballington and Herbert; do all you can. Be forbearing where only your own feelings or comfort are concerned, and don't raise unnecessary controversies; but where their obedience to us, or health, is at stake, be firm and unflinching in trying to put them right. Mind Emma's medicine—two teaspoonfuls twice a day—and her feet kept warm. . . .

"The Lord bless you all. Pray for us.

"Your loving and anxious mother.

"Papa says you are to mind the children with the dogs!"*

*9.2.1871.

Opportunity for knowing and understanding their brothers and sisters was not interfered with by long absences at school. These children enjoyed the now rare privilege of growing up together. Boys and girls shared everything. Needless to say the question of sex superiority or inferiority brought no discord into the home of William and Catherine Booth ; it simply did not arise. Circumstances tended to isolate them from outside companionship. Until Bramwell was nine, they had no settled home, and even after a permanent home had been established they were hardly less isolated. If William Booth was not allowed to stand alone on Mile End Waste for very long, he remained a lonely man. There was none within reach, no family with whom he and his met on terms of personal friendship. In some respects this was no doubt a loss to the children, but there were compensations. They remained unaffected and individualistic. They had no occasion to learn society manners and met with no temptation to envy another's lot. Yet life was never dull. There were always real interests to devour the happy days, vital questions to be discussed even in the nursery. They took life seriously in the sense that every part of it was entered into with zeal, a reflection perhaps of the religious fervour of the parents.

Talking amongst themselves early became a form of recreation, and conversation remained for all of them one of life's luxuries. The days were often not long enough for what there was to say. It was good training-ground for preachers, and no one was required to listen if he would rather not. Bramwell, naturally argumentative, soon learned to parry his father's thrusts, and the two, in spite of the disparity of age and contrast in disposition, revelled in conversations on all manner of topics, chiefly such as had a bearing on the problems of the day.

In one sense it may be said with truth that William Booth never grew old. There remained always something of the child about him. His extraordinary capacity for detaching himself from one thing and plunging into another helped to preserve in him a boy's delight in anything new or in contrast to the occupation of the moment. He was temperamentally an ideal companion for his over-thoughtful, speculative son. After the boy's illness they drew much together. It was of the greatest import to Bramwell, to his father too, that "the work" was in and near Whitechapel, making it possible for the two to see so much more of each other than they would have done had William Booth's life as travelling revivalist continued. For some time the house in Gore Road was the headquarters of the Mission. Thus William Booth often worked at home all day and was able to enter into the life of the children and especially into that of his eldest son. Excursions to Epping Forest, long drives into the country, this latter a favourite form of recreation, walks about Victoria Park, all took on their importance, their zest, from his presence.

At Gore Road, where there was room and a good-sized garden, the number of pets increased. The animal lovers had scope. There were rats, mice, guinea-pigs, silkworms, cats and—dogs, of course, always. Next to his father, Bramwell was the adviser-in-chief in all matters concerning the care of the creatures ; hutch-making and dietary became a fine art. Occasionally a lad whose acquaintance was made at the Mission would come to share the delights on Saturday afternoon, and there were sales and exchanges to negotiate.

Mother and father were fond of animals. Both experienced the loathing of all truly noble souls for cruelty in any form, but it was from his mother that Bramwell drank in that vehement intolerance of oppression in any guise, which was characteristic of him all his life. Mother and son were ever champions of the weak, and the place Bramwell gave to the treatment of animals was part of the intrinsic chivalry of his nature. Where animals were concerned, he was more than a defender of the oppressed. He liked them. Mice shared his study and interested him at sixty almost as much as they did at six ! The cocker-spaniel was his choice among dogs, though all spaniels stood high in his favour. His mother had a ruby toy spaniel at the time of her death, which he brought to his home, and one of the breed has been an inmate ever since. In the last years of his life he kept a shetland collie and used laughingly to declare they were more intelligent than the spaniels : their affection, if not stronger, was certainly more exclusive. In spite of long absences, the shetland never failed to recognise his approach, and from the moment of his arrival in the house would change the order of the day so as to spend every moment in the master's presence. Behaviour towards him could only be described as perfect, but to strangers or to persons who were, for some mysterious doggy reason, disliked, manners were distinctly reprehensible. Mona, the black-and-white shetland who reigned for years, strongly objected to strangers at family prayers. No sign was given that their presence had even been observed by the lazy-looking eyes, but in the moment of transition from sitting to kneeling, Mona, unless held by a restraining hand, would dart dexterously from her place at her master's feet and nip the calf of the stranger's leg. Why was this moment always chosen for the attempt ?

As at Gore Road, so later in his own home, it was understood by every member of the household that everything that concerned living things was Bramwell Booth's special care and interest. The first-hatched chickens of the year, a strange grub in the vegetables, or an unidentified caterpillar found by the children, all must be kept until he had seen them. Mouse-traps could be used only surreptitiously. His sympathies were always with the "creatures." When his wife showed him a Bible, his own gift to her and specially valued, the leather binding of which had been badly gnawed by a mouse, he exclaimed with genuine distress, "Darling, how hungry

the poor little thing must have been ! ” And he was no mere sentimentalist. More than once, when inspecting The Army’s Land Colony at Hadleigh, he personally witnessed the slaughter of animals in the Colony butchery, in order to satisfy himself that everything was done as humanely as possible, though such a scene was particularly repugnant to one of his disposition.

Bramwell Booth was opposed to vivisection, and was keenly disappointed when the Dogs’ Protection Bill failed to pass the House. He hoped to see dogs and monkeys protected. There was no toleration of hunting in any form ; referring to it in his Journal in 1922 he says :

“ . . . What puzzles me, is why it should be thought horrible to let dogs worry a cat and allowable to let them worry a hare. To chase a calf or a horse until it sank in exhaustion, or was torn to pieces, would be thought abominable cruelty ; and yet to do the same thing to a stag is counted a fine, a royal sport. We have abolished bull-fights and bear-baiting in most civilized countries—why ? On this principle, I take it—that no sports or pastimes are permissible which involve needless suffering to some living creature. It is useless to say that those who take part in them do not find pleasure in the sufferings of these creatures they pursue. That is not the point. The point is that the very essence of the sport is in the fact that one living creature is set to pursue and generally to kill another living creature.”*

But back in 1869 Bramwell is caring for animals in particular rather than thinking of them in general. Until 1871 he remained more or less an invalid. The state of his heart and the general debility following his illness had a depressing effect upon the boy. Already thoughtful beyond his years, he was now thrown back very much upon himself. Mission affairs increasingly engrossed his father ; his mother was again preaching by special invitation in various places ; the home circle, to which, since their arrival in London, two sisters had been added, was really too strenuous an atmosphere for him. This was realised by his mother, and Bramwell went to stay for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Reed at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Reed had been fascinated by William Booth’s preaching, and he and Mrs. Reed became close friends, helping generously with funds for the Mission, eventually providing the sum of £5,000 toward the personal maintenance of William Booth, who had from the first remained resolute that his support should not be drawn from the Mission.

Bramwell’s mother and father had already paid several visits to the Reeds, and a letter written to his mother during one of these is the earliest of his we have ; it shows us the child of thirteen checking the list of services appearing in the Mission magazine, and as already concerning himself in the business of the Mission.

*11.3.1922.

"My very dear Mamma,

"I do feel so low in spirit to-night. I am quite disappointed with myself and my health. I feel quite despairing with respect to future health. It seems as if my Heavenly Father did not see it best for me to be strong and well and able. I shall always be a burden to those near and dear to me. I feel that in the state of health that I now am, it would only be a waste of money to send me to school, when I try to sit and write or think a little while I feel quite bad, and my heart I find, now I am a little weak, is far from well.

"Dear Mamma, I don't know what to say or what to think. I do try to leave it to my Heavenly Father's will, but I cannot help thinking about it. And I can tell you that it often makes me cross and down. A few weeks ago I thought I was going to be strong again, but now I am not so well. I do pray about it and try to leave it with Him Who cannot err and He does bless me in my own soul.

"With regard to my studies, I do not know what to say. I should so much like to go on a little while, if it be the Lord's will and your wish. I often think I might have made much better use of past opportunities, but they are gone for ever, and I hope it will teach me a lesson to make the best of every moment. I hope yourself and dear Papa are better.

"Tell Papa I am very sorry that I sent the Mag. to him, but did not know till this morning that I ought not to have done so, when Mr. Rapson told me he ought to have had it, but he never came in yesterday, only in the morning, or I should have seen him. The covers came this morning, and I gave them to him. There were two week-days unfilled on them. I do not know what Pa will do with those. I do not think they should be left blank, as it will look as if there were no services at all.

"They all send love and accept the same from your own loving boy."*

Mr. and Mrs. Booth went to Scotland in 1869. A gentleman who had started a mission in Edinburgh on lines similar to those adopted by William Booth, with whom he was in touch, proposed that it should be definitely amalgamated with the East London Mission, and it was desired that the "Superintendent" should come down and conduct services to celebrate the occasion. Catherine Booth says, "We both felt not only that a little rest was necessary for us, but that we had earned it. We had never been in Scotland, so we thought we might combine a little recreation and change of scene with this stroke of business for the Kingdom. We took Bramwell with us." At Helensburgh a Mr. John Melrose placed his house at their disposal. He was a tea merchant in a large way of business, childless. The dark-eyed boy stole into his heart. He was what Mrs. Booth described as "very much smitten with Bramwell,"

and pressed the parents to be allowed to educate him, virtually to adopt him.

Bramwell's health improved somewhat, though, as he himself said, at fourteen it was not expected he would live to be seventeen. He considered that work did as much as anything to restore his physical forces. Certain it is that he undertook responsibilities which, in his condition, ought to have killed him. His ill-health keeping him at home, he was looked to more and more, not only to help in the "office"—situated in the house, but to "see to things" generally. One of the maids, who entered the Booths' services in 1867, when Bramwell was eleven, says, "The first and lasting impression of him was his serious-mindedness and his devotion to his parents. In his concern and quiet control over small matters . . . he surprised me, the thought he had in the home when his mother was away." Mrs. Billups, who often stayed with them, told Mrs. Booth he was more to be trusted with the management of the house and children than many grown people she knew. He amazed her by his practical knowledge and "managing sense."

In 1869 the People's Market in Whitechapel was purchased, providing offices, class-rooms and hall for public meetings. The work grew. Crowds gathered to hear William Booth, in the open air and within doors. Converts were rallied and helpers were now employed. The need of money for the Mission was pressing, and in addition the Booths' personal needs had to be met. Mrs. Booth's meetings brought in something. The sale of their writings and a collection of hymns contributed their quota; friends from time to time came forward with help; but there was no settled income, and financially the position was precarious.

William Booth now thought to solve two problems by one venture. He established shops for the supply of cheap food to the poor. The poverty of the people oppressed him. True, his first and paramount ambition was to bring them to Christ, for he recognised in their starved spiritual life a far more hell-producing misery than that which resulted from the economic conditions of their lives, yet he early toyed with the idea of doing something helpful for the temporal man. Christmas Day, 1867, was the last the family spent at home, and its frolic was marred because "Papa" came home so depressed after taking the morning service at the Mission. The sights he had seen on his way home had filled his heart with gloom. He could not disguise it, though he did his best to enter into the children's joy; he was presently obliged to pour out his thoughts and tell them, "Next Christmas we must do something." And they did! The family, those of them who were old enough, shared in distributing one hundred and fifty puddings to some of the poorest homes of Whitechapel slums. These Christmas puddings were the forerunners of various efforts which took final shape in the Social wing of Salvation Army activities.

The cheap food shops brought much work to an already over-

worked team. At their inception they were distinctly a success, but it proved impossible to get reliable managers ; the control and check of takings were difficult, and finally they were given up, though not before heroic struggles had been made to keep them going. Buying and management fell chiefly on Bramwell's shoulders. By the time he was fifteen, and in spite of his frail physical condition, he was, in his father's absences, looking after the Mission, the food depots and home affairs. The East London Mission had already ceased to be confined to East London. Stations were established in Croydon and Brighton following Mrs. Booth's meetings there in 1868, and steadily increased until in 1876, including those in the East End, they numbered over thirty. Bramwell shared in all the work involved. One who was a Mission worker of those days says, "He could not have been more than sixteen when he superintended a large concern like a man of forty ! He opened five soup and coffee shops, including one for hot dinners, for the working classes." A handful of old letters survives which give a vivid glimpse into his world at that time. One cannot but wish some of the boy's epistles were extant, and one must guess at their tenor from the replies. Here are extracts from letters in William Booth's vigorous scrawl ; the first, written before Bramwell had reached his fifteenth birthday, was sent to him when on a holiday with the other children, Miss Short in charge of them.

"Glad to hear that you are well and happy. . . . Shops go on middling, I think. — said he had a better day on Saturday than he has had before.

"The luncheon shop will be a very good one, the best of the three. . . . Flawn bought £50 worth of marrow last week and £75 worth of mutton yesterday. He has to give long prices. But Paris once supplied with food I should think things will go on much as usual again. Nothing fresh at Whitechapel.

"Love and kisses for each."*

The following letter is almost pathetic in the picture it conjures up of the boy in competition with the man of affairs. He is business manager now, but hankers after a ferret for his private delectation ! It is indeed the last glimpse of the boy we shall have. His father had been ill and was resting with the Billups's in Cardiff.

"My dear Boy,

"I return cheque. Always put the amount of money on your cheques. Hand enclosed cheque to Mr. Rapson. . . . You can change it for him or the butcher will. . . . Burners. Flawn knows more about them than I do. If Meadows is such a scamp he will deceive you. I don't see any way if you think them desirable, but to ask him where he bought them and to ask the price. Sixpence each is a good price, and will buy, I think, Levin's

best burner. You must ascertain what they really cost new, and if you and Mr. Flawn think them desirable, make him a bid for the lot . . . I leave it with you.

"I keep better although I was very poorly this morning. Mamma is better too. . . . We all unite in love. Remember us to Cook and Jane.

"It seems a pity I think to spend 4s. over a ferret. . . . Tell Rapson *not* to sell the goat—ask House to look out for a chaise for it. The dog Katie says has been poorly.

"Your very affectionate papa.

"P.S.—Are you going to bed early and taking care of yourself?"*

And again :

". . . Give my very best love to my darlings. . . . They must be good and we will go to the forest as soon as I get back, all well.

"God bless you. Tell Flawn he had better have a holiday as soon as he can arrange it as you must go by and by somewhere. Pray for me. Excuse scrawl."†

In 1872 William Booth was again in very poor health. He went to Smedley's Hydro and later to the Reeds at Tunbridge Wells. The letters during his absence tell volumes of the father's confidence in the sixteen-year-old son ; more and more from now on we find Bramwell's father saying in one form or another, "I leave it to you."

"I am glad to hear of the meat and butter. Be careful in buying—pay your men extra who do well."‡

"What a number of cheques you seem to use. I am puzzled to know what can make the number of payments. Mamma sends her love, she will write to-day. You shall have one letter per day."§

"Go to bed at night. Take care of your health. I must think of something that can be done for Brick Lane. We must advertise it I suppose. Draw up what you think would be a good advertisement and send it me. Mind the principal things in the business, and don't be occupied too much with detail to the exclusion of greater things. Either Brick Lane must be made to do, or it must be sold, or let. Mamma thinks L—— does not look sufficiently after the men. Do you ride round or spend all your time in that office? Seeing to the places is the most important. I think I keep better, but I can't come back for a week or two."**

"Your letter has put me about. I am so concerned for you and I am afraid perhaps my hastily-written note yesterday would grieve you somewhat.

"By no means must you have a general stock or stock-taking of any kind whatever until you are better. Now understand this.

*8.9.1871.

†1871.

‡10.4.1872.

§11.4.1872.

**1.6.1872.

"I am better and hope soon to be well and then you shall go away. Oh, that we could do without you for a year or two. We will see. Take care. I hope by this you are feeling better. I will answer all your business queries first thing to-morrow morning. Keep your heart up and all will be well. We shall see many happy days together. I am in much better spirits myself. Mamma too is better. Love to all the darlings."*

"... I enclose the cheques. Very glad to hear of your success. Be sure you calculate *loss*. . . . Glad you are encouraged. The Business should pay, *does*, if we are not robbed. However, I leave it all to you just now and *rest*."†

For some time the Booths kept a pony carriage, chiefly for Mrs. Booth's use. The ponies were great pets with the children. One, called Foxy, seems to have been a special favourite; he went on a holiday with William Booth and his wife and evidently added to their enjoyment.

"Beautiful weather tempts us out," writes William Booth to Mrs. Billups, "and Foxy seems to enjoy a six or seven miles run out and then a graze by the roadside as much as we do, while we walk and talk of the *past*, *present* and *future*."‡

We do not know whether it was Foxy's cost that staggered his owner, but it is to be hoped the ration decided on by Bramwell and Lamb was well balanced and fair to owner and horses! This Lamb was Abraham Lamb, one of the first Mission workers. There were mishaps, however, and in this matter of the horses Bramwell must "see to it"; he must, in short, keep his eye on everything, as this letter clearly shows.

"My dear Boy,

"Yours is to hand. Very vexed about the horse. You must find out how it was done, if Monks threw him he must never drive again. . . . A horse is a particular thing and we can't have it knocked about by anyone. I shall have to refuse it to anyone except someone drives in whom we have confidence.

"However, it is of no use fretting about it, we must be more careful in the future.

"You stagger me about the cost of its keep. How came it about? Then what a *lot* the others must have cost. I insist that you and Lamb decide how much the two horses ought to eat and that they have that and no more. . . .

"Keep your eye on Rapson. What time he comes to the office and what time he leaves. Go in now and then and see if he is at work. I must have my book accounts done. I feel uneasy about them. And they must be got into such a shape that they can be checked."§

*Undated. †1872. ‡25.6.1875, Southend. §4.6.1872, Tunbridge Wells.

From the beginning William Booth was adamant on the question of accounts, insisting on their being kept, and they early became Bramwell's charge. When but thirteen he had been set to work to find some discrepancy in the Mission accounts then being prepared for the auditors. He worked seventy-two hours on end, found the mistake, and was awarded £5 by the Committee, of which his father allowed him ten shillings. The rest went into the house-keeping !

The growing scope and importance of William Booth's work induced thoughts of the future and a desire to define and establish the Mission more securely. Noteworthy that the boy of sixteen is his confidant.

"I am hard on with my scheme. Shall print the rough form of constitution* and then get two or three opinions of it. They will judge so much better of it when they see it printed.

"Be sure and let Lamb bring my quill pens and some more envelopes. The Mission must pay for the paper. I use it all for them, and a great deal more than they have paid for lately."†

There is one scrap from the boy which shows him looking out on things from his mother's point of view—with papa he is on a strictly business footing and somewhat peremptory !

"My dear Papa,

"Give this to Mamma with my love. Sign enclosed cheques. Lamb will come to-morrow by 3.15 train. I will give him his expenses, but to whom am I to look for these again ?"‡

The enclosure to be given Mamma was a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*, July 25th, 1872 :

"Miss Louisa Atkins, holding the degree of M.D. after five years' study at Zurich, has been appointed resident medical officer and secretary to the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Women. This is the first instance on record of a female medical practitioner being made an Officer of a public hospital."

But things were not going well. Unlimited devotion and almost incessant work could not counteract the effect of inefficient and sometimes dishonest managers of the shops. Bramwell could not longer hide his anxiety. It is typical that he writes to his mother, that she may break the news to his father, for though his mother was of a more anxious temperament she was not liable to be suddenly cast down as was William Booth's impetuous spirit, and Bramwell knew that in the darkest hours her fortitude was an anchor that held. William Booth writes a tender, courageous note to the overburdened boy. Father and son smile at each other across the abyss of their anxiety ; come what may neither will fail the other, and both believe in God !

*Constitution for the Mission, as "The Christian Mission," establishing Conference. Deed of 1875.

†5.7.1872.

‡26.7.1872.

"My dear Boy,

"Mamma has just told me the substance of your letter that is just to hand. I am very sorry for your sake and dear Mamma's. Bless you for all your thoughtfulness for me and all the burden you have borne. Still you should have named it to me and not *suffered the anxiety alone*. We will both come on Wednesday morning, all well.

"Now is the time for us to *trust*. We will do our duty and leave events calmly with God. If there is no other way I must have a salary from the Mission and Mamma must earn some money by preaching. But some other way may be opened. *I have confidence in God*. I shall soon see you. Look up. Rest and hope in infinite love."*

William Booth looks into things and does not give up hope. Bramwell is sent away for a few days' rest.

In October, from Folkestone, where all the family except Bramwell have gone, he writes more hopefully.

"My dear Boy,

"You must have some mistake at Limehouse. Another similar balance there and all hands that touch the cash must be changed.

"You must seek out for a clerk. I am determined to have accounts regularly and accurately kept for a month at least. I will be satisfied that it is not for any want of looking after that the thing does not answer. And you cannot do any more yourself. Have you got — as a temporary help?

"I am very glad you are feeling better. Anxiety has made you ill. I am in much better spirits myself about the business. The Lord bless and guide you. You did not send No. 4 or No. 1 balance. I presume I shall get them tomorrow.

"The expenses are not less than I expected. I reckon that great allowances want making for future breakdowns which would have to be made good. Then you have heavier coal and gas now than that quarter. . . ."

In 1873 Mrs. Booth was staying with her friend, Mrs. Billups, and Bramwell was to join her for a few days' rest; but such plans seldom materialised when he was concerned. Already it was difficult for him to leave the centre.

"Willie says he cannot come until Saturday week," William Booth writes to his wife. And a few days later:

"Forgive Willie for not coming; he really could not come. Business detained him. . . . He is going to the House of Commons to-morrow morning to hear the debate on Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Bill."†

*July, 1872.

†2.10.1872.

‡6.5.1873.

As to the shops, it is nearly twelve months since William Booth first talked of getting rid of them ; " one more plan " is to be tried, but in reality father and son were literally never without a plan about something or other which needed " talking over " and " trying," and they were talking and trying to their last days together. How little either of them, worrying over the cheap food scheme in the early 'seventies, suspected they would see cheap food depots, cheap beds, cheap clothes, facilities for bathing, washing and work for the world's poorest, established under their care and control in almost all the great cities of the world. The failure of the food shops taught them much, and was not so much of a failure as they felt it to be at the time.

One of William Booth's letters to Mrs. Billups is enlightening ; she has evidently remonstrated that so much falls upon the boy, who had been under her motherly care for a short holiday.

" We should both much have liked Willie to have stayed another week. But here I am, completely overdone with work. I am of your opinion about the boy being saved our anxiety, but I know not how to get out of the meshes in which we are involved. I must try another three months and then if possible get rid of the affair. I have done something already. Two places are closed. . . .

" I know the boy is far from well, but I hope much from God. I thank Him for the marks of grace, and promise of usefulness, if spared, I think I see in him, and I leave him in the Master's hands. God only knows how much I love him. . . . He is an untold comfort and joy to us."*

There is a note of authority in this on the same day from Bramwell to his father. It touches only on trivialities, but a certain decision breathes through it which tells us something of the youthful writer.

" In reply to yours I expect to come by train, arriving Paddington 6 o'clock.

" It is probable that Miss B. will be with me. . . . If I am alone I shall rail and tram it, if in company with Miss B. cab it. She only comes till Wednesday.

" I have sent Mr. L. now £100. I will send some more at once on my return, but I may have to put it in another form from payment on account.

" With love."

Mrs. Booth, in a letter to Mrs. Billups, gives us a final word about the shops, and also a glimpse of her own thoughts and feelings :

" Willie promised to write you this morning, but I fear it is doubtful. He has been in such a drive, the last few days, clearing

out Shoreditch shop and getting rid of fixtures, stock, etc. I am unspeakably thankful that the end of that has come, though more than ever satisfied that that one place *might* have helped considerably towards a living for us. . . ."

A little later Bramwell joins his mother who is away for a few days, and his father writes to her :

"Willie, or rather Bramwell as I want to call him now, I like it much the best, well Bramwell has just gone off and I feel as though I had now let all go. He is a good lad. I manage him a little better than you do perhaps. Perhaps I let him have his own way rather more, however, I have no fault worth calling a fault to find with him. His thoughtfulness for the real interests of the Mission, his responsibility as to business, his manly dealing with men and things is in my estimation very estimable ; then he is, I think, really good, open to spiritual influences to any extent.

"Poor boy, were he only stronger I should rejoice in contemplating his future and push him on to aiming at far greater things."*

A couple of days later there is news of Foxy who seems to have been worthy his name !

"Tell Bramwell Foxy is home, he looks thin. There was a fine job to catch him. Balto says he and two others and Wallace were three hours at it—*pouring* rain—wet through."†

But for some time before the shops are given up it is plain as A B C these two are working at a pace calculated to kill the toughest. Neither the boy of sixteen nor the man of fifty-three can count on good sleep two nights running. Both are strung to the highest pitch of nervous tension, from anxiety for the Mission, for their converts and helpers, none of whom has any experience, and for the financial position ; to which are added their fears each for the strength of the other. A break must come, past mending by Smedley's hydropathic treatment or any other, unless help be vouchsafed in human form or by miraculous multiplication of time and strength. It appears by means of the former in the shape of the lovable, brilliant, eccentric George Scott Railton, and who shall say his advent at that particular time was less than miraculous ?

*21.9.1874.

†25.9.1871.

CHAPTER V

PUBLIC WORK BEGINS

"G.I.S.R.," says Bramwell Booth, "came to the Christian Mission after reading one of the Founder's booklets. 'It looks as if these were the people for me,' he had said, and forthwith he threw into the fight his tireless body and his fearless soul. He was both determined and tractable, original and simple, aggressive and tender, able to take blows and insults like a lamb, yet seldom giving up until he had made his capture. Altogether, he was a fascinating and unexpected personality."*

Railton was twenty-three when he came to the Mission, and fell captive to the charm of the sixteen-year-old boy and his indomitable father. He was ready for The Salvation Army before it had been thought of. Before he had joined the Christian Mission he addressed William Booth as "My dear General," signing himself, "Your loving Lieutenant," in a letter in which he said, "Every hour my soul seems to be more and more mobilizing for a rush to you." This was in November, 1872. In March of the following year Railton arrived in Whitechapel, "the nearest I know to heaven below," he had written. From the first he loved the Booths and they loved him. He lived in their home as son and brother. More than forty years of friendship followed his meeting with Bramwell, to whom he felt peculiarly drawn: remarkable, having in mind Bramwell's youth. Their relationship, even in those days, was always as though Railton had been the junior.

"... I can hardly tell you how precious Willie has become to me," writes Railton to Mrs. Booth. "For the first time in my life I am blessed with a companion—a friend who can greatly help me mentally and morally without making me feel an inferiority such as to embarrass sympathy. We have a great affinity of disposition and enjoy each other's society in spite of my uncommunicativeness.

"I wish you could make him understand before he comes back that I *very much value* his opinion upon any subject and that he need never be afraid of criticising or teaching me; but that I do gain and expect to gain by his suggestions. It is so contrary to both our inclinations to say this kind of thing that it would not be easy for me to express it to him personally."†

Until Railton's sudden death on Cologne Railway Station in 1913, when he was in his sixty-fifth year, this affinity made criticism

*"These Fifty Years," p. 95.

†21.7.1873.

on the part of either possible and safe. They understood each other. It was never easy to teach G.S.R., and there were awkward passages to be negotiated when the first General's first Lieutenant did not approve the methods introduced; at these times Bramwell, beloved of them both, was able to pour oil on troubled waters, and his influence remained paramount. In one of Railton's last letters to Bramwell, just over forty years after they had first met, there is this sentence, "The plans made for me here are splendid [he was on a preaching tour in France] . . ., and yet I must confess one of my first feelings was of doubt and penitence about being away from you."

Their last meeting seems to have been in Bramwell's home at Hadley Wood. Railton came down one evening shortly before he left for the Continent. Bramwell's youngest daughter, Dora, remembers the visit vividly, because in the absence of her elders she had to preside at the tea-table. All went smoothly in the tea-dispensing line, and her presence was soon forgotten. The two became engrossed in reminiscences. Presently they turned their chairs to the fire and continued talking. They both laughed aloud, Railton till the tears ran down his face, and the listening girl thought he would choke. What a pity she could make no record of that conversation! She remained entranced, afraid to remind them of her presence lest she should be banished. Presently they both knelt close together and Railton prayed, as she puts it, "a great gust of prayer," and then her father prayed. It was their last meeting. Fitting there should be laughter as well as prayer. There will be laughter in Heaven when such fighters as George Scott Railton and William Bramwell Booth meet. Whenever there has been real fighting, there will be laughter for those who dwell on the picture memory preserves. One does not always laugh at the time, but looking back one can.

It was well for him that G.S.R. soon followed his first General to the City of God, for no one in The Salvation Army would have suffered more over the world war than this prince among Army internationalists. His going was a loss to Bramwell Booth, and would have been, had he anticipated it, a sorrow to Railton, for he entered with acute joy into Bramwell's Generalship, and looked to help him in the great advance he foresaw. Among his last written words to his General and friend are these:

"It is my solemn conviction that it is the purpose of God to give you the Kingdom in a way we have never yet witnessed!

"Do not, I beg you, let anything in the past, great and wonderful as it has been, blind you to the fact that He has immensely greater things in store for The Army."

And Railton was right! On the day he received word of Railton's death, Bramwell Booth wrote in his Journal: "*What a loss is this!*"

I had some anxiety and difficulty with Railton, but he was ever at my disposal, night or day, in sunshine or storm. He always accepted my decisions and since the dear General's death has been wonderfully united with me in everything."

By nature Railton was a nomad, a prophet, a blazer of trails. He had a message and must speak it. Writing to William Booth, when the question of his coming to the Mission was under consideration, he says: "... As I have no idea of the class of duties which you wish me to undertake, I may just add that my greatest enjoyment and that which most benefits me every way is preaching, indoors or out of doors." He immediately took over responsibility for the Mission Magazine, and helped with it even before he actually joined William Booth in London. His pen was an important reinforcement, but his enthusiasm sometimes complicated the already Herculean task of management. Some of Bramwell's notes to his friend survive. G.S.R. was on tour in 1874, Bramwell being just eighteen.

"... I am quite at a loss to know what to do. You really must in future send us instructions which we can understand. I know I am dull, but then it is my misfortune, not my fault. ... Mind you go to the Post Office every day. Papa is gone to Wellingboro', Derby, Nottingham, etc. Love. We are glad you are making a move."*

When Railton was on tour indulging in his "greatest enjoyment"—preaching—the Mission Magazine fell to Bramwell's care. Not but that he had enough on hand! The work was spreading rapidly; securing suitable leaders for the Mission centres was becoming the outstanding problem. "Find us men!" he wrote; managing them when found, financing and controlling their work was in the main Bramwell's job. To Railton go such notes as the following, which show us the lad anxious about the accounts as well as other things, and give an idea of the subjects argued between the two; yet the notes are brief enough.

"Do pray do *something*, the Mag. time is flying. The enclosed explains itself. I am still without that receipt.

"Are you in favour of holding to the doctrine of possibility of finally being lost? *I am*, but what do you say?"†

"When I die there will be found engraved on my heart the three short letters M.A.G. ! [for magazine].

"W.B. says you must be at some little trouble to find us *men*. ... We are writing about the Grantham man. What are we to do for Cardiff?"‡

"There is very little money coming in—that is what troubles me. ...

*5.9.1874.

†14.9.1874.

‡18.9.1874.

"Dowdle reports thorough *victory* at Chatham and spoils in the shape of a good start at Strood with place to hold 250 rent free in our hands. Thank God."*

"Go on for Sunday and the week as proposed, and *then come home*. We have £750 to get for Hackney in the next six weeks, and do not know where to look for a £5 note. We will, so Papa thinks at present, keep you free from office work, and you can go about to the Conferences, call and write people for money. . . .

"I do rejoice at all your success and blessing, and we are quite agreed that you can go again, if you wish *early in the year*. Love."†

"Something *must* be *done* for money and you are the man to do it.

"I note all yours contains. I am afraid that we overstate the worth and *sense* of the world in general. It is surely, let us hope, that they have not eyes, not that having sight they will not see. All we can do, it seems to me, is to *pound on*, utterly *regardless* of all the Bosh and Humbug around. However, come home."‡

The idea had been that Railton was for a time to act as secretary to the Mission. This plan was to set Bramwell free from "that office" for better oversight of affairs, and for meetings. But the secretarial part of his work was at no time an unqualified success. Railton's gifts did not lie in organising and the management of work and men. As we have seen, he early went on a preaching tour, and already the General began to question how far his abilities could be best utilised in the office.

"Your letter has made me sad," he writes to Mrs. Booth. "I am sorry about Bramwell, but cannot help it. He will take his own way. He is not a child and ought to be wiser.

"He promised me before he left he would rest. If he will not keep his word I cannot help it. I will write to Railton to return, but it seems a pity to break in upon him. Apart from the books he really is very little service to me."§

Railton's tour was not broken into. He returned in October. When Railton was at the centre, he and Bramwell worked together, often visiting the London stations of the Christian Mission, where they rather revelled in the "roughing it" that open-air fighting of those days entailed. Bramwell wrote of him :

"One of my earliest recollections of him is of taking him, nearly forty years ago, to visit a dying woman in Brick Lane, Whitechapel. Leaving her we encountered a man on the stairs. Railton instantly stopped him with the question, 'Are you saved?' 'No. That's my mother you have been to see,' was the reply. Thereupon Railton seized the man's hand, dropped on his knees, and began to pray for his soul, kneeling on the stairs

* 10.10.1874.

† 20.10.1874.

‡ 26.10.1874.

§ 23.9.1874.

just below the man, and I above him. The mother's door stood open, and the dying woman joined her prayers with ours, until Railton led her son to her bedside—a saved man.”*

Railton himself realised that the best way to help was to leave the management in Bramwell's hands. To Ballington, in 1879, he writes :

“ I cannot see how it is possible for Bramwell to answer as you seem to wish, seeing that upon everything we have to take time not only to get information but to adopt plans. Besides for my part I am daily more and more inclined to save him so far as I can from correspondence or consultation either, as I see how more and more necessarily comes upon him, and how it becomes more and more difficult for him to get through if not left as nearly as possible to himself to act upon information supplied to him. . . .”†

But that was later, and meantime Railton had plunged into the whirl of business, travel and preaching which was the normal life of the leaders of the Mission.

Bramwell was now doing a certain amount of public speaking. He began when about twelve years old to take meetings for children in an underground kitchen attached to one of the Mission Halls. On Sunday evening, while the meeting for the grown-ups went on upstairs the children gathered below. He tells us :

“ . . . The room was infested by rats, and while I was speaking the rats would appear, necessitating frantic efforts on my part to drive them away without letting the children know what was happening. Had the youngsters seen the rats, there would have been an end to the meeting ! Boys and girls would have scattered, the boys for one reason and the girls for another.”‡

William Booth had written to Richard Cory in 1869, when Bramwell was thirteen :

“ My children are just beginning to work. The four eldest take a service among the young people and are very useful. Willie conducts the meeting.”

His illness interrupted this work, but it was resumed and better accommodation was found where two or three hundred children gathered. The meetings were held on the same plan as those for adults : anyone desiring to give his heart to Christ was invited to come forward. Bramwell talked personally to many of these ; heard of their sin and temptation ; came to understand with all the quickened apprehension of personal sympathy what it meant to grow up in a drunkard's home.

* “ Life of Commissioner Railton,” p. 48.

† 7.11.1879.

‡ “ These Fifty Years,” p. 78.

Bramwell Booth is called the Young People's General by thousands of Salvationists the world over, and to those who understand (always the few though ever the important, for they alone can carry on a man's creative work) there was something of prescience in his Father's calling him when seventeen years of age "Commissioner of the Children's Mission."

Mrs. Booth was away with the family, and Bramwell was sent down for a day or two. This note to Mrs. Booth ran :

"Tell him [Willie] I say he is to make himself agreeable to all and that I wish to remind him as special Commissioner of the Children's Mission that one of his duties is to look after his brothers and sisters. He must take Katie with him to see things."*

In addition to the public meetings, meetings were held for converted children. Bramwell talked to them, prayed with them in groups and individually, shepherded them. Many have heard him describe these little meetings, the children's poverty-pinched faces and meagre clothing ; there would be a score or less present, aged from nine to sixteen or so, in winter gathered around the stove. They gave their experience, confessed failures and hopes and prayed for unconverted companions and relatives.

Bramwell visited the homes of many and, almost unperceived by those around him, was learning his way about a new world. Its treasures, its language, its degradation and vice were soon familiar to him. He was himself young enough to receive indelible impressions. Knowing as we now do what was to be his place and part in The Salvation Army, we can hardly conceive anything more essential to him than that he should understand the people for whom he was to spend his life ; and not only that, but that he should know how to make them feel that he understood them, make himself understood by them.

Was not this knowledge of more worth to him than any he was likely to have gained by an education under normal conditions ? He was naturally gifted with insight, "the faculty which enables him to discern the inner heart of things,"† but, like all gifts, it needed developing, and it was a happy fortune indeed for him, and for The Salvation Army, that during those experience-thirsty years the opportunity he most needed was within his reach.

At fifteen he began giving public addresses to adults. Cornish, a convert of the Mission, made a deep impression upon the boy, and there sprang up between them a friendship which must have seemed incongruous enough. This old man, who himself took part in the meetings, and particularly in the after-meeting when he would pray with great freedom, urged the boy to join in also. Bramwell Booth tells of their association.

" . . . One Sunday after the morning service, he invited me to go home with him to his room and to read to him. How well

*15.5.1873.

†Carlyle.

I remember it ! I went there many times afterwards. Three flights of rickety stairs took one to a bare garret. In one corner there were some strange cushions where he made his bed, and he had also a table, a couple of wooden chairs, and a large Bible, together with a kettle, a teapot and a frying pan. We began by praying together and then I would read to him a little. He was only able to make out one or two chapters, which he did with the assistance of immense horn spectacles. Before long I found the most gracious and inspiring influence coming into my life through that one-time drunkard's prayers, and my visits to him became a sort of institution. He would fry me a piece of bacon and with that and some potatoes I often made a meal with him. It was a veritable sacrament. When we knelt down together and when he began to pray, he was so uplifted that it often seemed to me that he was another man, a man with a heavenly mind and an angel tongue. And there came to me in answer to those prayers—mingled with my own no doubt—a new feeling of relationship to the souls of men, a new directional impulse, impelling me to love and suffer for the sake of others. Again and again I have come down those old, squeaking stairs, feeling as though I walked on the wind, and have gone out on to Mile End Waste to speak and pray with sinners in altogether a new and self-forgetting fashion.”*

This converted drunkard, who earned his living selling greens from a coster's barrow, exerted upon the studious, sensitive lad an influence which for a time exceeded that of anyone else save his parents. It was not only that he helped to arouse a sense of responsibility for helping souls, but that their talks together, and the old man's Cockney comments on the Scriptures as he stumbled through a passage they were reading, were like a new interpretation of spiritual things. God, Heaven and Hell, holiness and sin assumed an every-day garb, became suddenly a part of every-day affairs. This was of inestimable service. No doubt it was from old Cornish that the boy first learned to talk religion in non-religious language. Later he set great value upon the art. He deplored the stilted, often archaic “far-off” style of religious phraseology, and was himself an expert at reading the Scriptures with an accompaniment of running comments, which, by a deft word or two, changed the atmosphere of Nazareth to that of a north country city, or made Peter and Thomas and Magdalene kin to the 'Arrys and 'Arriets of his congregation. His first lessons were learned sitting opposite Cornish at the rickety table in that East End garret.

In addition to the children's meetings, Bramwell associated himself for regular work with the Mission Station at Well Street, Hackney. Here and elsewhere he graduated in what the Salvationists call “open-air fighting.” Preaching in the street was not, in the first years, accompanied by the rowdyism which characterised

*“Echoes and Memories,” p. 155.

it later. The speaker was sometimes quite alone, and often supported by only one or two fellow members. Bramwell used sometimes to do his preaching in the form of an argument with one of these ; often he drew his crowd by placing his hat, the then usual "topper," on the ground or on a railing, and then proceeding to address it in dumb show, breaking into speech when he judged a sufficient crowd had gathered.

His voice was not strong ; as a result of straining his throat with continuous preaching in the open-air when suffering from a chill he became deaf. It is strange that none of those about him seems to have realised that this was a disaster. He was too absorbed in his work to give it more than intermittent notice, and thought the condition would improve ; when however it was found that it did not, the position seems to have been accepted almost with apathy. It is hardly referred to in his letters. Bramwell adopted an ear trumpet, in order that conversation with him might be facilitated, and continued to act exactly as though he were not deaf. I cannot find that anyone ever heard him complain. He constantly apologised for inconvenience occasioned to others. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance, but you see I'm deaf," thus, smiling when he had not heard what had been said. In later years he found much help from an electric appliance which he used for all business conferences, and for conversations, except within his intimate circle when he dispensed with all aids. Towards the end of his life he greatly feared the deafness would increase, and would often say, "I am afraid my deafness is going to be a trial to you." Always his thought was centred on the effect of the affliction upon others. It affected him of course. In one respect it helped him. All his life he over-worked. All his life he companied with anxieties. All his life he lived at a high pitch of emotional strain. Sleep was essential, and his deafness shielded him from sounds and thus often made sleep possible when otherwise it would have been disturbed. This was a distinct gain. But the deafness was undoubtedly a deprivation : and his very silence about it reveals his vivid consciousness of it. Naturally a shy, reserved nature, he shrank from the ordeal of being addressed in public places or in the presence of strangers. Especially in his early years, and in no small measure all his life, his deafness tended to increase the solitariness of his spirit. It intensified his natural reticence and in his mind sometimes created a barrier between him and men who might be embarrassed at the thought of raising their voices when speaking of the hidden things of the heart. He was aware of this and set himself by his own patience and sympathy to overcome it. And did. People with whom he conversed intimately soon lost the sense of his deafness. Neither his manner nor his voice betrayed it : there was absolutely no trace of the monotone that so often mars the speech of the deaf ; his voice retained a perfect flexibility of tone and pitch.

During the latter time of his association with the Station at

Hackney the youthful Bramwell was given the duty of visiting converts. Many came from the poorest homes, and in visiting them he found the sick and dying. Often he performed some practical service ; as, for example, when he found an old woman bedridden. The neighbour who gave her some attention having failed, he tidied her hair, washed her face, straightened the bed, talked and made friends, visiting her regularly afterwards. It was largely his own experiences, such as this, that led a few years later to the establishment of what was at first known as the Cellar, Gutter and Garret Brigade.* The lad pottering about in the back streets of Hackney and Bethnal Green, tasting and touching the degradation of dirt and overcrowding, pondered and prayed and conceived the idea of sending workers to live in the slums and raise the "slummers." His personal influence obtained the first volunteer for this work.† Later this form of service became known as the Slum Work of The Salvation Army.

Bramwell never forgot what he saw in those early days of close contact with the poor, not only of physical but also of spiritual and moral need. He understood why many of the converts who knelt at the penitent form did not pursue the upward way. He learned to hope in spite of apparent failure, and saw a new meaning in the prophet's words, foretelling of Christ, "The smoking flax shall He not quench." I have seen the smile flickering about his lips, and the shining of his eyes, as he told of one girl. Almost weekly, this young woman would kneel at the penitent form, until she came to be regarded by some as "something wanting." He felt he ought to continue visiting her. Her father was a drunkard and the home condition wretched. If she were still persevering in her effort to be good at the time of his visit, she would open the door in response to his knock ; but if, as was too often the case, she had already given up, she would merely open an upper window and shout down into the street below, "It's no good, Mr. Bramwell. I've gone back !" shutting the window with a bang. After months of this, and without anything to mark the renewed effort as different from those that had gone before, she was really converted, and proved herself a faithful soldier. Eventually she became an officer and went to India, where, after years of devoted service, she died. A few hours before she passed away she asked a comrade to send Mr. Bramwell her "Covenant"‡ and "tell him I've kept true to the end."

Thus Bramwell Booth learned something of the part hope and patience play in the winning of souls. Perhaps this work for the converts saved him from falling into the error which often overtakes those who preach to crowds, that is of thinking of and speaking to men as a crowd. Bramwell Booth always saw the individuals.

From a letter of Mrs. Booth's to Mrs. Billups, we learn of his first attempt to preside at a Mission meeting :

"... They had a tea-meeting at Whitechapel on Monday

*1883.

†1886.

‡See page 136.

night, and Mr. Railton got Willie into the chair in Papa's absence. They say he spoke for more than half an hour, to the delight of everybody. Mr. Railton, Clare, Garner, and several others of the workers were present, and all concur in saying it was first rate. We knew nothing of it until Papa heard of it at Whitechapel. Willie never said a word !

"Perhaps the Lord is going to make a preacher of him after all. . . . What an honour to give our children to such work ! I would rather my boy should do it than be the greatest merchant or professional man in England."*

"Willie never said a word." The boy was father to the man, who to the end of his life was doing things and saying as little as possible about them.

Meanwhile the development of the Mission went on. The shops too were still in existence, or some of them, serving the poor who were fed there, but not doing much for the "poor" who owned them ! Mrs. Booth was preaching at various centres where the Mission had been started, or where it was to be established after her visit, often spending some weeks in the same place. One or other of her daughters accompanied her, and sometimes Bramwell went to help on Sunday. Emma, on one of the occasions when she was with her mother, treated her brother to a sisterly "dig" about his shabbiness. He deserved it. Many days he was too busy to remember his lunch and nearly always he went to bed in the small hours ; in these circumstances how find time to be measured for new clothes ? Further, he was not interested, *and*, as in the days of the patched garments of his childhood, "we were poor." His mother clearly did not approve. Said Emma :

"Mamma tells me that I am to tell you that she has decided to keep Mr. Hore till Monday—and that she can do better with Mr. Hore with the help of Mr. Cobley than with you in your old trousers. Ma did not tell me to say this last bit, but I know she means it."

His mother's letter shortly afterwards continues the tale of the clothes, and tells of her never-ceasing anxiety for the Mission and its folk.

"My very dear Willie,

"Papa left his letter, so I put a line in. I am too poorly to write more than is indispensable, so do not measure my love by my letter. *Get the clothes, get black.* A serge for the trousers like those I like, not the last, the others. Get as good a cloth as he can give you for £3—for the coat. And get a hat. *I will not* have you with me a sight. I do not think it helps our cause anyway.

"Send for H. I can do without anyone for a while. We only want praying help and power now. It is a great calamity to get

*"Life of Catherine Booth," Vol. II, p. 326.

such men as H. for the earnest men to carry all his life. He has not a particle of go and push in him. I fear he is literally idle. I cannot reckon him up any other way. I am very sorry, but I could give you sheets of illustrations. Do try to find him something out of the Mission. This place will want a *good* man, it will be worth it.”*

Impossible to study these early letters without apprehending how large a part the personal influence, management and care of the Booths played in the creation of The Army. It was in its relation to them as a child is to its parents ; none of its needs was trivial in their eyes, none outside the range of their responsibility ! None who did not love it in the intimate manner they did could have discovered its faults ; still less have undertaken the thankless task of trying to correct them, nor indulged the quixotic notion of responsibility for those who had belonged to the Mission, even when they had proved unsatisfactory ! This relationship continued to exist in Bramwell’s mind throughout his life. The Army—its officers and soldiers—was to him not only his work, his responsibility, but the object of his personal solicitude.

Calls for extension, for inspection, for the clearing up of difficulties, now came from all parts of the “ Mission ” field. Resolutions not to work too hard could hardly have been adhered to even by one who *wanted* to take things easy ; how much less by a young visionary like Bramwell ? He saw more and more clearly the immense possibilities indicated by the growth of “ the concern.” If only William Booth’s health could be preserved, in hopeful moments there seemed no limit to what might be done. Money would come, surely ; yes, and men too ! William Booth travelling constantly, preaching incessantly, came home often exhausted, as Mrs. Booth says in one of her letters to Bramwell from the north, where she was campaigning, and where her husband had joined her for a day or two.

“ . . . He was so done up, that at the last open-air service he could not *make them hear*, not from loss of voice, but from loss of power inside to sound it ” ; and in the same letter, “ Pa and — went off at twelve yesterday—very tired. I hope you will send him no more business than is *indispensable* while he is gone. Send him a bit of cheering news.”†

He went off “ very tired ” and came back “ very tired,” but always he had had some new glimpse of what needed doing, which acted like a stimulus on him. Not to fail him was all the stimulus Bramwell needed !

These years were full of anxiety for the young man, but it sat more lightly upon him than later. He responded to every demand. To Railton, in an undated scrawl that belongs to this period, he wrote :

*Leicester, 4.4.1876.

†1.10.1877.

"You have no conception of what these last seven days have been—simply awful—nothing to touch them in *my history*, and yet we live!

"You must come back and we must mature plans to put a proper staff here."

To his father he wrote daily, to his mother also, if she were away separately. Hardly any of his letters have been preserved, but William Booth's give an idea of the life they both were living, and of how definitely he already turned to Bramwell "to get things done." The letters deal with all manner of things concerning the Mission and the people. Note their imperative tone, the shrewd thrusts as on the cutting of sandwiches, the number of things which must be done, and imagine the eager, intense boy to whom they were written. Business can begin at breakfast, we find, and there is ground for satisfaction when for one night it stops at ten! Significant that so many letters of this period contain an appeal that he should go to bed. He had already begun working day and night.

"My dear Boy,

"I send cheques. I want to recommend to your consideration the following:

"Would not ham sandwiches sell at 2d. each in Shoreditch, even at a penny? We saw an old woman selling them in Nottingham Market at a penny and evidently doing a trade. . . . Of course sandwiches would want cutting with discrimination. . . ."

"I am sorry I overlooked cheques. I now return them and the other endorsed. I have written Eason that if he thinks I shall have the same security with your arrangement as with a Bill of Sale I am willing. I do not understand such things, and you know I am always prepared to reckon upon new arrangements with new information."

"I am much disappointed with Mr. Railton's want of success at Canning Town. We must be on the wrong track.

"You must be frightfully busy if you cannot spare a moment or two to write a little more fully than you do."

"I want you to attend to the following things as you have opportunity. At least I want the following things done.

"1. For days the Mags. should have been got out to the booksellers, then the pony should go to grass, unless you want him particularly, and the trap to be repaired.

"2. I want the books balancing, but of course this is a long job. Can any help be got for it? I should think so. . . .

"3. Rooms upstairs can be done. You will see at a glance and then get the room done. I must go up to the top *myself*, all work is stopped and hindered downstairs by the callers. I think after all it will be better to turn the bed against the wall

*1873.

†Southsea, 26.5.1873.

‡18.6.1873.

and curtain it off all round, and use both rooms. Our work at the office will greatly increase no doubt.

"4. Tebbitt must be pushed on for the sign-boards for the front. A flag also should be settled, colour and character—and device—this must wait however.

"5. Clark was promised a line for Thursday. If you do not get a reply from Whittington he should have a card stating the reason for delay.

"6. Send me the address of the young man at Chepstow. Is it worth my while having the young man there over here to hear him? I fancy not. Anyway I might see him.

"7. I think we ought not to be in break-neck haste over Mace. He is fearfully raw. Send me the Truro man's letter the moment he writes. Also write his references the moment you have them.

"8. Take every notice of Mr. Anthony. Give him an afternoon off. I have much more to say. . . .

"Take care of *yourselves*. *Do go to bed*. My best love to you all. I mean to Railton as well. God bless you. I am feeling better for the rest already. I never left so reluctantly. I shall remain with difficulty. I am going in to see Mr. John Cory. Pray for us."*

"My dear Boy,

"*Ryde*. Mr. Jacobs will write you that he has taken the hall and you must order the *bills*.

"Whoever ordered the circular? He must have been a muff who set it up. Pray get it done.

"*Stoke Newington Hall*. Jackson promised me a plan of the seats and measurements. Chamberlain must have the order at once or the seats won't be done. See to this at once. A card will bring him to see you at breakfast."†

". . . Surely, surely something can be done at that floor for less than £5—*something must be done*—get something done. . . . How frightfully slow Lose is. Has he painted the front yet?

"The glass must be *insured at once*. Did Simpson answer my letter about the insurance of Stoke Newington?

"*Tuesday*. I am afraid you are doing too much. I want you to say to Railton that I think it would certainly be the best for him to come home now and help us through the audit and get another Secretary installed and then go off again and do Scotland well."‡

William Booth's impatience "to get things done" conflicts with his anxiety that his son is "doing too much," yet to whom can he turn if not to Bramwell? And indisputably he relies more and more on his son's judgment; his own readiness to admit it is not the least lovable of his traits. As the work increased, Bramwell gave

*Cardiff, 5.8.1874.

†Cardiff, 10.8.1873.

‡9.10.1874.

himself more exclusively to the office, and to the managing of affairs for the others. The arrangements for the meetings alone entailed a great deal of work, preparing for conferences, fixing up preachers, appointing the leaders to stations, and, not least, efforts for raising money. There coincided with the increased need at the centre a questioning in the young man's heart as to whether his *was* the preacher's vocation.

At eighteen he became formally employed by the Mission. He devoted himself body and soul to its service. It was to him the work of God. He loved God, but he began to argue that there were other ways of serving God than by preaching. *All* were not called to preach. There arose a conflict in his own spirit, the more acute that those he loved found it difficult to understand it. His preaching had been blessed. Why should he now doubt? There was more involved than he himself realised at the time. He was approaching a crisis and, before it passed, suffered much, mentally and spiritually. The joy of his relationship to God was clouded. His liberty in talking was restricted. He had always been nervous and reluctant in public work : now it became a torment.

This added strain on his spirit bore down the over-pressed body. The condition of his heart and throat gave cause for alarm. It was evident that he must have a complete rest from work. He went to stay for a few weeks with a friend of his parents at Gairloch in the north of Scotland.

CHAPTER VI

THE CALL TO PREACH

BRAMWELL, as we have seen, had expressed a desire to be a doctor. Had his schooling days not been brought to an abrupt close, his ambition in that direction might have been a serious rival to the claims of the Mission. As it was, he had graduated in another school, and his heart was now set on helping his father. But not as a preacher. By the time he was eighteen, he regarded himself as lacking the necessary qualifications. He spoke with enthusiasm of his sister Catherine's gifts in that direction, to his Mother, writing :

“ Last night Katie preached the same sermon as at Cardiff, the outline of which I made and sent to her—she did *well—slap-up*. It is a shame that Katie has *anything else whatever* to do, but read and pray and preach. I am in for insisting on her being kept for preaching.”

He listened to his mother's moving arguments to the great congregations assembled to hear her, heard his father's fiery eloquence, and judged his own style and temperament to be so different as to constitute a clear indication that God had not fitted him for the vocation of a public speaker. He could work, day and night if necessary, behind the scenes ! His argument was : Let those who have the gift use it, let me serve God and them in another direction. One of his mother's friends who had a very high opinion of the young man was anxious to gain his parents' consent to making him a solicitor. The offer was not accepted, though Bramwell was in favour, for it met his view that he should qualify for some profession and then serve his father and the Mission in that capacity or in ways arising out of it.

Ill-health no doubt played some part in the depression which settled on the young man's mind at this time, but this was not in itself sufficient to account for the experience. His was an unusually sensitive spirit. Life showed itself to him as a responsibility from which there would be no escape, a responsibility which was his and God's, for he had decided that God alone must be the Guide with Whom his spirit would march through the unexplored future. His ardent love for his parents, his knowledge of their hopes and prayers for him, emphasised his natural caution. Their wish would in any other matter have been a deciding factor, but in this choice of a vocation he sought a higher guidance and feared the

influence his love for them might wield, and lest he should reach a conclusion from any but spiritual impulses.

"... I am awfully down," he writes in his diary, "I cannot and will not go on with this controversy with the Lord about the preaching. It's no use, I must *know* what is His will and *what is not*. I dare not let even my dear father's judgment influence me in any degree if I am convinced of a contrary line of action being right."*

Part of his pain, though he was probably hardly aware of it, came from the clash between his own temperament and a public life. Preaching in a secluded parish, or a life of devotion within the shelter of some religious fraternity, would have presented a prospect more in harmony with his predilections. "Should the Lord give me to see what you wish is His wish, *I am willing*, although then nearly everything about me would feel out of joint." This to his mother on the day after his nineteenth birthday. Reserved, studious, in mind philosophical rather than dogmatic, mistrusting his own abilities, he hungered for "a sign." It was not that he shrank from doing violence to himself; his was the fibre of which martyrs who went singing to their martyrdom were made; but he wanted to see the heavens opened first.

Generous to a fault in his estimate of the talents of others, self-depreciation remained throughout his life a handicap which added to the cost of many of the battles he was called to fight. This lack of confidence in himself came to be wonderfully counterpoised by trust in the Divine Presence. Few have more consistently proved to their own hearts the power of the revolutionising truth, "Not I, but Christ in me." The simple certainty of his faith in this central fact of his experience preserved his innate humility unalloyed, throughout a life rich in outward triumphs. God can trust a humble-hearted son with success, or call him to face failure, without putting his faith in jeopardy; and God led Bramwell Booth to both.

The "controversy," as he himself called it, lasted well over three years. Many questions arose from it, and during the years of uncertainty as to his future course he arrived at conclusions from which he never departed. His hesitation sprang in part from a sense of his own limitations, but also from an over-powering realisation of the responsibility of the task. Referring to this period he says:

"... I was immensely burdened by the importance of the work of public teaching. Instead of rising to the opportunity of speaking to the unsaved, I was oftener than not bowed down by it. I shrank from the burden of the Lord." And in his diary:

*20.2.1877.

†"These Fifty Years," p. 80.

"Much agitated in my mind as to the future. I seem to lack in the force, ability and application which are positively necessary to do successfully the work I am now attempting. This being so, how can I consistently attempt to go on? Lord help and guide and influence me aright. A secular employment would certainly be much easier than this, the burden and responsibility together with the uncertainty as to being in the right path are too much."*

It is a common experience in the development and preparation of men gifted for a great work that the very qualities in them which are to prove of vital value in the pursuit of their task are, at the outset, a deterrent. In this Bramwell Booth was no exception. The conscientiousness which was to render him unassailable in justice and patience in the management of men almost crushed him with "worry" in these early years. Railton tried to help him; wrote in an undated letter:

"I can so thoroughly sympathise with your feelings about worry, though I am so free myself. . . .

"From worrying and even from external demonstrations of it I do not believe you can be freed, because I look upon your entire condition as Divinely arranged . . . but I do wish you could recognise the Divine government is an accomplished fact in you, and cease to care about your worrying or about details of your life, so long as it continues to be entirely devoted to God. Of course theologians will say, 'This is simple antinomianism.' Let them babble. . . . If you could only cease from your own works, from condemning them or approving them, you would have peace and satisfaction in due course, and would continue to disprove the follies of the schools. Do come and let us talk this out."

At eighteen the young man stands looking out on life, looking in particular at preachers and their place in the world. He is gifted with spiritual sight that pierces to the heart of things. He sees as clear as day what a preacher ought to be. The first effect of this is that he withdraws from preaching as being unfitted for the task, and wrestles with himself and others in maintaining this view. But once he has admitted this vocation to be God's way for him also, he walks in it unerringly; his clear vision of the ideal guides him and remains undimmed to the last.

Mrs. Booth's letters to Bramwell, dealing with the question that burdened them both, reveal the mother battling for her son's victory. Whatever doubts he entertained, whether of his fitness or as to God's purpose, his mother never wavered in her conviction that her first-born was destined to be a preacher; and her relentless stating of the case without doubt helped him to face the facts and

arrive at the truth. She was more ready of speech, more vehement, than her silent son, but she understood him and something of the depths of his nature. She was not afraid of wounding, confident of love's skill, well knowing that his love for her would be balm enough for any wound of her making. On the eve of the nineteenth anniversary of his birth his mother wrote :

"I have thought very much about you since I left. Your future harasses me considerably. It seems ten thousand pities that with this crying need for preachers, *you* with your *views*, capacity and opportunities should be lying dormant.

"If you can preach without injury to your heart it seems to me that you are throwing away a splendid opportunity of serving your generation. . . . You cannot judge of your ability under present circumstances.

"I believe that if you were to *embrace* the vocation, and set yourself to live for it, preaching would become easy and natural to you. Will you try it? When you have done at the office will you have a study and set yourself to *make sermons*, and see how you succeed?

"Your birthday is on Monday. Suppose you were to make it a matter of unceasing prayer between that and the following Monday and then decide as you perceive the Lord's will. I will join you and I am sure Papa and Railton will. It is a matter on which no doubt the destiny of many souls is suspended, and you ought very earnestly to seek the Lord's guidance.

"May the Lord show you *His* mind. I only want you to serve your generation according to His will. Oh that He may enable you to do it better than your mother has done! It drinks up my spirit when I look on the multitudes as sheep having no shepherd!"

Bramwell replied :

"I hardly know how to thank you for all your loving wishes—I trust I am willing to *do* anything, to *be* anything, if it only be *the* thing He would have me be. I only fear to step into a path which in days to come I cannot walk in. I only shrink from going before when perhaps I ought to follow after. It seems *so easy* to make a mistake and the results of a mistake may prove so disastrous both to others and oneself that I tremble when I think of them—and sooner than become a hindrance to God's cause and take the place for which another would be better fitted, and in which another would be more blessed, I would *die*.

"There must be thousands more fitted than I. Let us seek and find *them*. I do not mean by this to say that I *refuse* to do *any* public work. I am willing to come in now and then when no one is at hand better. I am praying, with you, that He will show us and I feel assured *He will*.

"Anyway, my dearest mother,—if in days to come I find I *should have been* a preacher I shall remember that in the tenderest words you told me what you wished and what you 'asked' of God for me, and come what may I can never forget to thank the Lord He gave you to me for a mother."*

His father seems to have felt that the boy's health would prove an insuperable hindrance to his becoming a preacher. Writing to Mrs. Booth in 1874 (Bramwell was then eighteen) about Ballinghe recounts with evident delight his second son's success.

"I was *surprised* and gratified in the *extreme*. His voice 'extraordinary,' talked with great force and effect. He will make a mighty man with divine blessing"; and he concludes the paragraph, "Willie's voice and chest are so weak that I do not see how he is going to make a preacher."†

And in a note a few days earlier :

"We had a good Friday morning meeting. I made it a class and spoke to each. Willie spoke sweetly, he has the Blessing or nearly, but distrusts himself. He says he never spends two moments without the witness. He is a good, charming boy."‡

Bramwell's sweet speaking and mistrust of himself did not encourage William Booth to hope for his son a preacher's career. But his mother gave the boy no peace. She "troubled" his already troubled heart, spoke the plain and, to one in his state, even harsh truths to which his conscience relentlessly gave assent. His letters to his mother and not less hers to him play so vital a part in the mental and spiritual crisis through which Bramwell Booth passed, show so vividly the travail of his spirit, as to entitle them to a place of considerable importance in these pages. Without in any sense minimising the significance of his conversion, the development of his soul life will not have been understood unless it be recognised that the controversy and hesitancy of these years were the wilderness in which he was tried and tempted, in which the iron of his already yielded submission to God was tempered to fine steel. He came out of that wilderness mastered by God and master of himself by God's grace, to a triumphant ministry.

"I wonder it does not make your blood boil to do something to rescue the people," writes his mother. "You go doing the coachman and lackey while such tweedledums as some I know lord it over God's heritage! I hope the Lord will make you so miserable everywhere and at everything else that you will be compelled to preach. . . ."

"Oh my boy, the Lord wants *such as you*, just such, to go out amongst the people seeking nothing but the things that are Jesus

*9.3.1875.

†28.10.1874.

‡15.10.1874.

Christ's. You are free to do it ; able by His grace, born to it, with splendid opportunities. Will you not rise to your destiny? You *must* preach."*

And Bramwell writes :

"With regard to the other half of your note, I have said so often how I feel, and what I think. I *am* wounded by the sight of God's affairs being left in the hands of such muffs, but ought that to make me in haste to reach out *my* hand to steady the ark it seems to be falling—but—. So far as preaching goes, I am quite willing to be a *fool* if I could see God intended that as my line.

"You see my position—prepared to attempt something I *might* achieve—but determined not to begin a work only to break down or to become another member of the class we all despise so much. . . . And perhaps it may be His will to give me some extra blessings, not to dispense to others, but to treasure and rejoice over in my own heart.

"I have been struck in reading the first quarter of those memoirs of Finney by the manner in which God sent him out—forced him out—not merely by the will of others or his own desire, but by the circumstances resulting from his very existence."

The writer comes to earth, suddenly but naturally, with the news,

"The dog is getting on well. It is the distemper."†

While Bramwell was in Scotland, his father, who shared with Mrs. Booth and Bramwell himself the feeling that the time had come in the young man's life when a decision must be made, wrote at greater length than was usual. William Booth had been ill, and convalescence gave him time. In reading this letter, it is interesting to know that William Booth had already refused the offer of a friend to send Bramwell to one of the universities.

"My dear Boy,

". . . First, before all others, my heart turns to you. . . . I must give you the result of my thinking about you.

"*Your future, i.e., your life work.* How can I divine this? You ought to have convictions yourself. . . . My own and a growing conviction is that God wants you to assist me in directing and governing this Mission, and at my death, if it should anticipate yours, to take my place. With my present feelings *I should certainly name you to take my place in the event of my decease.* True, at present your youth would be very much against you with some of the men, but you would have mamma to counsel you and she would have much weight. But my feeling is that God will spare me for some time to come—and every year now will tell in your favour.

"Well then, what ought you to do with this *possible future*? Methinks devote all your *energies to preparation for it.* Do you say

—this may be a long way off? True, but there is the work already to be done of a subordinate overseer during my life, which will be the necessary preparation for the other. This can be entered upon *at once*—this it may be said you have commenced already, and have obtained more influence of the kind needed than anyone else in the concern. You may say—you do not see your qualifications and cannot accept my conviction. I hardly see how you can get out of it, because you see you are not, and will not be, left to judge for yourself in this matter.

“If I see no one else better qualified to take my place, *I am driven back upon YOU*, and if I name you, you will have no alternative but to accept my nomination whatever your own opinion may be as to your unfitness. But you will say—how does this accord with my first remark that ‘I ought to have convictions of my own and make my own choice’? Perfectly, because whatever you choose will only help your qualification, seeing that the *definite application to any branch of work will give your mind that power of systematic application which you need*.

“But what are you to do *now*?

“1. Either go to College—to which I should not absolutely object,

“2. Or, what I should prefer, if you have *strength to carry it out*—

“Do a modified amount of Mission work and a modified course of study at the same time. You are at present comparatively ignorant of anything except ‘polemics,’ and herein I am afraid you are not very profound! Now you *must* have among other things a knowledge of systematic theology. You have felt lately your need here, and as a public man, probably a very public man, to hold your own with the preachers and the public you must have information and skill in controversial theology. There need be no excuse here. *You have a mind for it*—and you only need (1) *to know your Bible*, (2) a course of reading. . . .

“*To go to College*—the difficulty would arise: *where*? I know not. All except Methodist Institutions are Calvinistic—cold-blooded—and while improving the mind, do, I fear, injure the heart. Then the effect of my son being at College would not be good, and *moreover*, I am sure that there is no necessity, *if* you could set yourself and *adhere* to a moderate round of reading and study. But what meanwhile? Are you to resume your place at the office? By no means. You are not adapted for that *and other things*—and you are too good for that *alone*. . . . But I propose that you join me in taking care of the actual work of the Mission, by visiting in turn the different stations. . . .

“I cannot now present you with arguments. It seems to me a work for which you are adapted by the same providence that has opened your way to it. *Only* I can only consent to it on the understanding that you will use every faculty and opportunity given to make yourself a preacher. . . .”*

To this letter Bramwell replies :

“ My dear father,

“ You will, I am sure, believe me when I tell you that the contents of your long letter were a great surprise, and as I said in my note last week I felt that they placed me in a most serious position—this must be my apology for not sooner replying.

“ I have carefully considered your proposition, seeking earnestly for guidance from the Lord, and having regard to all that you say I do not see that I can do any other than try your suggestion ; for certainly—seeing that you speak so emphatically as to your present feeling on the matter of your successor, it would be folly indeed on my part not to seize every opportunity of proving both to you and to myself how far I am, or am not, capable of being qualified for the position. It seems, therefore, clearly to be my duty, by God’s help, to attempt to carry out the plan which you have now suggested.

“ You know my feelings on the question of preaching, how deeply sensible I am of my utter inability to do what I conceive to be the work of a preacher ; but in view of what you here say, I think that if my impressions are correct ones it is quite time to prove them such, and need I add that, if they are false, I shall be more honoured and more glad than all else beside.

“ Of course, if at the end of a reasonable time, which might with advantage be fixed, it does not seem to us that this is the calling to which I am best adapted—I can withdraw and seek my sphere elsewhere ; the world is all too full, as it is, of ‘ overseers ’ who can’t—see !

“ Then as to my study, I am willing to try to do what you wish—I do not think a moderate course of reading would be less pleasant to me than it would be useful.

“ I have prayed long and earnestly for direction in this matter, and I have not come to this conclusion hastily. Of late I have felt that perhaps the Lord did wish to use me whether I could preach or not, and in my backwardness and fear there may have been the unsuspected presence of care for the reputation of the name I hold. If this has been so, I trust I have been enabled to lay it aside, and if it be His will, I wait to be used in His service, for the honour of *His Name*, though it be by the dishonouring of my own. I don’t know how to thank you for your long kind letter, your counsel, your loving wishes, but I *do* thank you, out of a full heart.

“ And if in time to come I am allowed in even the smallest measure to be a real help to you, or to contribute in any degree to your joy and comfort, I shall count myself rewarded indeed very far above all my deservings.”*

To which his Father says :

"I was much pleased with your response to my proposal. Mamma wept over it. May God guide you and us all in all things."*

"My dearest Boy," writes his mother after he returned from Scotland. "Don't be discouraged about your preaching. The devil withstands you. Of course *he* does not want *you* to preach but go on and you will conquer. What is preaching? Paul says it is 'Speaking to edification, exhortation and comfort,' *not* mind, speaking to one's own satisfaction, with fluency, eloquence and demonstration! Judged by Paul's rule I contend that you *can* preach and you *ought* to preach."

His father tries to encourage him, and says in a letter giving various instructions,

"You are far better qualified in everything except self-conceit to preach than G——."

And again :

"You must always remember the tendency in you to depreciate and underestimate your own performances. . . . *God bless you.* Guard against despondency. It is the casting away of confidence that destroys some of us when we come into *heaviness*. *Don't be swallowed up of care and anxiety.*"†

Early in 1877 Bramwell set out to visit various Stations, conducting meetings at which he was to preach. Mrs. Booth writes to his sister Katie :

"Willie started on Saturday for his preaching tour in the North. Pray for him. This will most likely decide whether he becomes a preacher for life or not."

His father writes to him two days in succession :

". . . Am sorry to hear you are down about your preaching. You will never be anything else until you have made up your mind you *can* preach. While you think you can't you won't. While everybody thinks you can and is blessed and pleased, it seems to me like tempting God to be so dissatisfied and down. There can be no question but you have the gifts, so go on and use them. . . ."‡

". . . Yours to hand. Don't lay things to heart so. I was never in so good spirits about the Mission, you and other folks in my life. We are on the right lines and we are bound to win. . . .

"You must give up all this bosh about your preaching. If you can't do a great thing be content to do *what you can*, and if God owns it, as he did at Wellingborough, when you moved a Society

and mended a broken-backed Methodist Evangelist and Mrs. — in a week, be *content* lest a worse thing befall you.”*

He sometimes reproaches Bramwell playfully, as when writing from the Welsh valleys where he himself was having a wonderful series of meetings :

“ I am pleased with Merthyr, but the Hall-keeper was full of the devil yesterday and would not let us have enough forms for the afternoon, and the confusion knocked me *clean off*. I could not preach. If it had been you, you would have concluded you were not called and given up, but I went at it again at night.”

But his father is too much occupied to dwell upon his son's condition ; it is his mother who wrestles with him.

“ My very dear Boy,

“ It has not been because I have not thought about you that I have not written, more likely because I have thought so much. I truly sympathise with you in your feeling of want of liberty, but it is simply want of *confidence*. You don't believe after all that ‘ it is not by might or power ’ ; go on my boy trying to do people *good*, and when He hath tried you He will bring you forth as gold.

“ Some of the grandest spiritual men since the days of Moses and Jeremiah have been those who had the greatest conflict at first with themselves and the devil. So common is this experience with God's chosen instruments that Wesley or somebody put it into verse,

‘ How ready he to go whom God hath never sent,
How feeble and how slow the chosen instrument ! ’

And after all, this is borne out by Scripture illustrations, numerous and telling.

“ Man is the same being from the beginning, and the devil still lives and hates God as much as ever. Let him know that ‘ He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins ’ ! Not let him know who preacheth an eloquent sermon, or who hath liberty *so-called* !! Divine liberty is often with *human* bondage. Never mind, my boy, liberty of speech, if God is with you and *uses* you.

“ Do you think your *circumstances* are the result of chance ? Were we, your earthly proprietors, *sincere* when by the side of your natal bed we held you up in our arms to God and gave you to Him for an *evangelist* ! Yea, if any act of my life was thorough and real, that was. Did not God regard it ? Is the name you bear and its associations a chance ? Look at Jeremiah 1, verse 5.

Is it not quite possible that *our* raising up may have been as much with a view to *your* as to our own usefulness? 'Instead of the fathers shall be the children,' saith the Lord. Your whole life may have been shaped for this very work. The circumstances you have been placed in have given you such a practical knowledge of *men* as other people are a life-time in acquiring! You *start* where most men finish.

"I tremble to think of all this being thwarted by the fear of man! For this is the real difficulty. My boy, you once made my heart leap by telling me that now you were 'willing to be one of God's damnation fools!' Are you true to that assertion? Will you be content if you '*save* them that hear you,' whether you please them or not?"

"You know the best lines on which to let the love of Christ propel you; will you restrain it because your engine does not whistle so well as the Reverend So-and-So's? Souls perishing, *you know how* to win them, is not this enough? Christ died for them. If I had your realisations of His Presence, I would preach till I died. I would lead Hallelujah Bands and be a damn fool in the eyes of the world to win souls.

"My boy, go to God to be saved from the 'fear of man.'"*

"My dearest Mother,

"I cannot stay to answer your kind, long, loving letter to-day. I suppose I am bound to go on 'whistling' for the present any way, and *yours certainly comforts me.*"†

"My dearest Boy,

"I am sorry to find you still so desponding, and it seems to me without adequate *cause*. I should have been more than *satisfied* with such a triumph as thirty or forty up for the Blessing‡ and should have stopped and followed it up. . . .

"And you have sacrificed it all to this miserable, foolish underestimation of yourself. . . .

"Now it is all nonsense about emotion. *You* can supply truth and steady the thing, and the Lord knows a bit of emotion is very valuable. You say X is too hard, the Y sort is too fizzy, the Z sort is too emotional, *I* am too argumentative, etc. Now I think it is best to take a bit of each and make the thing go anyhow. You despise the ordinary preaching style and yet you are not willing to go in for any other. What does it matter whether we like a thing or not if the *people* like it and God uses it! . . . Why not trust Him and go ahead? The Lord help you. I am praying for you fervently. . . . Your ever-loving sympathising Mother."§

To Ballington, Mrs. Booth writes :

*21.2.1877.

†22.2.1877.

‡The Blessing of a Clean Heart.

§Undated.

"Bramwell spent a few days with me here [Whitby] last week ; we had a nice time together, but he was poorly, and down. *Pray for him.* He spoke and preached *beautifully*, and yet he thinks he is out of his sphere : surely the devil is a cunning adversary, he knows what he is about, but we must pray till he is rebuked."

And to Bramwell :

"My dearest Boy,

"I can only send a line or two. I am *so* tired, but I *must* send one. How can you be so foolish as to talk of 'winding up'? . . . Go on, boy, *go on!* What on earth do you want? By your own account, in between the grumbles, you are moulding a new concern and gaining influence and power every day. Let the set sermonising go to the devil ; but go on. Talk over your lesson or hymn or any other way and go on, and then say 'Well, friends, our time is going, we must have a sermon another time.' They will go away saying, 'Well, if he don't call that a sermon I wonder what is one?' . . .

"Now I beseech you, don't throw away your freedom and because you cannot do after a certain fashion conclude that you cannot do it at all. *You can.* I am certain you can talk more for the good of souls than almost anyone I ever knew.

". . . You are doing the very work of all others you are best cut out for and that most *wants* doing. Think of the tweedledum the people get, think of the horrible state of things in the churches. Think of the perishing multitudes and then say whether you *dare* 'wind up' . . .

"P.S.—Mrs. Shepherd is here cleaning. She asks, 'How is Mr. Bramwell, *bless him,*' and goes off into ecstasies about the blessings she gets when he speaks, etc., etc. She does not know that he is in the dumps because he cannot do the grandiloquent."*

On his twenty-first birthday his mother writes :

"My dearest Boy,

"I forgot, or at least I did not find out that yesterday was the 7th till after dinner, and being very poorly I *could not* sit up to write you. I was *so* sorry, but could not help it.

"I need not say how much I am thinking about you to-day. My son is a *man* in the eye of the law to-day, but oh, how much more I rejoice over the fact that he is a *man of God*. Bless the Lord, O my soul !

"I gave you to God twenty-one years ago to-night and now you arrive at maturity I praise Him for having accepted the offering and ratified the covenant.

". . . I think in this I have been true to my vow and made it the leading purpose of my soul in all my dealings with you to train you *for God* and for His work.

"... Goodbye my boy, the Lord bless you and from this day forth and forever be more to you than father and mother and all earthly good, prays, and will pray,

"Your ever-loving mother."*

Bramwell replies :

"I have yours and I do thank you for all your kind words. I did feel yesterday that I have had twenty-one years of such teaching and training and example as no other young man in these kingdoms, and while my heart went out in gratitude to you and thanksgiving to the Lord—I could not but feel awfully abashed at the miserable failure I seem likely to prove. . . .

"You say let the sermonising go to the devil—well—I have done, right from the start I have never cared a snap of my finger about the notes of preparation I had made, if I could only once feel drawn in another direction, but perhaps *twice* would be the outside of the number of instances when that has happened—I never feel drawn either one way or the other. I rose from my knees on Sunday night last with the consciousness, even amounting to a *conviction*, that I ought not to preach, that I ought not to attempt to go on with the service—it was in vain to sing or read or contemplate the crowd of immortal beings before me—every step I went was in the dark—every sentence I had to almost force into words and utterance—in pitch darkness until I had done—uneasy and discouraged and physically exhausted—and when I say that I do not think that sort of thing will benefit Hartlepool—you make fun of me and say I am like my Grand-dad.

"But notwithstanding all this I am quite willing to go on and try to learn how to talk. It may be as you say that all this is to try me, and I am determined to go on at any rate until I see you and the General begin to see what God's will is.

"The talk about getting souls is *idle*—because there would be souls saved if nobody preached at all—the concern is so constructed that *it* produces all the influences necessary to getting people over the bar.

"I am middling in body. Of course I have been frightfully tired while here; in addition to all my own conflict and storm there has been growing in my mind the settled conviction that with our present machinery we cannot make a *lasting thing*, the whole concern is in the hands of the fellows . . . and the more I have seen of these goes to show to an alarming extent that it is frightfully easy to add to the seeking of God's glory the seeking of our own, frightfully easy to know among men *many things* save Christ and Him crucified.

"Well, I began with saying that I am a failure—I was going to enlarge—but need I? Is it not more apparent than ever?"†

One perceives the victory is not yet won. He is facing those inexplicable changes of feeling in the preacher himself. This too is a menace which he must master, for he will be subject to those changes all his life. They are part of the price nature as delicately poised as his must pay. He will go on all his life walking with God by faith when emotions are withdrawn or contrary. Thirty years and more after he wrote this letter to his Mother, he writes in his Journal,

"Very sad to begin the day. [Sunday's meetings in Leeds]. I must learn better to cast my personal trials—including the comings and goings of emotion—on my God. But I realise my Heavenly Father's love."*

His mother replies to that desponding letter, and the correspondence continues to give us a picture of the path he travelled on the way to becoming one of the great preachers of his day.

"My dearest Boy,

"Yes, I *do* know how much you have to do ! . . . I know too that unless you take it *easier* you will be where I am. . . .

"Now, about your 'Failure'—and all that stuff. Even *supposing* that you cannot sustain protracted preaching services, do you call the results of this visit north a failure? Papa says you have done more than he could, just because you are *not he*, and can take hold of the men in a different way.

"Do you call Hartlepool a failure? I think it is casting a reproach on the *Holy Spirit* to talk thus. . . .

"In one page of yours you say that if 'souls are saved it is not your preaching, etc., but the spirit of the concern'!! In the next you say you are utterly disheartened with the *concern* and it won't last!! Now I say, it *will*. It has lasted with all our trials and 'let-downs,' it has grown rapidly and *is* growing and will grow, and if you *will*, you can lead it on and develop and improve it.

"What nonsense it is to talk so about the men. Men are no worse now than in Paul's day. He groaned, 'All seek their own, not the things that are in Jesus Christ,' but did he grow disheartened and throw up and predict that it would not last? No doubt the devil told him so, but he was 'not ignorant of his devices' and *went on* determined to know nothing amongst men but Christ and His interests, and Paul's kind of religion, though scarce, *has lasted*, and millions have joined him ere now, whom he had taught to 'seek the things that are Jesus Christ's' . . .

"I am sure this whole mist and fog and controversy are from the devil! Hold on and the Captain of your soul will give him a thrust that will gag him for the rest of your life.

"I am pleading for you at the throne and seemed to get very

near this morning ; the answer is sure. You are God's man, booked for battle whether you will nor no. Be of good cheer, you are in good company. Paul says a 'dispensation of Christ's Gospel' was committed to him *against* his will, or probably it means feelings, as it is in your case, but he made a valiant soldier for all that.

"Pray in faith for deliverance from the fear of man and get that amount of rest needful to recruit your nervous system, for if your body is down it requires a physical miracle to give you energy and animal spirit, both of which are necessary. The Lord bless you and give you peace and every perfect gift,

"Pray your ever-loving Mother."*

From Cardiff where he was taking a day or two's rest he writes, adding a characteristic postscript !

"My dearest mother,

"... I am glad you are feeling a little better. I do hope the change yonder will do you good. . . . Anyhow I shall hope so. You do not know how precious you are to us all, how in very deed *indispensable* to our getting along at all, a very part, and Heaven knows the *better* part, of us. So with all that in you lies try for our sakes to avert anything like the disaster it would be for you to become too ill to aid in keeping us together.

"If I can only get rid of the *burden*, physical, mental and spiritual, that preaching is, and come to find pleasure and profit in it, well then I verily believe I could preach two or three times a day for life ! But this intolerable weight and darkness which seem to settle over me the moment I begin either to make a sermon or preach it clogs everything, destroys my quiet of mind, tries, nobody knows how, my whole nervous system, and reduces my spiritual experience at times to the veriest *fight* for standing room. Of course you say I must go on and I must and I will, I dare hardly do otherwise, but all *this* helps in no small degree to try my body.

"I think, in fact I am sure, that I have not passed a Sunday since Conference in which the conflict of soul and mental strain have not *tired* me more than the mere preacher's work I had done—as a rule I go to a Sunday night service in an utterly exhausted condition and I have *often* to hold on to the rail till I get started with my subject. . . . In short I am an actual *slave* in everything connected with preaching. I did not mean to write all this. But in great degree it accounts for my awful fatigue and 'white face,' etc., after a Sunday's work.

"Sometimes I think the Lord may be doing all this to try me for something great He has in the future, and at other times I wonder if He is punishing me for the backwardness and unfaithfulness of the past . . . Pray for me please. . . .

* March, 1877.

"P.S.—The dear old General can of course further absorb his already overtaxed time by writing to me to 'insist that I stop longer,' and I shall read his letter with mingled feelings of amusement and regret, and reply by informing him of the time of departure which I may have fixed, for next Thursday—because I am quite determined to return to London on that day. It is no use playing with a fellow, and I know how long I can be at ease to remain away. I fully intend to take another week when he comes back. So *rest* and *be* at rest, and *let me alone!*"*

His mother wrote ten days later :

"My very dear Boy,

"First, I may say that I am quite prepared to recognise your *maturity*, and am glad for you to *have* convictions and to act upon them ; still I feel that I have a right to try to form right and true ones for you or rather to lead you to form them for yourself, wherever I think you in error. This right no age nor intelligence on your part can ever destroy.

"As to the results of a 'despotic form of government,' etc. A government founded on *right* and guided by benevolence can never be despotic in the true sense, but if you mean authoritative, I maintain that this is the *only* proper form of government for young minds and, so far from its dwarfing or stinting, it is the only safeguard from that animalism and lawlessness which destroys the very germ and bud of true greatness.

"God's form of government *must* be the highest, and the greatest development must be attainable on the lines He has laid down. The difficulty is that so few are unselfish enough to exercise His kind of government. Parents are too selfish in their children to train them wholly on His line, hence the failure. . . . God's plan is 'tutors and governors' *until* trained so as to be *able* to go alone, *then* 'Go ahead leaning on Him.'

"Now this is just what we want *you to do*. You say, 'Ah, on a given line.' Well, suppose that a few months ago we had yielded to your desponding mood and let you commit yourself to comparatively useless drudgery for life. How would you have felt now? What a calamity it would have been! You are *already* beginning to *see* what you could not see then : wait a bit and you will see more ; and then you will bless the despotism that saved you ! . . . Dare you *now* choose for yourself any other course if left to yourself and alone in the world to-day? No ! No ! You know you *dare not*. You have been trained so far on God's lines that you are bound to go on, doing your most for Him and your generation."†

"My dearest mother,

" . . . I should think you must feel about disgusted with my last letter. I have given you bother enough these twenty-one

years, without any more ; but now just as I might give you some joy and satisfaction, together with some honour in return, I am turning tail and giving up.

"I know. I have counted all that. It has hurt me as much as it will you. But what am I to do ? You cannot wish me to pursue a course of action against which I have got lasting and increasing convictions.

"*If* there is such a thing as being 'sent,' then there must be the contrary. And no matter how great my abilities may seem to you, or how favourable may appear the circumstances in which I am placed (and they *are* very favourable), you cannot wish me to go unless I am sent. Nothing can take the place of my determination to walk before the Lord, *sure* that I walk as he desires and I will not go on in a path which only brings about that and darkness and therefore strife. Do you think I am wrong ? Do you think I could do any other ? Nay, don't you think I am *right* ?

"For some time I have been kept going by the thought that if I have the ability to work and preach I really am *bound* to use it, and even against my very instincts I have plodded on ; but I think I see that this is a fallacy, that even supposing I *can* preach, etc., if I am not convinced that God desires me to do so here and now, nay if I am *satisfied* of the contrary, would you have me go on just the same ?—because I can spout ?

"I long for more of God. I am come to almost hate the preaching because of the cloud it throws over my communion with the Lord, and the conflict and burden it has raised. Do you blame me for saying I will have done with this ? The longer I live and the more I come to think of God and righteousness, the more I see the marvellous wisdom of the words, 'Rejoice not that the devils are subject unto you' (that you are a soul-winner and are doing a lot of good, etc.) 'but *rather* that your names are written in Heaven'—that *you* are made of the heavenly Kingdom, with the joys and rights of children—servants and friends of the Heavenly King.

"And may not God have some other way of using me ? or what if He can do better without me altogether ? What matters, if I keep Him and His favour and presence—I can truly say that my soul followeth hard after Him ; and with all I get how little I have, how small and tiny and contemptible is the progress I make. Truly His abounding mercy is mercy indeed or I should have been blotted out long ago.

"So, my precious Mother, be glad with me, rather than any other, that I have any convictions and any joy and any of His Spirit at all, rather than vexed and sad that I do not seem to be led in the path which you would have pointed out for me.

"I have not time for more. But what more is there ? You are, you cannot help but be, agreed with me.

"Do not trouble to write."*

"My very dear Boy,

". . . I regard your present state as the result of low physical health and spirits combined with Satanic agency. You are largely ignorant of Satan's devices. If he could not make his suggestions look *real*, if he could not clothe them with the force of 'convictions,' of what use would it be his troubling with such as you? You see, I believe the obligation is universal to preach where there is the ability to talk to people's hearts, and the opportunity."*

". . . I was comforted by what you told Pa, viz., that you were feeling better and more settled. I trust it is *true* in every sense, but I have been so misled that I cannot help feeling a little suspicious. If ever I see you joyous and buoyant again I shall feel like old Simeon when he saw the Christ! Your sadness is like a standing sore underneath all my other matters."†

"My dearest Bramwell,

"I wonder how your throat is and how your courage is most of all. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be so faint-hearted. I can hardly believe it is real. All along these northern towns the mention of your name is like an electric spark in the homes and in the meetings. On three or four occasions when I have referred to you in my speech there has been a general 'Ah,' or 'Hallelujah,' or 'God bless him'!! That you should have left such a warm remembrance after so short a visit, shows how much the Lord must have been with you, and have blessed your words to the people's souls, and yet what groans and wails reached me while you were on that tour. Surely you will learn from experience, and settle it, whatever your *feelings* may be, that you are destined to be a prophet and a teacher.

"I see no end to our possibilities if only we can get and keep the machine under thorough discipline and control. These splits even will help us in the end if we only make the best of them.

"I see our principal danger is in our very best agents settling down in Army measures just as Churches settle down in Church measures. They constantly want stirring up and setting on in fresh tracts. The Lord help us . . . I told the people last night that the old cry of what would become of The Army when the General was gone was answered now, for never father had a son as wholly devoted to the same great purpose. They roared out, 'Ah, God bless him.' I was quite taken by surprise."‡

How literally her premonitions about him were fulfilled the growth and history of The Salvation Army testify. Bramwell at last accepted that for him preaching was quite definitely God's will. The years of uncertainty and travail were passed. It now became his chief concern to carry out the command, "Go ye . . .

*October, 1877.

†1878.

‡18.11.1878.

and preach." Few can have been more resolute than he was in making and seizing opportunities. He created, organised, wrote, ruled ; but always, everywhere, to vast multitudes and to small companies he *preached* : like Paul, often far into the night. The young vied with each other for the chance of hearing him, those who heard him oftenest were keenest to hear him again. There was a charm, an intimacy, an unconventionality about his preaching. Who, listening, could guess at the way the shrinking heart had travelled to win that liberty ?

If William Booth were The Army's Peter, its Paul was Bramwell. He might well have spoken of himself in those early days, in the words of Paul to the Corinthians : " And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power : That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

CHAPTER VII

THE SALVATION ARMY

“**B**RAMWELL is gone at last, and a great blank and change it has made to me I can assure you. However, I am consoled with the thought and the hope that the visit may be of everlasting benefit to him. He got as far as Stockton on Saturday and has been inspecting the work and hearing preachers on trial since then ; he goes to Newcastle to-day, I think, and right away to-morrow to Inverness and so on to Gairloch.”

Thus William Booth to Mrs. Billups, July 5th, 1876. “Bramwell is gone.” He was now twenty years of age and had not since he was fifteen been away from “Mission affairs” for more than a few days’ holiday at a time. Now he was to rest. The question of his future, and in particular of his education, had caused his parents considerable anxiety. Father and son consoled themselves with what proved to be but a delusion that the day would come when more help would be forthcoming, thus setting Bramwell free. In 1874 his father wrote about a Mr. Jones whose references were good and who must be secured for the office :

“Initiate him into all you can, and to some sort of educational advantages *you shall go.*”

William Booth did not realise, what Mrs. Booth, and to some extent Bramwell, already perceived, that the boy had become a necessary of life to his father, and that he was almost as indispensable to the Mission. Later, in a private letter his mother writes to him, “Papa seems to miss you very much and I fear will never rest with you permanently away.” There was, in fact, never any real prospect that it would be found possible to give him a few years for study. He could not have brought himself to leave his father with the mass of work the Mission entailed, and it was growing faster than the supply of men and money to run it. Railton’s advent in 1873 was a distinct gain, but in another sense he brought fresh fuel to the concern which resulted in its travelling faster and carrying more passengers. His presence, however, made it possible for Bramwell to go north, where he stayed for nearly three months, and greatly benefited in spite of the conflict about preaching, and the fact that important “Mission matters” followed him.

He writes to his mother a few days after his arrival :

“I like this country, wild and rocky, but splendid and quiet.”

And to his sister Katie :

" I like this place very much. I am writing this note on one stone leaning against another with a little running brook down at my feet—trees and ferns and bits of rock all round and great dark stoney mountains before and behind—the only sound being the low rustling of the trees and trickling of the little streams—I am very thankful to be here and have the quiet and rest, and I only wish you could all come as well.

" The people are all anyhow here in the matter of religion—they believe that God loves a *few* and has made up His mind to damn the rest. So they leave it with Him and take things easy."*

Here he comes for the first time close up to the Calvinistic doctrine, and he and his host, he tells his mother, have a " terrific set-to on the first night I got here." His mother writes long letters fortifying Bramwell's arguments and enquires can meetings be arranged? Fortunately for Bramwell's health, the surrounding scattered population speaks only Gaelic and meetings are not practicable. But the plight of the people burdens his heart, and at one time he feels he cannot remain, " unless I feel differently about these poor creatures."

His father writes :

" Rub up your Latin. It is a shame to lose all you had. It has so much to do with other languages. . . . You must preach. Prepare."†

And he says to his father :

" Although I can do next to nothing in the way of religious effort I think I shall get on. I am a great deal alone, which I like. You know my fad for green and lanes. . . . I do enjoy the fresh air and *silence*. I am so thankful I am able to come and that you spared me so gladly. I love you I am sure, more and more."

To his mother, letters go constantly as ever when he is away from her, as :

" I am getting good every day and I think I am getting by degrees into a fighting form with Mr. M. I mean to say that he has come out of his shell once or twice since Sunday, and then, of course, I have come out of mine. I am not *dull* nor *low-spirited*, and while I continue to get good I am very thankful to be here.

" I think I did not tell you that I dined with Sir Kenneth and Lady McKenzie—Mr. McKenzie's elder brother, on Monday. I rather liked them. Sir Kenneth is about Mr. M.'s age, a very nice fellow. . . . I went with him and Mr. M. to their School

*10.7.1876.

†10.7.1876.

Board meeting yesterday—a drive of ten miles each way—and spent the day roaming through the most magnificent country round about. I thought it was very kind of Sir Kenneth to offer me the ride, and I may see more of him, and if I can I will have at him about his soul—I almost felt I ought to have done so yesterday, but I was so much a stranger.”*

The opportunity came a few days later and he writes an account of it to his mother. Her next letter to him contains disturbing news :

“ I hope Papa wrote to Mr. M. yesterday—I begged him to do so, but he is so awfully pressed with work, and so poorly that I dare say he did not get it off. He is working as hard as he did before Conference, and I am daily expecting a breakdown, but it is useless talking, he says he cannot help it. He will not be persuaded to get a man of ability into the office. He says there is no money to pay him, and indeed funds *are* very bad. All the money goes to ‘bread-and-cheese’ movements—that is what this generation believes in !

“ I am very glad you got at Mr. M.’s brother about his soul. . . . Fatalism is death to both reason and humanity.”†

This account of his father brings an outburst from Bramwell :

“ Of course, I am much put about. What fools we all are to let him go on as he does, and for the sake of a few paltry pounds. I wish I had never come away, and yet that wouldn’t have been any relief, might have been, very probably would have been, quite the contrary. However, I think it’s quite time somebody said : ‘ so far and no further.’ We will insist on a thoroughly able man being got for the office, whether he can be paid or not, and upon the General’s going away so often for so long. The concern will suffer ? Very well, so much the worse for the concern.”‡

He went to the church at Gairloch, and feeling himself a veteran leader of singing, qualified to judge, wrote :

“ The singing here on Sunday at the Free Church ! Oh, my ! *appalling*. The fellow who led it (another school-master !) was just finishing up the second line as the congregation assayed to sail out into the misty uncertainties of the *first*, the ‘ school-master ’ casting on us a look of mingled astonishment and disgust when he reached the desired haven at the end of each four lines and found us still fighting the stormy deep ! ”§

Even this contributed to the change of atmosphere he needed, and undoubtedly these weeks brought much of healing and rest to

*22.7.1876.

†29.7.1876.

‡11.8.1876.

§28.7.1876.

the overtaxed body. He drank from the cup of leisure, a stimulating draught to an active mind, and one of life's treasures which was to prove, for him, elusive indeed. The question of his future remained uncertain, but amidst the silence of those hill-sides he decided to prove himself and God on this matter of preaching, and that decision in itself calmed and strengthened his heart.

The arguments between himself and his host brought the two very close together in spite of the disparity of age. Mr. McKenzie, who was sincerely religious and one of those souls who are better than their creed, loved Bramwell almost like a son, and they continued in friendship until Mr. McKenzie's death. Bramwell loved him; he quickly penetrated the dour exterior and found the man's heart. He would probably have been surprised to find such a description of himself as the following in a letter from Bramwell to his sister, when in Sweden two years later. Emma had written advocating Bramwell's marrying, and suggesting bachelors had "all the human dried out of them." Bramwell replied :

"No, not any more in proportion than the married ! And the unmarried women of age I have come up against have generally compared favourably with the married ! . . . My friend McKenzie is as tender as a woman, like a father and mother in one. I mention him because he is an evidence that the human *need not* be dried up."

On his way home Bramwell was to call at various Mission stations, and his father writes :

"Give all necessary attention to hearing *and judging of men*. Now you have the ability to form a judgment of the men if you get the opportunity. So do not do as Railton did, hurry away and leave us still in the dark.

"On your return I want you to go carefully through the *Life of Wesley*. It is a nice book for trains and buses, i.e., if you do not leave it behind you ! If I am not mistaken it will instruct you much. Wesley visited his people all over the land and regularly met all the societies and classes. This we must do and press upon the people—holiness of heart and life, and allow none to rest short of an assurance of a present, joyous salvation."*

One can see his face crumpling into a laugh as he adds the i.e. ! The educational "advantages" seem now by mutual consent to have dwindled to reading suitable books in trains and buses.

Bramwell returned rested, to plunge at once into the vortex of work and an outbreak of smallpox ! One of the maids at Gore Road caught it; she went to hospital, but Lucy, the youngest of the family, developed the disease, and soon afterwards Railton also. Mrs. Booth was staying with friends at Tunbridge Wells.

"Our troubles increase," she tells Mrs. Billups. "Mary is down and by her own desire is gone to the hospital. Mr. Railton is very poorly. Willie, who has been here to-day to consult me what to do about the children, fears that Railton will have it. The Doctor says it is spreading on every hand. He strongly recommends us to get the children out of London. . . . I feel dreadfully afraid both for Railton and Willie. It appears that Mary was sick twelve days before she went. . . . Dear Willie is like an angel, so sweet and spiritual and trustful and loving."*

Bramwell found a house at Croydon, and wrote to his mother :

"I had such a job as you never saw last night to persuade Papa to let the children go—but I was sure what you would have done and therefore I went on with all my might and *did it*. . . . Even up to ten o'clock last night Papa did not want the stair carpet off the top stairs taken up, saying it might be a slight attack of something ! *He has no apprehension*. I am come away. Mrs. Hoey is with the children—they have their books and are very *comfortable* and *very well* this morning. Cook is with them and she is better.

"I have *made* them take every precaution at home and now I want Papa away. While he was out of the room a minute last night I said to the doctor, 'Ought my father to be away from the house ?' and he leaned over to me and said *quietly*, 'Most certainly and *at once*.' Papa came in again, he put his hand in his pocket in an off-hand manner and said, 'It's only right you should be away.' Now I hope you have telegraphed to him ; if not, do so to-night, saying unless he leaves the house, you will come home and *make him*. That will do it. I will look after everything. . . . I am well and taking every precaution."†

Bramwell was well in the saddle once more, looking after everything and everyone. His father was coaxed or driven out of harm's way. William Booth, hearing Railton had the smallpox, wrote to his wife :

"Railton. I cannot help fears rising. It will fall heavily on Bramwell, poor boy, us all being away."‡

Katie was with her mother, Emma was in charge of the children. Bramwell lived at the office from where he controlled the Mission, superintended the care of the sick at Gore Road, and wrote to Emma :

"How is Eva ? Look at her tongue ; if she or any of you should be poorly ever send me a telegram *at once* to Whitechapel.

*September, 1876.

†19.10.1876.

‡9.11.1876.

"I will send music and exercise books by Mrs. Corbridge, also the bag of cook's things. Write me a line each morning on a postcard, if you have nothing much to say. Also Mamma. Do not tell Mamma anything to worry her—*tell me*.

"Ever yours, my dear Emma, to love, serve, comfort and blow you up till I die!!

"P.S.—Now trust *in God*. Think about Him and read your Bible. You will have some spare time. It is a *precious book*. Read the *New Testament* straight through.

"Cook's things will be at Croydon station this afternoon. She must go there for them. They are directed carriage paid. . . . I hope you are all well. I hope you have prayed as I told you—and do not make any more noise—smash any more crockery or spend any more money than you can help."*

Bramwell is twenty, Emma sixteen! In a note to his Mother, imploring her not to worry, he concludes, "Trust me and the Lord."

Soon Railton lay at death's door, and Bramwell helped the nurse to administer hydropathic remedies. Railton himself thought the end had come. "It's no use, nurse," he said feebly, "it's no use trying to warm up Jordan with hot-water bottles!" But he recovered, and worried far less over his illness than did those about him. It was a strange Christmas. Bramwell went over to spend the day with the children, and from there wrote a characteristic letter to his eldest sister:

"Go in for souls—*that's* the sort of education. To hear men shout for mercy, *that's* the 'music' I'm in for. To learn how to talk with God and man—those are the languages to learn. Let who likes go to Cambridge if you and I can prevent men going to *Hell* and bring them with ourselves to *Heaven*. But *we must be right out and out for God*. As for me, I feel more every day my own nothingness and emptiness, but I have *Jesus*—that is, I have *God Almighty* as a Saviour and Helper and Shield and Friend and Brother and Comforter."†

On his return from his meetings in the north William Booth was in such poor health as to necessitate his taking immediate rest if a further breakdown were to be avoided; and it was not until February that Bramwell actually left the office to go on his trial preaching tour.

The progress of the Mission in the north was not at that time very satisfactory; there had been a decline following the first excitement and novelty of the opening of the Mission Stations. In particular there were difficulties with some of the leaders, who did not all fall in with such innovations as open-air meetings and processions, holiness meetings, and testimonies from the members in place of their own long sermons. An unbeaten track is alluring only to

*14.11.1876.

†25.12.1876.

a certain type of man, and the first years of the movement were marked by a continual struggle to keep the Mission Stations from reverting to church ways.

In a characteristic note to Railton as early as 1874, when Bramwell was but eighteen, we find a significant remark about the danger of "dropping down into a sectarian nothing. I am convinced that we must stick to our concern, and also that we must keep up its so-called extravagance." These words indicate the future upon which the youth's mind was already dwelling. "Our concern," is to increase after its kind and not be allowed to become a mere echo of something else!

While on tour Bramwell was to make reports to his father; and one gets some insight into the difficulties and problems of those formative days before the birth of The Salvation Army from his letters. In this one something of his own anxiety for the future shows itself:

"Can't we be thorough?" he says, "Can't we have ever so tiny a concern, only thorough; had we not better enter life halt and maimed than having two hands and two feet and many Stations fall into——? But enough of this; *you must come*. The thing wants renovating, shaking up and shaping, and the first difficulty is X. This morning he slipped out something about my being 'a boy yet.' Don't think I am afraid of *him*, but I am afraid of making matters only worse by interfering, and I cannot do anything without carrying him with me.

"I have prayed and prayed and thought and I am deeply convinced that this condition of things here is to teach us a lesson for the 'years hence' as G.S.R. says.

"As to this Hallelujah business, let me say, *go steady*. We know the ease with which 'fizzy' can be substituted for *reality*. I am daily more satisfied that what we want is the *Divine*, and ought we not to strive to make it difficult to 'get up' anything which can take the place of it?"*

In this letter as in scores of others we may perceive the bias of his influence with his father. In a curious way the younger takes the long view, relegates evanescent phases of growth to their own plane and senses fundamental dangers. At times Bramwell seems already the older of the two. Is not this also God's doing? William Booth's impetuous energies could never have brooked control from anyone appearing in the form of a master. Yet he needed restraining and guiding. A child might lead him; he could never have been driven. And God gave him a son.

Bramwell was not yet twenty-one years of age. The Salvation Army was not yet in existence, but already the danger of the Mission's growing too fast and not keeping pace in godliness is a matter of concern with him. The two problems which now

confront him will in one form or another harass him through all the years of fighting which lie ahead. For, until the year of his death, The Salvation Army, to use one of his own picturesque phrases, continued "to grow out of its clothes." And the difficulty of maintaining the individual standard of conduct did not become less. In the effort to make the work "thorough" the Booths set a high standard for the soldiers of The Army. Salvationists are called upon to give allegiance to a rigid code. Bramwell Booth was justified in saying, nearly at the close of his life, to a Church dignitary who attacked The Army's exclusiveness, "We have not gone down into the market-places of the world with a cheap religion. Our uniform, regulations and standards have helped us to build up a separate people."

Bramwell was inclined to be discouraged at the difficulties of raising leaders for the Mission, and he had written in that strain to his father. William Booth replies in a letter which reveals something, not only of the difficulties, but also of his own views and indomitable spirit; it shows him, too, as moving steadily toward the decision that the Mission should be run on lines he approved.

"The lot speak *too long*—five minutes is plenty, this with *sharp* singing and remarks of faith thrown in . . . then by dropping sharp into a prayer meeting you, the leader, are comparatively fresh for talking as needed. . . . But you must have a *leader*, and you must have a band of men who are 'alive.' Let us pour contempt on our 'ministerial helpers' and mend or end them.

"I enclose G.'s letters. I wrote him very frankly indeed and told him the only way in which he could walk in harmony with me was in carrying out my wishes. . . .

"I pitched into Grey on Friday and nearly broke his heart, he thought he was 'doing well.' I told him he must go in and do Mission work on Mission lines or *move off*.

" . . . Take care of yourself. Beware of the snare of the family wanting to *do everything right off*. I cannot answer your remark in a former letter on being down and the whole thing in the hands of the men. Surely you are 'up' now—have patience again, I say. . . . We must do better for them . . . and so must train men. Will you make some of our own into Mission fellows. Give me godly, go-ahead dare-devils and anybody may have the preachers."*

Mrs. Booth had been suffering alarming heart attacks, which the doctors pronounced to be angina; these did not reappear after a course of treatment at Metcalf's Hydropathic Establishment, then situated at Barnet. Visiting Metcalf's introduced the Booths to the neighbourhood where they afterwards made their home. Bramwell writes to her from Stockton where he is still touring and

preaching, and cannot quite disguise a longing for time to fit himself for the future :

" G.S.R. says that Metcalf thinks he can cure you with Turkish baths. Now I attach great importance to what Metcalf says, and I should very much like you to try them. . . .

" I propose after Conference to make my first object some *reading*. I find that if I am to be a public man, and *especially* a leader among leaders, I must be master of my business. . . . And then if I am to go on as I have been the last two or three months *incessantly* talking—I must have something more to fall back on. . . . Then the question arises, How is it to be got, what is the simplest, easiest (!!) and *quickest* method to get what I want? I wish I could attend a course of theological lectures somewhere."*

From a fragmentary account kept by himself at this time of some of the visits, a sketch of his days and of himself may be caught. The hubbub at the open-air meeting, the force for which was " Thorpe, self and one lass "—she must have been possessed of some courage !—praying with the seeking soul ; the unfinished meal " untouched on the table " ; the day of six services and three processions ; and the window these words make into the preacher's heart : " How little and small and nothing I am. God help and forgive me."

" *Tuesday, October 10th, 1876.*—Yesterday I spent in visiting. I found confessions on every hand that the members themselves are not where they were. I tried to help them, one woman I believe, got the blessing [of a clean heart]. Last night I spoke at St. Leonards. Blessed feeling, notwithstanding a great deal of going in and out, capital style of material, any amount of godless, careless, drinking population. Nothing done in the prayer meeting, though nearly all stayed it out till ten o'clock. Still I am certain there was conviction. We had a great hubbub in the open-air, round the streets, followed by sixty or seventy boys hooting and yelling—police took my card. The open-air band consisted of Thorpe, self and one lass ! "

" *Chatham, Sunday, January 28th, 1877.*

" 10 o'clock Open-air, 15 present. Not a soul as audience ! Wet.

" 10.30 a.m. Preached. 100 present. Good feeling and response.

" 2 p.m. Open-air. Very wet. 30 in procession up the Brook. A bit of fierce opposition. Good, not afraid of mud.

" 2.30 p.m. 150 present. Ridsdel preached. I spoke a quarter of an hour.

" 6 p.m. Open-air. Good crowd. Kate Watts† spoke grandly.

*23.3.1877.

†Became Mrs. Colonel Josiah Taylor, and was one of the first and most successful women officers.

"6.30 p.m. Preached in Lecture Hall. Curtains to hide Pepper's Ghost (entertainment paraphernalia) took up one-third of the place—rest crammed. 600. Good prayer meeting. General tone of folks good."

"*Monday*.—Anniversary Tea, over 200, open-air, Military Road. Three pails of water thrown by publican from his window, the women stood it *well*! Public meeting. Blessed influences. . . . Closed 10.30, everybody boiling over."

"*Tuesday, 13th February, 1877*.—I called in the afternoon on a woman who has been a member a few weeks, and found her husband, a navvy about fifty years old, at home. He has been coming to the hall about a fortnight on Sunday . . . as soon as I went in I spoke to him, and he began immediately to tremble all over, and after a bit to weep, and then fell on his knees and cried aloud for mercy, 'Jesus, have mercy, Christ, save me.' . . .

"From here they sent us to see their daughter and her husband who had also been to hear me on Sunday, and been under a fearful degree of conviction since, not able to rest or work or anything. . . . We had come in just at their tea time and the half-finished meal remained untouched on the table."

"*March 19th, 1877*.—In my own soul yesterday I was encouraged. I did six services and led three processions—our night meeting lasting five hours. Oh, how easy it is to believe when one sees. How little and slow and small and nothing I am, God help and forgive me."

When he was not on tour in the provinces he rushed at night from the office to one or other of the London Mission stations. His diary is vivid, if not always explicit as in this account when the good feeling was probably not the result of the cold water! "Last night at Mace's farewell at Soho. Good open-air, eight or nine stands, cold water poured on us, etc., good feeling once or twice. Spoke a bit inside on fighting, went very well." His mother is anxious for his health, as well she may be, and protests:

"Papa says *he* does not wish you, nor is there any necessity for you, to be working all day at the office and then going to such distances as Hammersmith at night."*

But protests are in vain. The Mission Magazine gives a picture of him in the streets on New Year's eve:

"The members paraded the streets peopled by the poor from 9.10 to 10.44 under the leadership of Mr. Bramwell Booth. At one corner, beside a low public-house, two or three drunken men danced around him, and at another, there seemed to be no hope of a quiet hearing amidst the throng of roughs and lads until the whole company of godly men and women knelt upon the ground to pray."†

*1.10.1877.

†"Christian Mission Magazine," Vol. X, p. 53.

So 1877 closes.

Bramwell continues alternating between the office and meetings. All the business goes through his hands, but he is more often at centres outside London than formerly. He visited Salisbury when the riots in opposition to the Mission were in full course there. At the open-air on a week-night the crowd in the Market Place was immense. There was much pushing and hustling. He spoke and prayed, for the moment mastering them, but when the meeting concluded the mob surged up and swept him and two others away with them. He lost his hat, was badly squeezed, and to keep the roughs from breaking up the indoor meeting to which the women and others had gone by various ways, went on walking, leading them about the streets, and finally, when their attitude became more threatening, to the police station, where he slipped in, waited for them to disperse, and was then escorted to the meeting by two constables.

During this period he began to hold meetings which continued all night. These were to become a general feature of the Mission, and were called "All Nights of Prayer." He described one to his Father :

"I preached last night at Sunderland. A fine lot of folks. After this we had an All Night of prayer. . . . It was a remarkable night. All the officers did *well*. Coombes and Lock charming, and Agar almost as good as she could be. Of course, we went in straight on the holiness line. There were 13 pipes, with several tobacco pouches, a scarf pin and lump of 'twist' two or three cigars, two snuff-boxes and snuff, ten feathers, a string of flowers and a brooch, voluntarily surrendered amidst a scene of sobbing and shouting rarely surpassed. . . . The fellows who have been bothering Blandy were at the penitent form or on the floor, ground to powder."*

These All Night engagements were constantly repeated. Often he went straight from Headquarters to the meeting in the evening, returning to the office in the morning, carrying through his day's work as usual. Hear an eye-witness :

"I shall never forget his coming to an All Night when I was stationed at There had been special difficulties of which he knew ; backsliding, discontent and quarrelling among our people. I had been sent in to pull the thing together and the Chief came down to help us. I remember the seats were arranged round three sides of a square in the body of the hall, the fourth side taking the place of the platform ; three or four hundred gathered. The folks were rather stiff at first, but after singing and some praying, Mr. Bramwell began to talk. You should have seen him in those days. Tall, thin, dark, his long black beard, his eyes, you know they always seemed to look right through you !

"Well, that night I shall never forget how he talked to those people ! After a bit he dragged the front seat forward nearer to them, stood on it, walked up and down it, and then sat on the back of it, and talked and talked. You know the way he had. He talked all their failures up before their faces ! God's demands and commands for them there and then. When the pool was opened—that was how we often spoke of the invitation to the penitent form in those days—what a breaking down amongst that congregation ! Many seats had to be turned round to make room for those who came to get right. They wept aloud. There were but few to help deal with them personally. I can see Mr. Bramwell, with his ear trumpet, moving about among them, speaking first to one and then another, calling on some to pray aloud and confess their failures. By the time we had finished, nearly all present had sought forgiveness. Reconciliations were made ; what praying and singing and testimony followed ! No, I shall never forget it. It was the saving of The Army in that town."

To the end of his life he continued these "All Night" meetings, held two within a week in the autumn of 1927 : one in Mildmay Conference Hall, and the last in the City Hall, Glasgow. He said of it, "The 'Night' so refreshed me that I think I could have gone on supported by the same holy influences all day as well !" He was seventy-one, but revelling in the "All Nights" as he did at twenty-one ! And as in Sunderland forty-nine years before, the meetings were still "straight on the holiness line."

It is not difficult to appreciate something of the problems that belonged to those pioneering days. The expanding scope of the Mission itself, the maintenance and development of stations already occupied, the selection and wise placing of preachers, procuring suitable halls, all coupled with the incessant strain of public meetings and the ruthless demand for money, made the days strenuous enough. But there were other difficulties, difficulties arising out of the plan upon which the work was based, and which some began to regard, with increasing conviction, as avoidable. Signs of the need for a change in its system of government were not wanting. As, for example :

"I was much put about on Saturday night at the Shoreditch quarterly meeting," writes Bramwell. "A. and Co. introduced a motion to halve the Sunday night open-air at Hackney by beginning inside at 6.30, the open-air to commence at six. It was followed by a similar proposal for Tottenham. Of course, I fought and fought hard. I think I spoke as I never spoke in my life—for I *felt*. However, I was beaten ; seven votes against seven on one, and seven against ten on the other. What vexed me much was that neither P. nor W. took any side at all.

"It seems to me the height of folly. Here we are beginning a new hall at Hackney, and their first step is to spoil and nullify the open-air—because we all know what half-an-hour means: *a walk round and a 'holler'!* I suppose there is nothing I can do? The meeting is adjourned to next Saturday."*

With rapidity of growth and opportunity came a demand for rapidity of decision. An immediate transfer of evangelists from one post to another was often essential to the success of the work emergencies arose in a night and had to be dealt with within twenty-four hours. Committee management could not be adapted to the control of a mobile force, which in the realm of spiritual warfare was what the Mission had virtually become. Murmurings had made themselves heard, time and strength had to be expended to win over obstructionists, conservatives and others! William Booth had to write from Cardiff, in the midst of a successful campaign where his heart and mind were filled with hopes and plans for the development of the work amongst the populous mining districts, to say: "No use having any more elders' meetings without me," and goes on to give instructions that one of the elders be asked if he intends to "take my advice and resign."

The Conference rejected measures that the Booths wanted. Bramwell records:

"*May 8th, 1876.*—Another day spent in debating the Benefit Fund, which was attempted to be settled to please everybody and therefore nobody was satisfied."

"*June, 1876.*—The Conference met on the 5th at Tylers Church. On the 6th we met again, hard day, very, ten to one, two to five, six to ten and Committees in between. I brought on my motion, 'That no persons shall be hereafter received as members who do not abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, except under medical advice.' There was a long discussion. I replied with some little effect; it was lost. Railton, Dowdle and Blandy supported me; Allen, Lamb, Clare, Garner and Broadbent opposed; the women, except Miss Woodcock, voted against."

"It was lost." Would The Salvation Army have been The Salvation Army had the Booths finally failed to get their way on this matter?

The evangelists themselves understood better as the work went on that William Booth was the inspiration of the movement, so far as that inspiration could be said to rest with man: the more spiritual among them regarded him as God-raised and God-directed in the particular task of establishing the work in which they were engaged. They became less and less willing to allow any part of the control to rest with fellow missionaries. A deputation to William Booth, headed by Bramwell and Railton, pointed out that they

and others had given themselves to work in the Mission clearly expecting and desiring to be under his, William Booth's, personal direction. They were not prepared to be under a Committee, the view of the majority of whose members might in time differ but little from that of other religious bodies. William Booth's views had definitely hardened in favour of direct control. He had written to Bramwell :

" . . . controversy is useless. . . . I am determined that evangelists in this Mission *must hold my views and work on my lines.*"*

The whole question was very fully dealt with at more than one Conference meeting, and finally the existing system was abolished. In explanation of the position William Booth made a statement to the Conference which was fully recorded in the Mission Magazine. He said :

" Much dissatisfaction had been felt and in many instances expressed at the controversial aspect it [Conference] assumed, so large a proportion of the time being consumed in discussion on comparatively trifling matters.

" It became evident to me that we were drifting in a wrong direction. I confess I have been much to blame in this matter. Under the idea that teaching my brethren management and law-making would increase their sense of responsibility and unite us more fully together, I launched the Conference on a sea of legislation which all came to nothing. It was no help to me, and it came to nothing with others. If anything was done that did not satisfy anyone, whether evangelist or societies, they invariably blamed *me* and insisted on the exercise of my power to alter it. And yet here we were, with new men coming in thick and fast, leaving the most essential principles and practices to be mangled about and decided by mere majorities. Seeing all this, we asked, what shall we do ? There seemed only one course, to return to our practice at our earliest gatherings.

" Now, how does this altered plan affect the present Conference ? We thereby give up the Conference Committee.

" Then a committee is far too slow for us ! A brother writes : ' I can have such and such a place for so much a week, and the man wants an answer immediately. What shall I say ? Please send a telegram.' There is no time to call any committee together. We have to act at once. Fancy the Russians having a committee to carry on their war !

" This is a question of confidence as between you and me, and if you can't trust me it is no use for us to attempt to work together. Confidence in God and in me are absolutely indispensable both now and ever afterwards."

In August, 1878, the first War Council was called. Scenes of enthusiasm surpassed anything before witnessed. At this first Council four days of meetings were followed by an All-Night of Prayer. A crowd of roughs made a din outside beating tin cans and trays, and succeeded in placing a stink bomb in the stove pipe, which set everyone coughing, temporarily suspending the singing ; but these episodes seemed to intensify the holy zeal which possessed all present. Such a scene of wrestling in prayer, weeping and rejoicing, could never be forgotten by any present. This was the night of August 7th, 1878. Earlier in that day the Deed giving The Army its constitution had been signed by William Booth. It is noteworthy that this new Deed of 1878 contained most of the main features of the previous Deed of 1875. The Doctrines remained the same, the General Superintendent retained the power and duty of appointing his successor, and a like power was to rest with his successors in their turn. But there were two vital changes. Control was now vested in the General Superintendent, and power to change or modify the Deed was withdrawn : no alteration in this Deed of Constitution would be possible without recourse to Parliament.

The Salvation Army now existed in all but name. Bramwell tells us he made his "first introduction to counsel of any standing over the drafting of that Deed."

"One incident I remember had to do with Mr. Cozens-Hardy, afterwards Master of the Rolls. In his gloomy, candle-lit chambers in the Temple, one dismal afternoon after the Courts had risen, we assembled for a consultation. Mr. Cozens-Hardy, as I remember him, was a small man physically, sitting with his wig at the back of his head (he had just come out of Court) and looking up from the piles of documents on the table before him to scrutinise the faces of his visitors. After a long discussion, Cozens-Hardy said, with a touch of acerbity, 'Mr. Booth, you want me to make you into a Pope, and I do not think it can be done.' 'Well, Mr. Cozens-Hardy,' replied the Founder in a flash, responding with humour as he always did when anyone adopted that tone with him, 'I am sure you will get as near to it as you suitably can !' "*"

One morning an early discussion was taking place in the General's bedroom, whither Bramwell and Railton had been summoned. The preparation of the yearly appeal was in progress. Railton read, "We are a volunteer army." Bramwell interrupted with, "Volunteer ! Here, I'm not a volunteer ! I'm a regular or nothing !" and William Booth, who was stalking up and down in his dressing-gown, paused, took the pen from Railton's hand, and, stooping over his shoulder, crossed out the word "volunteer" and wrote "salvation."

*"Echoes and Memories," p. 73.

Spiritually and legally The Salvation Army was established. William Booth was its General, Bramwell Booth his Chief of the Staff. It was but thirteen years since this "General" had taken his son by the hand and on the doorstep of that East End gin palace introduced him to "our people." These were now marching five thousand strong, and fifty years later will have encircled the globe, so that the sun never sets but to the sound of their preaching, nor rises but to the sight of their banner. And Bramwell Booth, his life poured forth in the guiding of that host, a servant of servants, a prince among lovers, will, under the shadow of a great sorrow, go praying to his death, praying for "our people."

CHAPTER VIII

HIS VISIT TO SWEDEN, AND AFTERWARDS

THE two years which had passed since Bramwell's decision to prove whether his feeling of "utter inability to do the work of a preacher" were justified, had been the most momentous and crowded so far of his life. His vocation was now settled. There are to be no more questionings. He has put his hand to the plough and will not look back.

A note to his father on something over which they had not been in full agreement concludes :

"Having given myself to you and to the Mission, neither this matter nor any other could in any way interfere with my keeping covenants that I have made with God Himself. I do not think, moreover, that He will allow me to diverge from the way which I have chosen and which I am sure He is making for my feet.

"I do *trust* you and am

"Your son and servant always,"*

Since his return from Scotland the strain upon him had been greater than ever. Plunging into public work exacted a heavy toll from a nature such as his. Emotionally and physically he poured out his very life in the meetings, while he continued to carry the burden and fratch of the business responsibilities. Both his mother and father remonstrated.

"I always look at you as worn down to the last degree and as living under the most unfavourable conditions for the promotion of both health and life, and this to a great extent by your own voluntary choice," wrote his mother. "I do not believe that God requires or desires this, and therefore I regard it as foolish. . . . I see your value to the 'Concern' and to the *world* and it makes me vexed and sad to see you throwing away what I know is so scarce and so hard to produce. Now will you reform? If for no other reason, to make me happier and thus help me to get better?"†

On another occasion when she reproaches him with over-doing it, he replies, one feels almost harshly, "Of course I have been over-doing it. How could I do other? . . . it can't be helped."‡ His father writes protesting against his plan of following afternoon and evening meetings by an "All Night of Prayer." But Bramwell

*7.8.1878.

†1877.

‡8.7.1878.

was self-willed, and even the ever-present threat of his weak health failed to bring him to reason. And circumstances were in league with him. His mother foresaw the danger, expostulated, wrote imploringly, tried to lure him to take some relief under the guise of giving Emma a little change and recreation. But neither mother nor father prevailed. He had put on the yoke of work too young, and was not really at ease in waking moments unless he were working. Of Dickens it has been said, "he worked because he was tired. Fatigue bred in him a false and feverish industry."* Something of this weakness lurked in Bramwell Booth. It was a flaw in his well-balanced mind that he did not take the need for recreation seriously. He never learned to relax: the nearest approach was a book, a game of chess, or occasionally a conversation. It would not be an exaggeration to describe his life as an orgy of work. To succeed in crowding "something more" into an already overfull day delighted him, it brought a sense of exhilaration which was not always shared by those who worked with him!

One wonders whether, if his mother had succeeded in curbing him at twenty-two, and in inculcating a morsel of wisdom on the score of the rights of the mind and body, he might have been able to recover his strength when at seventy-two the doctor said, "You must leave off all work and worry, get away and go in for some recreation. Six months should put you right. You are young for your age, physically." As things were it was a tragedy, for after seventy one does not easily break the bondage of mental habit, nor readily learn a new art, and he failed then to respond to the doctor's advice, as he failed now to respond to his mother's entreaties.

His delicate health seemed to affect his outlook in an inverse ratio. It bred a certain contempt of the body. He declared work kept him alive,† and there is much to be said in favour of that theory. Certainly there is no trace of effort to preserve his strength; he seems rather to have squandered it, and thoroughly to have enjoyed tiring out the "robust" people about him. At one time he evidently cherished the thought that his weak health would not stand the strain of preaching. "That would settle it." As events proved the contrary, he seems to have determined his health would stand anything! "I can't help it; Willie will go his own way," writes William Booth to Mrs. Booth.

By the time the War Congress of August, 1878, was approaching, all recognised that he must be made to take some respite. His father too was very overdone, and an agreement was reached that if William Booth would rest before Congress, Bramwell would do so immediately after.

The change in the administrative system of the Mission had pressed heavily upon Bramwell. He and his father realised the far-reaching effect of the decision to be made, and they were not without anxious questionings. The meetings necessary to carry

*Chesterton's "Charles Dickens," p. 170.

†"These Fifty Years."

the opinion of the evangelists augmented the demands on time and strength. Add to this the claims of the work, growing now faster than ever before, the continual financial embarrassment, the dearth of men qualified to take charge of stations, and one has a notion of the pressure at which father and son were toiling. The officers' councils themselves were a strain. Mrs. Booth writes to Katie :

“ It rejoices my heart to see the blessed results of these Councils, but I suffer a crucifixion every time to see the blood and sweat it costs those so dear to me. Of course, Pa and Willie are simply exhausted, and some of these times the last feather will break their backs. I don't think God requires *life* as a sacrifice. . . . Pray about it.”

The War Council of 1878 over, Bramwell was packed off to the south of Sweden to be cared for by the Booths' old friend, Mrs. Billups ; Mr. Billups being established there carrying out a contract to build a railway. Bramwell felt keenly having to leave, rated himself, regarded the time before him as “ lost ” because of this “ stupid old body.” Yet this little patch of apparently barren time was to blossom and bring forth the fruit of The Army's internationalism. Of the brotherhood of nations who have since become members of The Army's family, those whom Bramwell called “ my Swedish children ” were the first-born. Here were the ways of God manifest in unexpected places and at unlooked-for times. Out of weakness came the gift of a new strength. He is deprived by ill-health from preaching in Whitechapel that from a farmhouse in Sweden he may preach to the world.

He travelled with the Billupses and, on Mrs. Billups's account, the journey was by easy stages. They stayed a night at Hamburg where, after dinner, Mr. Billups invited his guest to go with him to a mission for English sailors. Bramwell was asked to speak. After a few words it occurred to him that if someone could translate for him the Germans present would be enabled to follow. He paused to enquire, found that the English missionary-in-charge spoke German, engaged his help on the spot, then continued the address, waiting after each sentence for the translation. Thus, from the desire that his message should reach a handful of German seamen, Bramwell Booth inaugurated a system of communication which was to give Salvationists ready access to congregations of whose language they had no knowledge. And, what was more important to the unity of The Army, it provided for an intimate interchange of thought between Salvationists of all nations and their leaders. For this method, which made the interpreter an echo, in another tongue, of the speaker, was in its effect far removed from the formality which is the result of reading at stated intervals a translation from shorthand notes of the address.

A day or two later he with his friends was established in a roomy

farmhouse on the lake side at Värnamo. Bramwell, at their request, conducted family prayers with the Billupses. He says :

“ After a few days I began to feel uncomfortable because the farmer’s wife and the servants could take no part in the English family prayers. . . . On thinking the matter over, it occurred to me that, in spite of the language difficulty, it might be well if they were invited to be present. They used Swedish Bibles, though, of course, our reading and prayer were in English, which they did not understand. On the second or third morning one of the maids asked permission for her father, who was working on the farm, to come in.”*

Then, remembering the success of the Hamburg experiment, he set out to find someone in the neighbourhood able to speak both English and Swedish. A Scot, married to a Swedish lady, was discovered at the Bank.

“ I introduced myself,” records Bramwell, “ and asked if he would be so very kind as to come to the farmhouse for two or three mornings to read to us in Swedish from the Bible, and to translate for me sentence by sentence anything that I might wish to say in prayer. After a little persuasion, he gave a reluctant consent, and on the following morning we made a start. It was in that room, where the small company included Mr. and Mrs. Billups, the latter’s attendant, the farmer’s wife, the three maids, the father of one of them, and Duncan the Scotsman, that was begun that method of testimony and appeal and instruction which has since been carried all over the world by The Salvation Army, and which has given us the ear of multitudes in many lands, both East and West, even though the speakers knew no language except their own.”*

Soon so many came to prayers at the farm that a larger room at the Post Office was used, and shortly afterwards Mr. Billups fixed up seats in the booking hall of the unfinished railway station, where Bramwell held meetings daily. The crowds increased, the town Mission Hall, seating about five hundred, was obtained, and so many attended, says a Swedish resident, that “ the aisles were packed and great crowds stood outside. Sinners wept, many of God’s children rejoiced . . . all seemed to agree that they never before had seen a person so saturated with Christianity as was that young preacher. His sanctified personality made a mighty impression on all, saved and unsaved. In spite of the crush he moved about among the seats with his translator and talked to the people. He industriously used the only two Swedish phrases he knew, ‘ Jesus, save me now ’, and ‘ Jesus saves now ’.”

*“ Echoes and Memories.”

In this Mission Hall he held two meetings a day for ten days, his translator often one of the unsaved railway men. Many present were converted, others were led to seek holiness of heart, among them Hannah Ouchterlony, who became the leader and pioneer of The Army in Sweden. Laura Petri says :

“ From Mr. Booth’s visit to Värnamo, 1878, Hannah Ouchterlony dates a crisis in her spiritual life. . . . The twenty-two-year-old Bramwell Booth became the forty-year-old Hannah Ouchterlony’s confessor and soul-shepherd.”*

But Bramwell was supposed to be resting !

Whilst away he was kept well posted with Salvation Army news and a daily postcard gave in briefest style an account of the battle. G.S.R., it is evident, enjoyed compiling these brief dispatches. He managed to inscribe legibly on the side of the small square card of that day a short summary in two or three hundred words of the progress of current events. In addition to the daily postcards he writes letters.

“ Beloved,

“ Now by all your regard for our health and prosperity I entreat you to take rest and get better. You frightened me awfully that day before you went. I am sorry they have told you so much news because I do not see the good of your being so far if not to keep in a clear atmosphere. . . .

“ The enclosed bill of Brooks indicates about the lowest depth we have reached. But they have got the place all in an uproar, with the bobbies all on their side, however.

“ . . . The General and I are quite as well as when you went away. Indeed he is better, I think considerably so, upon my recollections of how he was then. . . .”†

The hand-bill to which Railton refers as the “ lowest depth yet reached ” announces that “ The converted ragman and happy engineman will talk and sing for Jesus.” Bramwell writes to his mother, and her reply is hardly calculated to add to his restfulness, but she knows that his spirit needs bracing as much as his body needs relaxation.

From Bramwell :

“ I am afraid the General will knock himself up. I wish now I had not come here, because I see it is an unfair arrangement both to him and R. I ought to have gone somewhere a little nearer to them. I wish the Lord would turn us up an uncle or somebody to whose place we could run down any time for a day or two without ceremony. It would lengthen our lives, I am sure.”‡

*“ Hannah Ouchterlony,” pp. 38, 40. †7.9.1878. ‡2.9.1878, Värnamo.

From his mother :

" I hope if Mr. Billups finds it necessary to stay longer than he at first thought of, you will regard it as a Divine interposition to keep you a bit longer from the whirl and remember that one result will be that I shall feel much happier about you. . . . If only you may learn the value of a bit of rest now and then, of a generally steadier pace while you are away, it will be time well spent.

" I can say that the feeling I have had for three or four years past that you are all being killed has been like a perpetual canker at my heart and has spoiled all the comfort of my life. I don't believe God requires it or is pleased with it, and I am sure you will see the folly of it some day. It would not make so great a difference in the concern for you alternately to leave off at six o'clock and come home for a little domestic life and to go away for two or three days about once a month. Of what use would an uncle or anybody else be to you? You would *never go* ! . . . How are you to be the General if anything happens to Pa? It is of no use shirking responsibility. *It is your destiny*. The only thing you can do is to brace yourself up to it and to get your animal spirits up by improving your health. . . ."

His letters to his father are full of "shop" ; buildings, appointments, debts. " Was the chapel-keeper at Spitalfields given anything for August 5th? " Certain papers will be found :

" in the second drawer on the right of Railton's table. I am very comfortable here. The house is very pleasantly situated for any number of nice walks, and I like the country very much. The sun is warmer and the nights colder than at home, but not inconveniently so, and the air is clear, though not so *brisk* as I should have thought. I am getting on. Feel better to-day than I have since I left London.

" I hope you will not knock up. Cannot a shorthand writer be got to do a lot of the letters? Billups says easy enough. Why not try? Just a machine you want. I should not think a fellow who could do it well enough for that would cost much and he would save us *hours*. You could *sign* just the same. I am sure it is worth trying. . . . I feel like a runaway.

" Love to dearest mother and all."*

Letters to his mother give a glimpse into his own thoughts and of the seed-sowing in progress.

" I look at every letter I get anxiously, to see if there are any more new places or new men mentioned. It seems to me we are fairly 'at sea' at last!

"I have had two or three very nice little meetings here, and I believe three or four nice folks have got really saved. And there are others under deep conviction. Billups's managing man, twelve years a backslider, is in an awful condition. A great hulking chap he is. I hope he will come down, or rather get up, for he is down. With the Swedes, of course, I have to work through a second person, which is *very* awkward.

"God bless you my dear mother, we shall all come out right, thanks to you. Only be at rest about us."*

His sister Katie, now nineteen, developed spinal trouble and was wearing a plaster jacket. After hearing this he writes :

"My dearest Kittens,

"Hanged up by the neck and then done up in cement!! That's a topper! Of course I should have died in the operation and sent the fellow mad with my howls of agony!

"But I have thought a great deal about you. . . . I should think that the forced rest and quiet will be a great blessing both to your body and soul. . . . To me the being shut off from the bustle and strife is certainly a trial, but is more certainly still a blessing both physically and spiritually.

"You will be glad to know that I am better. I feel in many respects a different being. And I think it is a very good sign that I so soon come up fresh again, when the pressure is taken off me. I suppose I must be more careful. The difficulty is the ingrained feeling that whatever happens the work must be done. However, we really ought to do what we *can* do, and that is pull up now and then and slacken speed for a day or two."†

This is a frank confession! It is that "ingrained feeling" which withstands his mother's pleadings and slays all good resolutions to "slacken speed for a day or two." And it will continue to hold its ground to the end.

He wrote to the officers in charge of corps, as the Mission Stations were now called, letters about their own spiritual experience, urging upon them the duty of teaching holiness of life. Some of their replies, faded and for the most part ill-written pages, are yet eloquent of the strife and struggle of pioneering days; they tell too of the place the young man had won in their hearts. William Bennett, afterwards known as the "Black Prince," who gave The Army long and faithful service, wrote :

"Dear Mr. Bramwell,

"We are getting the money and going ahead, but as you say, getting folks saved is the standpoint, so it is . . . and whatever comes in the shape of opposition I am ready for it. . . . You say I am one with you in heart. You will not know till you get to heaven how much I love you, your letters always do me so much good."

*12.9.1878.

†12.9.1878.

Mrs. Reynolds, one of the first and most successful women evangelists, writes him pages, retailing the joys and trials of opening Coventry ; describing the publican who was so upset because they sang in the procession, "The drunkards shall wear a crown," that "he ran at Bro. L— with a knife" ; the crowds, the penitents, "I read your letter again and again, the people are being taught sanctification."

"My dear Boy," the General writes on October 1st, "We have your letter, and are much interested in your meetings and note all you say.

"I am reckoning on your having got my last letter and that it has changed your mind with regard to coming home.

"I must now express the hope that you have decided to come in some way. I have refrained from expressing any wish seeing that I wanted you to be at *rest*.

"It has been very heavy on me and now I am away from London and likely to be for some weeks. It is simply cruel to leave R. to it all. I could not rest to do so and I do hope therefore, if you are not now on the way, which I am fully expecting, that you will make arrangements to come off at the earliest moment. . .

"Moreover, the opening services here at *Coventry* have fully determined me to have the General Orders (the first Regulations) out as soon as possible, and it can only be done by R. being set *perfectly free* for it.

"This opening has surpassed anything in the history of the Mission. . . . Saturday night Mamma presented the colours of The Army. . . . Hundreds prepared to die under them rather than yield.

"God bless *you all*.

"Your very affectionate father and General.

"Come home."

The order contained in the two words at the foot of the page is obeyed with promptitude, and in a hasty letter to Emma, Bramwell writes :

"I have had a very trying day to-day. I rarely have felt leaving more in my life than I have felt leaving this handful of sheep in the wilderness. But my Shepherd *shall* be theirs till He gathers us together at His right hand.

"To have had you with me *would* have been good, you would have helped some dear trembling lasses, whom I think you would also have loved. . . . I had one of the most painful feelings I ever had in my life to-night when a fine big man, quite a great man here, broke down on my shoulder like a little child when he came to say good-bye."*

So there ended the last work-free rest this man was to know. He was never again absent from Headquarters for so long, except

when leading campaigns abroad, until he left for the last time in May, 1928. In 1878 rest was imperative for his health's sake ; he was twenty-two. In 1928 rest was imperative for his health's sake ; he was seventy-two. Fifty years of continuous work intervened ; he had furloughs, so-called ; *they never again included one whole work-free day.*

Before he left he made plans for the continuation of the meetings in Sweden, and afterwards his thoughts were much with that little flock. "I am troubled about my Swedish children," he tells Emma, and writes long letters of advice and encouragement to Miss Ouchterlony, who, in turn, recounts the happenings at Värnamo, the progress made by the converts, and her own heart-struggles toward holiness. The broken English adds a charm to these letters.

"I am seeking holiness. I dare not, to believe me free from sin, likewise I love your '*Sanctification*.' When I remember you, it seems me to be a reality. You know not how much I observed you. If you had speak how much about it, but not self been holy in your life, it had not had influence, but now, I cannot forget it. How much evil do those as preach the Lord's word but live not thereafter, especially when they speak of holiness, they destroy the Lord's Kingdom, and some little children shall go back to the world again."*

Another begins :

"My dear friend in Jesus, Your dear letter fall down like heavenly dew upon my heart. I thank you our dear-beloved Apostle ! Your letters talk always to my soul, just what I need in the present moment."

And closes, after giving a detailed account of the converts : "Love from your people, they shall never forget you."†

Bramwell returned from Sweden to an Army, an enemy, and war ! If Christian Mission life had been a "whirl," Salvation Army life might be described as a "whirlwind." In a letter to Katie, Mrs. Booth says :

"It would be useless your coming here at present, all is rush and drive. Pa, Corbridge and Irvine always committeeing, etc., and tribes of Captains coming and meetings ! !

"*Cooking bad*, and meals all irregular—Army life ! No place for you, sorry I had Emma now."‡

But the war is prosecuted with joyful ardour. Town after town is stormed. Bramwell spends fourteen and more hours daily at the office, takes to travelling by night when he pays a flying visit

*18.5.1879.

†11.8.1879.

‡1878.

to a corps at a distance. This is the period in which he and Railton dash about together, sometimes snatching a few hours' sleep in a junction station waiting-room, when Railton "would curl up on the table and go fast asleep." Mutterings of conflict with the police began to be heard, crowds followed and sometimes assaulted the processions, but hundreds of souls were won, and corps after corps was opened.

The flag—of which the General wrote to Bramwell in 1874—had now been finally agreed upon. It was designed by Mrs. Booth, who presented many of the corps with their colours. At first the idea was to display the town coat-of-arms in the centre, but the General did not altogether like this. "The flag goes well," he wrote to Railton, "but wants something else. A lot of towns will have no coat-of-arms, and I am not satisfied with that. I like the idea of the world and a flaming sword through it—signifying our work is to conquer the world. Try that with the artist."* Uniform was under discussion. Bramwell writes to Emma, who had expressed fears, "As to the uniform, I do not think it will look like the madman, you see the people who wear it will have such a different appearance."† Bramwell himself was one of the first to adopt the red jersey and by his persuasion the first Army bonnet was worn. "He had sent for me to Gore Road," recounts Staff-Captain Mrs. Evans, "and came into the little office there, with the bonnet in his hand, and asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'I think it's queer, Mr. Bramwell. I hope you don't expect me to wear it.' 'Yes, I do,' he said, 'at the meeting to-night.' I said, 'No, never me.' At which he opened his coat, black frock-coat, and showed me a red jersey thing, with Salvation Army on it in yellow, and he said in his quiet way, 'I am sure if I can wear this for Jesus, you can wear the bonnet,' and I did. I was the first to wear it."

A newspaper is discussed; to Bramwell the General writes he "will not have it" until an editor can be found. "Railton has not time, and you have not time." However, on the 26th November, 1879, he has capitulated and writes to Mrs. Booth:

"We have settled to do the weekly paper, *The War Cry*, for a half-penny every Saturday. It has become a necessity, or I would not have consented."

Bramwell has had his way! And by the end of the year *The War Cry* was a reality and Headquarters was not only managing the editing, but also the printing! A second-hand gas-engine printing-machine was installed at Whitechapel, and played all manner of pranks. Printing the first number was an advance which at the outset threatened to become a débâcle. After working all day on the machine, she was at about eleven p.m. pronounced hopeless, fit for scrap-iron only. Bramwell and the printer toiled on, oil oozed

*5.10.1878.

†10.10.1878.

from her every joint, print she would not. But the next day she obligingly ran at the rate of fourteen hundred *Crys* an hour. I have heard my father laugh aloud at the recollection of the vagaries of that machine. The hours he and the printer spent sweltering at her side taught him much about printing, in which he ever afterwards took keen practical interest. He became, in fact, something of a connoisseur in what concerned fine workmanship and followed with interest the development in printing machinery. His enthusiasm established The Army's Printing Works in this country, and he gave them the closest supervision. He abominated slovenly printing and found personal pleasure in turning out really first-class work at St. Albans. The old gas-driven lady of White-chapel fame has worthy successors in many lands, and thousands of pounds have been earned for The Army's work by its printing presses.

Controlling the work now became a colossal task. The correspondence discloses the multifarious doings: indeed, the letters themselves are a monument of work. In those days without the help of the typewriter, and lacking a shorthand writer, letters assumed an altogether different place in the economy of time. How such stacks of them were written by these over-worked people is a mystery. It is not surprising that all night in the office was too often a necessary expedient. Bramwell's letters to Railton are vivid enough but give the impression of a "moving picture," operated too fast.

"I shall see you to-morrow some time and so need not write at length. The night [All Night of Prayer] was one of the most utterly wild ones I ever was at. Until this I have never seen either jumping or somersaulting to any extent, but at 2.30 this morning! . . . They have got a most wonderful fellow, seemed to thrill everybody. More when we meet. This Rothwell is a decent fellow. Clever, quick, comic, can sing, talk, do anything—25—saved seven years—been a devil—Wesleyan of Rochdale, strong, wiry, squint eye, I should think daring and resolute."

[This is that same Rothwell whom Bramwell, when General, will choose to pioneer The Army's work in China. The young Chief's estimate of him as "daring and resolute" held good.]

"You will have my wire desiring you to send the questions to him, and we can meet and talk him over.

"Two girls there ready soon. One I should think at once. Also Irons, boy—a *gipsy*—I back. This place, so they say, is A.I. Still *few* souls. People so hard. . . . I will either add to this or wire where to wire in the morning. . . . I met Garner just now on the platform. He turned pale when I told him I was just from an All Night."*

"I am in a frightful whirl. We shall have to devise some means of doing business better than this. Your wire to hand.

"We will move them [officers]. But who to follow?

"C— resigns. I have written her to farewell next Sunday, to see you and take courage. Piper has taken the Agricultural, Carlisle, for *three months* and wires us to begin January 1st. Can Haywood be trusted with it? Pearson is at Leicester. All the *War Crys* are gone. We were at work all yesterday, Xmas Day."

[This was the old gas engine at her games !]

"I am half dead. London has shewed up *magnificently* to-day, surprised us all, and encouraged *me* ! We must go on. How like real war it all is ! If we can only keep up *health*. God bless you. . . . Do not tip Roberts. Take time."*

A new hymn book was in hand, Salvation Army songs and choruses. The General writes :

"*Salvation Song Book* is the title I have chosen for the . . . Hymn Book."

And a few days later :

"Dear Boys,

"I have put a cross on the hymns I like best—we might mend them up before we reprinted them in a permanent form. Still, these should be made copyright somehow. You must have 'The Salvation Army is marching along,' 'Anywhere with Jesus.' Let Bramwell look at these, he is a regular hymnologist, a 'proper poet.' Whatever you and Bramwell decide about hymns, I agree to—print and get them out. Halfpenny each, sixteen pages with statistics.

"I have marched about a mile or more with these people this morning, twenty in number.—[The woman officer-in-charge] is a good leader."†

In 1879 Bramwell is to give the final word on The Army's first Song Book. Fifty years later he did the same for the Song Book published in 1929, which contained 1,003 songs ; many of these he had himself gathered from various sources, and all were scrutinised by him that he might be personally satisfied that they conformed to Army doctrine. That it might be sung to a tune requiring an eight-line verse, he added for the 1929 book four lines to one of his own songs. The song was written in 1878 and the lines added in 1928 are :

"Fighting for His Glory,
Standing by His Cross,
Whether it be profit,
Whether it be loss."

*26.12.1879.

†22.6.1879.

HIS VISIT TO SWEDEN, AND AFTERWARDS 111

This was probably the last verse of song he wrote, and it tells where his heart was in life's evening, as these other lines tell where it was in life's morning :

“ Lord, I love Thee,
Love and serve Thee,
Serve with my little humble all ;
Serve Thee working,
Serve Thee waiting,
Serve Thee ever till Thy call.”

Life in 1879 holds little opportunity for such expressions ; working, as he was, literally day and night, his spirits were nevertheless rising. The excitement of battle never ceased ; he went from the office to the platform, and from the platform to the office. There were often “ half night ” sittings at Gore Road which were not prayer meetings ! These were attended by the General, Railton and Bramwell. Discussions were sometimes at their height when Katie would come in at midnight or thereabout with tea. Bramwell would often call upon her for a song. “ One of the latest, Katie, to cheer us all up.” She would sing, and presently they would all be singing ; no one in the house was disturbed, they were used to it. In one of his letters to Katie, Bramwell says :

“ God is working. There is coming to me a growing conviction day by day that we are on the eve, the threshold, of a mighty religious upheaval in this country, among the very lowest of the people. God, taking pity upon the unwashed crowds, is going to move them as never before, and on a gigantic scale. We are going to see the ‘ publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God.’ ”*

His conviction was right. In the ten years after the date of this letter hundreds of thousands knelt at the penitent form seeking Salvation.

A few extracts from his letters to Railton give an idea of the atmosphere. There is a storm brewing. Salvationists will go to prison for preaching in the streets before the storm is over. It all spells more work and worry at Headquarters.

“ We are in for a fight. The only thing is the money. I enclose £10. Don't change it any sooner than you can help. The *legality* of processions is a chief point. The fact that the police slighted us and caused all this is another.”†

“ Oh, dear, what a pity to wire to the house this morning. The G. is awfully put about. However, I hope for the best. I knew something was up yesterday. . . .

“ Do *not* get locked up. Use your fellows. We *must* keep out. . . . We now reckon upon you arriving Coventry good time, Monday, where I also hope to meet you for conference on appointments.”‡

* 19.4.1879.

† 7.6.1879.

‡ 14.6.1879.

"I hope you will give me a careful account of Manchester. I got a note from Cadman late last night, enclosing a copy of letter from the Town Clerk written by order of the Council Committee asking him to stop the processions or take the consequences. I wired him to have *one* only and that silent—they had an awful *row* one night this week."*

In all this rush Bramwell manages somehow to keep up a considerable correspondence with persons he is endeavouring to help spiritually. There are many letters to Mrs. Billups, who is still in Sweden. In some of these he gives news of his own doings, as :

"The last fortnight has been an incessant whirl. Sunday week I got to Wellingboro' at three in the morning, preached twice, and then walked ten miles or more to Northampton and preached again, and was in London by ten the next morning, and I have kept up that speed, or about, all along. Once or twice I have made an effort to write to you and then some imperative matter has come in to take me off. We are trying to get more efficient help at Headquarters, and I hope to have a little more time—but no—assuredly some more will need to be done the moment there is anybody more to do it.

"But I do think about and pray for you. I trust for you as much as I can ! But trusting must be done 'everyone for themselves.' Still, I do feel over some that my faith has had far more to do with helping them than my words. Let the Lord sustain your inward man. Last Friday night at our holiness meeting I got blessed in perceiving that I do not enough leave my care for His work and workers with the Lord.

"Jesus be with you. Be still before Him. This must be if you would prosper and grow. When the flower is set the soil must not be continually *disturbed*—but left still—so must my heart and yours be at peace, fixed on God, if we would bear the fruits and flowers of His Holy Spirit."†

He still shrinks from too prominent a share in the central meetings, talks of backing up the General more or less behind the scenes, but his mother will have none of it. Who shall apportion her share in her son's victories ? Surely God, Who did not disdain to give the Mother her part in His preparation when He sent the Saviour, regarded this brave-hearted woman's faith and works on her son's behalf.

"No," she writes him, "the General will not have you, you are a man yourself, and as much worth for spiritual work as himself. Don't you think it, that you are going to be anybody's second. No ! No ! you've got to face it, old boy. You're a

General, and you must take the field and head the troops. Get your throat well so that you can shout your orders.”*

At heart though, she suffers. She sees them, her two heroes, wearing themselves to shreds before her eyes. Read these words to Ballington, and between the lines :

“ Pa and Bramwell are going on just as usual. Willie is almost back to where he was before he went to Sweden, white and old and wrinkled. They had an All Night last night and are all at it just the same to-day. So they must go their own way till another fever comes to the rescue ! Be you *wiser*. You will have to be the General. Willie declares he never will, so get strong and wise and holy enough for the post. *It wants a Paul and John both in one.*”†

And to Emma :

“ Of course, I suppose we must go on to the end, always living at the utmost tension of every power and breaking down whenever another feather is added. I had hoped Willie would get some relief by Railton, but it seems not.”‡

Mrs. Booth was keen on obtaining the help of a shorthand writer. “ Tell Bramwell I am most anxious to hear if he has got a shorthand writer. If not, tell him to persevere till he does.” He did, and one of the earliest efforts of this new and possibly bewildered assistant is a letter to Bramwell from his Father, concluding with the unexpected admonition, “ We must wake up both.” Underneath which Bramwell has scrawled the true interpretation—“ we must walk by faith.” They were certainly learning to do that, but they understood too that faith without works is dead. Faith and works, including the works of shorthand writers and others, went to the making of The Salvation Army, in the days (and nights !) when the Booths and Railton constituted the Headquarters staff.

*6.11.1879.

†22.1.1879.

‡1881.

CHAPTER IX

THE BROTHER

NO picture of Bramwell Booth would be complete which did not indicate his attitude to his brothers and sisters. Looking at him as preacher or Chief of The Salvation Army's Staff, it would be easy to suppose one saw a man wholly engrossed in his calling and not to suspect how closely his heart was held by family ties.

Religion was the chief interest of his life. In youth his spiritual perceptions were in advance of his years, and maintained their ascendancy in every relationship. In all his association with his brothers and sisters one senses this. He worried rather about their health, wrote his mother that "something ought to be done with Marie's sight," shared the anxiety over their education ; but there runs through the whole the dominant note of his care for their spiritual life. As they grew older this care increased. Each looked to him and confided in him. Their letters reveal the relation which existed between them and him. His to them do more, they uncover for us his heart ; for these letters, scribbled in hot haste, are the offspring of unguarded impulse, and perhaps more than any available tell the nature of the man. For that reason they are important to this narrative, particularly those written in his youth. Their tone differs to fit the recipient, but whether addressed to "my dear old fellow," or "my precious child," they are consistent to a degree which constitutes them irrefragable evidence of the writer's state of mind, or rather, of heart. The mothering instinct permeates them, and with it a craving to comfort and help. His sister Katie is for a time not strong enough to preach. "Take care of the dear body," he writes. "That is your business just now. I am sending you the groats by post." But while she cannot preach he thinks she should write. He will help, and the letter goes on, "I do not think I am a hard critic. You need not fear sending your paper to me. Let me look at anything you have done, and do not trouble to write it out nicely. I can make it out if you can." It is nothing to him, or in his eagerness to help he has forgotten, that "Every minute of my time from the moment I get up in the morning till I lie down at night seems to be filled up—what with preaching and visiting (officers and converts) and praying and writing, I have scarcely time to eat and drink and sleep." To another sister he says, "Never read your letters to me after writing them, *post them at once*. Remember how I feel about you and send me news." And to another, "Tell me your

thoughts and feelings even when I don't like *them*. . . . I much more like it than when you think a lot of thoughts . . . and you only tell me *half* of them." Or, "Write to me every day. I am sad at heart about you, and can only pray and love you." He must know when they are "down," but only rarely, very rarely, does any hint that he is sorrowful creep in to these letters. Directly and indirectly he cheers and encourages the others: they are to do great things; they are obviously better equipped than he. "Sorry you are down," he writes to Ballington, "I see no reason for this. Apart from the financial state at Headquarters, which is bluish, things seem to me to look very fair indeed. The All Night on Monday at Whitechapel pleased me. . . . I have also been much cheered by the accounts of your doings, God is manifestly blessing you. Go on . . . God help you. He will." Take these extracts from letters to his eldest sister: the first written when she was eighteen and the writer twenty; the last ten years or so later.

"My dear Katie,

"I wish I could get to know how you are getting on in body and soul. Tell me, never mind the 'dray horse.*"

"Will you go in for *preaching*? YES. Hit or miss. Go in! I'd rather be a successful talker for God and winner of souls than be *Queen Victoria*. So would you, then why not? If you go in, then Papa and Mamma will *both* consent. I can manage them, I am sure, but I think that they will both be only too glad.

"Have you got the Blessing? If not *get it*. This is what the world, the Church, the *Mission* wants. A pure heart and holy life and zealous effort for the Salvation of the world. Pray for me. I am, I feel, nothing. I have felt lately how small and insignificant I am more than ever. But Jesus is—shall be—all in all. Write me. Ever, ever, ever yours."

"March 6th, 1879.

"I have yours. I love people for what they *are*. But I cannot help, nay, my very love for them makes me conscious of what they might *do*, and neither my reason nor my conscience will allow me to keep silent when I see folks who shirk duty because it is not pleasant, or seek to escape responsibility, by arguing and shrinking and trying to get others to think that they are not responsible for what in themselves they must know they are."

"January 8th, 1880.

"My deary,

"I feel I am with you in heart. My joy and sympathy is to an enormous extent in what others do and suffer and are, and so I look towards you often.

"Jesus is a *living Saviour*. Into Him we are to live and drink and suffer. Of Him to *eat*. With Him to die and then—to reign. Write me now and then. Love, Love, Love."

*Bramwell to the family was jokingly the "dray horse" with his load of work and worry.

"Train to York. Monday night, 29. xi.86.

"My dearest Katie,

"I am most willing to serve you. . . . Can I do anything to *guide* you or help you? . . . After all, what is all our life but a mystery and a misery, unless faith be our guiding star and hope and stay? And in times like these, when one must commit oneself and life and life-interests to the deep, if one cannot *trust* and let go—then earth is hell. . . .

"Do not think you will ever be less dear to me than you have been. You cannot be. I am queer and old and worn—often stupid, sometimes mistaken, with the work and cares of three men and a body that is like a broken-winded horse, and a nature that makes its burdens heavier, but I love you and admire you, and if you were my General to-morrow I should follow you to the last gasp and stick while there was one limb of me left. . . . Do not be down. . . . *God is with you.*

"Yours in tenderest love for ever."

To his brother Ballington, who, with Herbert, was at school in Bristol and not finding it much to his taste :

"I wish *very much* you were nearer to us, so that now and then you could see someone and some of us could see you. But now that Katie is going to Bristol you will be all together and I hope you may be able not only to help one another, but to help somebody else. You ought if you get baptised with the Spirit and brought into closer union with God Himself. . . . You can begin the life, or the lives rather, of Evangelists at once, and thus save a lot of time. . . . We had a *wonderful* meeting on Tuesday night at Whitechapel. *All night.* Began at 10.30, had some tea and coffee at 12.30 and then went on till 6 o'clock. *About two hundred people there all night.* And the Lord did come near—everybody got blessed I think. Papa was *beautiful*. I do wish you had been there. But never mind, we shall, all well, have another at Christmas.

"The Lord bless you. Have all. Live in the Light. Be preserved blameless unto the day of His coming. P.S.—I enclose two or three stamps for Bertie."

This letter is a sidelight on changes in progress in Mission management: their culmination found it transformed into an Army. "We have had good meetings these two days," writes the twenty-year-old to the nineteen-year-old, "everybody knocks under and we go on with the General as Captain and director of everything—the men understand it thoroughly, that there is to be no more nonsense. . . . Keep your spirits up. You are to come and *help us*. The Mission must go *through the land* and you must get a bit of training and then go and manage a *district*. . . . I pray for you.

Keep believing and then believe still and then keep believing and God and heaven and victory are *yours*."

To Ballington who, after school at Bristol, went to a Congregational Training Institute at Nottingham, go many such letters as this :

"My dear Fellow,

"It seems to me that everything you study must do you good. Hang the subject, if you really work at it with all your might. What you want as much as anything is to learn how to *understand* and *think*. Go in. Don't be in a hurry. No matter where you go you will find books that are *dry*, and students that are *muffs*, and masters that are stiff and meetings that are *cold*, and sinners that are hard and a devil that is doubly determined that *you* shall be miserable and down. But you *may* also find *some* books that will help you, and some students that you can help, and, anyhow, a God able and willing to help you through."*

And when Ballington has begun preaching and leading meetings he gets advice as : "I am exceedingly pleased to hear you had so good a go. How did you manage the MS. ? Did you *read* it ? I am sure you ought to feel encouraged and I think you *will*. I must say *I* was not over pleased with it. It seems to me you are in great danger of falling into the stiff style and phraseology of the hateful collegiates. Do try to keep *free*. I should not have said this, but that as you did so well I am sure you can take what I say. For mercy's sake let's keep *loose*. I mean to. If I feel drawn I will stand on my head in the middle of every sermon I preach. Oh, the horrid bondage makes me bad when I think of it, and the bondage of *words* of which you are in danger is the worst of all."†

"My dear Fellow,

"Thanks for yours and the paper which I had already seen. . . . I am strongly inclined to think that the power of the press is greatly over-estimated, especially of the religious press. Newspaper reading has become so much a thing of the moment that its impressions seldom become convictions, and unless they do they are of little practical value in life. It is convictions we want in these times. Strong convictions that certain courses are right and strong determination to go forward in them.

"Be patient and firm. Take no notice of anything you can *afford* to leave alone. Often a fellow will come to a place and stand in the doorway with his hat on. Well, it won't hurt you, nobody sees him, you can afford to leave him alone, while you cannot afford to disturb everybody's attention by making him take it off.

*22.5.1877.

†7.5.1878.

"Sorry you are so down and do not see why. God is going to move the land. Look to Him. . . . I regard you and pray for you and talk about you as the *future General*. God is fitting you for it. Moses was forty years getting ready and the whole of the time in the wilderness. God bless you. He will. Look up. And look abroad on the fields white and whiter to the harvest. . . .

"P.S.—Why did you not tell a fellow it was your birthday? I do not know how to put upon paper what I feel and hope and wish about you. God my Master will bless you. I know He will. Let Him . . . God bless and keep you, my dear fellow. . . ."*

Herbert, the youngest of the three, shows how he regards his eldest brother when he writes :

"My dearest Bramwell,

"I received your very kind letter. . . . I have come more than ever to the conclusion that I am '*No use*'! . . . Mind, I am only telling this to you because you are a man after my own heart and if I was to feel inclined to follow anybody next to God it would be *you*. . . .

"You know, there is nothing I desire on this earth so much as to live a holy life, my all on the altar, *everything*, my time, my life and my all. . . . Oh, Bramwell, I wish you were here for an hour or so, that I could tell you all I felt."

And years later, when Herbert is in the van of the battle, himself a leader, his heart still turns to his brother : "You don't know how much real good your dear letter did me yesterday morning when I got it. It went into my heart like oil on a sore place and has been healing me ever since."

At a time when she was low-spirited and not in very good health, Bramwell writes to his sister Eva almost daily. She says in one of hers to him, "I call your letter my morning meal." Looking at the little pile they make, and noting the year in which they were written, one might almost call them the relics of a miracle ! How else was there time for the writing of them ? At any rate their contents show them to be of love's contriving, which is as near to being a miracle as anything merely human can come. And that they were not written in vain this from Eva shows. "Remember," she writes, "if I scribble a note all anyhow to you, that it shows I write you as I feel, and so the moment it is written and posted my heart is relieved. You say you are no comfort. Bramwell, how can you ? What is comfort if you are not all and more than the word was ever meant to mean ? . . . You don't know all you have done for and in my heart, and never will."

They tell much of a brother's special care in the midst of many

cares, but one or two are included in these pages because of what they tell of the heart from which they came. Bramwell to Eva :

" I wrote you a few lines from Headquarters this evening, but I was in great haste and I hardly knew what I was writing. . . . But nevertheless I love you and long to be a comfort to you, which it is evident I am not and don't know how to be ! I was born a duffer and I can plainly see I shall die one !

" Still, I think you ought to look up and have faith in God. His ways are not our ways and we walk a road not of our own choosing, and for that very reason we ought to feel sure He will bring us out right. I am not greatly surprised that you feel dark and hard. It seems that Satan has the strange power of coming near at times of great doubt and difficulty, and overshadowing our perceptions of God Himself.

" It was so with Job. At the darkest part of his trouble he describes himself as groping in the dark and speaks of God as hiding Himself away. Read Job 23, 1 to 12. It is the devil's own best plan to fog and cloud, and mystify those who are in trial and conflict. God has *not* gone away from you ; follow up close and lean yourself on Him, and you will find Him *near*. . . .

" Child—offer thyself anew to the Lord, remember the Cross of Jesus and all its sorrows and loneliness which thy Saviour chose for thee and me, and bring all thy treasures and time and life and hopes and fears and put all down at His dear bleeding feet. He is *worthy*, Eva, to receive that strange treasure of your heart which is both loss and gain. I am afraid, darling, you have never given Him *that*, really without reserve, and been willing that He might make it not a treasure if He would. *Have* you ?

" I always feel that you will think I am preaching to you. I am not. I can't tell you how I long and pine to help you. . . . When shall you come back ? I want to see you more than you think. Ever yours in love and faith for you.—B."*

" My dearest Child,

" I have had your wire. I am run to death. But you are ever in my thoughts. And always in my heart. . . . I joy in darkness and difficulty and burdens when I can help and comfort others, and it has been more joy to me to be a single ray of light and cheer to you—than it has been to you. I am all in a whirl. Tucker and Railton talking to each other and to me while I write. Cheer up. *Live* for the world's sake. It has so few who can love its poor fallen children, who have courage to rebuke it or brains to help it, or heart to rise up and bear its burdened ones to the foot of the Cross. You are one. God my Father bless and keep you."†

A few days later Eva writes : " You live in my heart, and the thoughts of you there help and keep me in thousands of ways of

*24.6.1886.

†1.7.1886.

which you will never know." On the last day of 1887 Bramwell writes to her :

" I send you these two or three words of greeting for the New Year. I love and pray and believe for you continually. I feel 1888 is going to be a year of very real victories to you of every sort, all along the line.

" You must begin it with the victory over yourself of really casting your whole life and self in utter abandonment at the feet of your Lord. That will be triumph number one, perhaps the greatest of all our conquests is the victory over ourselves—and all the other victories will come in due course because this one will make you strong in faith—able to believe. I wish I could help you more.

" You have not been able to write for some days. Well, I have wondered how you really are getting on. Send me two or three lines only. . . . Now cheer up and go in for a good year. . . . A year of *Faith* and believing. And never forget that you have my tenderest love all the time. Yours, ever and ever the same."

In these to his youngest sister, Lucy, he is palpably warning her against the " sins " to which he is himself prone !

" I hear you are rather downhearted and very poorly. I can see how your burdens will become too heavy for you, if you go on, adding so much of others' cares and troubles, also. In a sense, which is undoubtedly a true one, we must try to leave folks to carry out the not-Divine injunction, ' Paddle your own canoe ! ' You must try. I thought you looked half-starved at that I.T.S. Council the other day. Like an animal (pardon the figure) badly, irregularly and insufficiently fed ! I am sure the Clapton menu of ' tea and bloater ' is simply vile. You are working hard with your brain and heart and you need a reasonable quantity of the best food. . . . you can't do as I do and so I do not recommend it.

" I am feeling a little better for my seven days' rest, and I do again assure you that troubles and anxieties, aye, the very devils themselves, look different when you feel in pretty good physical condition. I do wish I could help you in some way. . . . Anyway, you know I love you, and admire your pluck immensely. This concern has a great future before it, and you will have such a chance as *very few women*. Live, dear—live ! " *

" Make some songs. We sang your song at Exeter Hall and it went A.1. *Make some more.*"

An accurate likeness of Bramwell Booth might well be sketched from his letters to Emma alone, and her letters to him from girlhood days to the year of her death constitute in themselves an almost

complete history of her life. He says of her : " She was my close companion in boyhood and early manhood, and took first place with me among my brothers and sisters."* Both intense, both inclined to be shut up within themselves, both ready to belittle their own worth, it was a great gain to find each other. Between them there need be no restraint ; here was understanding ; here was the rest of perfect confidence. To such natures as theirs, love is ever the giver of life ; the more freely their affection be bestowed the more the whole being is enriched, enlarged and strengthened. To Bramwell until his marriage, and while his spirit was increasingly bound and driven by work and worry, this companionship with a generous, adoring woman was a breath of air at once refreshing and stimulating. All the letters are in serious tone, and it is well to realise there was another side to him, that in fact what he felt most was not always shown by his demeanour. His mother, for instance, finds it necessary to write to him :

" Emma . . . take a little notice of her generally, talk to her in a rational way, not always funning and joking."†

Mrs. Booth did not think Emma would make a public woman, and said so ; but Bramwell had his own views and pressed them on his sister. His joy in her final success and influence as a speaker was the greater that he felt it to be in part at least the outcome of his faith and help. Curious how his doubting uncertainty about his own ability to preach went hand in hand with a conviction that the rest of the family were preachers by nature and must be made to believe it ! Emma is sixteen when he sends her this command :

" I hope you are thinking over what I said about your praying and speaking. Perhaps you are getting sick because you would not do it when I asked you. Now unless you begin to work in real earnest, depend upon it you will go *all wrong*. And the devil will, I was going to say, have you, but anyway he will have people you might save. *My goodness*, surely you could do better than the Revd. Mr. H—— ! Now try. Pray in the Prayer Meeting next Sunday night, and then go and speak to someone under conviction."‡

It was well she knew his love, or she might have found a note of harshness in this one, for all its playful ending.

" You say you would give all you have to be good. Just so. Heaps of people feel and say just the same, but *that* does not help them. What is wanted is not to talk about what they *would* do, but *to do* something. *Do you see ?* Yes, I said ' go to God,' but I did not mean go and come away again no better. I meant go and give neither Him nor your own self any rest till you get *all*

* " These Fifty Years."

† 9.10.1877.

‡ 13.4.1876.

you need. That may not be all you *want*—some people need more than they *want*—others, I think you are one of them, want more than they *need*—and they do not get it—and quite right too. Now be willing, my dear sister, to let God do for you all He sees fit, and be content to take that from Him. . . . How can I tell when I shall come home? Don't bother your little self—and *wishing* is a bad thing. *Very*. Don't do it. There's a text in the Bible which means '*Thou shalt not wish.*' Mr. Railton will tell you where you can find it, I dare say."*

The same year he wrote :

"Let the Lord do all He *can* for you, *in* you and *by* you. Will you? When?"

All the letters in the 'seventies are preoccupied with his desire to see her spiritual life established, and to draw her into the life and work of The Army.

"When I come to see you I suppose you will want to stipulate that I do not preach," he wrote, in a chatty, cheerful note which closes with this longing cry, "Oh, my darling Emma, don't let anything prevent your walking in the light; hoping, trusting, walking, working, talking, thinking, loving, feeling, living altogether for Jesus and in the strength of Jesus and with the presence of Jesus. If you do that—then your joys will be the joys of Heaven upon earth."†

A few months earlier he had written :

"How silly of you to think all those thoughts about me. Of course I love you the same. I *never change*. The flowers only bloom to fade, the summer hastens away into winter, even every day of our lives is bearing away for the night, the rivers and seas and rocks and mountains are changing, passing away, but I *never change*; when you think of me think also of my motto, '*Semper idem*'. . . My darling, cheer up, and write and tell me that you are all right again. . . .

"I am very sorry indeed that you do not get on as well as you ought in soul. *God* would help you in these difficulties, make your life a *new* life to you; I *know* He would if you would but trust Him for a *full Salvation*. Do not consult your feelings, throw away everything that seems to hinder, and jump right into His everlasting arms. Nobody on earth knows the blessedness of fully trusting God. . . . Now, won't you take hold of Jesus?"

"You *ought not* to go on like this, up and down, it is *wrong*. God is grieved and angry about it *every* day. You must think of *this* and *do* just begin to exercise your faith in God for a perfect cleansing, a transforming and renewing of your inmost soul to *His* image and likeness. *Do*. It is Sunday morning. I have

*9.8.1876.

†4.9.1877.

not time for more. Look up. To God and Heaven—never mind earth and earthly things, *look up*. My love to all, kiss the chicks for me.

“And my own sister, Believe me *always*,

“Your truly affectionate brother.”*

“The fact is that for months now we have scarcely had time to speak to one another,” he wrote in May 1878. “Some degree of reserve in conversation is not unprofitable to one’s soul, and the grace of silence is one that is not half sufficiently cultivated. Surely you will begin to get stronger now so that you can take some more active part in the work. That is what I am waiting for. The power of you women it is impossible to estimate. God has given the land over to you *if* you will go in and possess it. Are you still going on with the class?”†

In a note headed “Manchester Railway Station,” he wrote :

“You see now we are more and more engulfed and enthralled and *enslaved* by the ‘*Concern*’ every one of us, and anybody who does not go in and feel as we do, will more and more be uncomfortable and unhappy. . . . Do you feel any less nervous than you used to do?”‡

Emma was to become as deeply engulfed as any of them : little more than a year after that letter she was given charge of The Army’s first Training Home for Officers. The next extracts are from letters selected from those written to her after she had begun that work.

“Dear heart, I will love anybody you tell me to ! One, two, three or more ! Only you must be good to me and not blow me up ! I have been much in thought to-day about the strange days in which we live, about the great burdens the Lord seems to have chosen us all to bear ; what a wonder, for instance, you are ; a girl of nineteen with that Home and the eternal consequences involved in the career of every one of those girls—and *you* to have it, who seem unequal to anything, humanly speaking—and Katie and each of us—surely God is dealing with us, what are we ? It seems to me He is only beginning something, that we are all getting ready for something more. Let us love Him, and one another, and the dying ones around, and not refuse our burdens and crosses. Would to God He would send us some others, men or women, who would be one with us, and with Him. I love you and carry you about in my heart.”§

“My darling,

“I have thought much about you since Sunday. You must not worry. You forget that there are years to come. You are

*11.3.1877.

†2.5.1878.

‡23.11.1878.

§27.6.1880.

yourself only beginning, and your influence and power with the girls will much increase as you go along. . . . Dear child, do not be cast down. Think how long the Lord takes to make one saint. How many new starts that one saint gets, how many disappointments he gives the Lord. So cheer up your dear self (and me) when now and then some lass *you* have believed in and trusted lets you down.

"Dear girl, you would have very few trials in your work if it was not for these mishaps and failures, and I have very little faith in a work for God that has no difficulties and disappointments and bitterness. Encourage yourself in the Lord. Push on. Cast your *care* on *Him*. I wish you had another helper. I am afraid there is too much on you."*

"Yes, darling, there will come a *morning*, if we wait with patience the appointed time. How many more shadows? *I don't know*. Perhaps many. Because dark days and nights black-dark will make the sunshine all the brighter. May not God want to wean some of His own from earth? And how can the soul be weaned till it has seen and tasted and felt the joys and sweets earth has? Is not that the very point of the idea of weaning?"

"So the shadows may *come*—they *will* come—we will go on looking for the Day Star which shall and does arise. I am more and more convinced that it is crucified saints God wants—and one must be crucified by oneself *alone*."†

In 1887 Emma became engaged to be married to Frederick de Lautour Tucker who had pioneered The Army's work in India. The prospect of separation from his friend and sister was no ordinary grief to her brother. One reads between the lines of a letter to her on the subject :

"My darling Sister,

"I was in a most dreadful rush yesterday and had two meetings, so that I could not write to you. I love you just the same as I have ever done. I know no change in thought or feeling to you, or desire for you and your wishes. You mistake and I had almost said misjudge me when *you* suspect me of the contrary. Time is hard upon me, my life the last three years especially has been a long battle against time and anxiety of every, or almost every sort. . . .

"About Tucker, I have helped on your side from the first hour—you must believe I have done some things which I have not seemed to do, or spoken of doing. I am still on the same side. Personally I felt it a great loss that you would probably go to India. You would not expect or wish it to have been otherwise. On personal grounds it was right I should feel so, on Army grounds it was inevitable I should feel it. I am daily met with

*26.4.1881.

†18.3.1880.

the problems of the future in a thousand forms which seldom bother you, and I *have* in the past looked with great comfort to the prospect of your presence and help in times of trial and pressure here. And yet I cannot wish you not to go to India after a time. It would be unreasonable and absurd. . . .

"Anyway, wherever you are I believe I shall be able to love you as I have ever done and do, and to trust in you implicitly. I long ago told you God would find you a rest for your heart. He has done it in His own way, singularly unlike our ways, and I, in real joy and gratitude, *rejoice* and rejoice continually. I never *think* of you but with gratitude, love and inward Hallelujahs. To see you, as I do see you, happy, fixed in heart and at rest, is in itself a recompense to some extent for your going. My tenderest love to Eva. Yours for ever the same."*

"Your *dear, dear* letter sent to Paris will be treasured by me to my dying day," she writes to him from Genoa on her way to India. "I only wish I had better merited its sweet encouraging words. Of one thing you may be sure, that it will always be one of the deepest joys of my life to love and be loved by you. I go out to India with your wishes both concerning myself and the work engraven on my heart. . . . Your patient, self-sacrificing life will be an ever-present incentive to my *soul*."†

Leaving her husband to care for the work in India, Emma came home in 1889 to watch over her dying mother, and Bramwell wrote to prepare her.

"You will find some things a little changed here.

"We have to keep back from Mamma much of what is worrying in passing affairs. The General is often very, very tired and worn and is therefore difficult exactly to understand. . . . You will be helped I am sure ; and you will also not be *overburdened* when he does not seem to fully appreciate what you would like him to see.

"Cheer up, dear one. The battle is the Lord's. He reigneth and He knoweth them that are His. . . . You will find some of us caring a very great deal for India and longing very much for her salvation. . . . For myself I can truly say that my heart leaps at the thought of seeing you—and that my deepest love for you is stronger than ever it has been before."‡

And again :

"Now cheer up. Try. I know it is not wicked to be sad, but it is better to look on the silver side, and there is a big bright gem of hope at the bottom of this cup, which, when all the bitterness is drunk up, will shine again another day. God is

*20.12.1887.

†31.3.1888.

‡22.4.1889.

mysterious in His ways and yet His ways are wonderfully apt to seem plain after we have walked over them.

"Now I do love and adore you. I do not expect to be ever able to add up the sum total of our, my, deep indebtedness to you, much more to pay it—but God knows and all of *love* and *sympathy* and *trust* which true hearts can give you—you shall have of ours."*

Mrs. Booth died in 1890, and Emma and her husband were appointed to the Foreign Office at International Headquarters. Although they met constantly, brother and sister frequently wrote to each other. S.A. affairs encroach steadily, but do not quite exclude the intimate exchange of thought.

"I was unable to put a pen to paper yesterday," writes Bramwell, "owing to the crush of interviews from morning till night. I got home at ten and then went on to the General for an hour. . . . He is a wonderful seer, and we who have a large share, if not the lions' share, in the executive responsibility ought to go with him in the conclusions arrived at . . ."

"Much love. I think of and pray for you. Our times are in God's hands. All life will come over again in harvests of joy during eternity if we can only live it in that spirit. I mean to try more."†

"I am making a great effort to get our finances on to a better footing for going without so much worry. *It is a difficult job.*

"Darling sister, you are storing up experiences and lessons with which to come and bless us all. *Cheer up.* God must have His own plans. . . . I pray for you. What a chance we have in the poor wilderness of a world. Oh to be equal to it and worthy of those who have given it to us."‡

"Now for a good year. Oh that we could *do* more. Perhaps I ought to say we will *be* more, and then the other will follow. I am depressed at times out of all endurance by the contemplation of our opportunity. We ought, I suppose, to measure our attainments by our opportunities—how little then, alas, we have done ! But thank God He is alive and ever lives and calls us up higher."§

On Emma's birthday in 1894 he prefaces an evening's work by this note :

"My own precious sister,

"I have come in utterly frozen from a day on the Colony for an evening's work at H.Q., but I must send you one line of greeting and of love and of faith.

"All the wishes of a life-time of love might be summed up in the one prayer that you may *live* and *love* and *be loved*. After all, the true measure of all earthly things, even of life itself, is *love*. By it they are much or little—a *substance* or a shadow.

*13.1.1890.

†13.4.1892.

‡2.7.1893.

§31.12.1893.

"So God keep you, my darling Emma, Whose you are, and bring you forth into His place of abundance and fruit and glory. I pray for you and long to help you and to be a blessing in some way to you. Perhaps I have not *walked before you as I ought*. I pray to.

"Eternal greetings and assurances of evergreen love and trust."*

An evening's or all night's work after a long day was nothing unusual : the number of letters he wrote made those extra sittings inevitable. For in addition to the daily letters to his father, his brothers and sisters were kept posted ; the shepherding instinct permeates these pages and links the scattered units of the family together. This was so in a marked degree after his mother's death. It may be possible one day to give the world more of these letters, but they are not within the compass of this book. And side by side with this steady flow of family letters swept the main stream of "official" correspondence. Knowing how incessantly he worked, and the meagre hours he allotted to sleep, one deplores the merciless inroad upon his time levied by letter-writing. The typewriter was not in general use, and there are literally volumes of his letters in the old-fashioned "copying books." Correspondence on all the chief matters of Army business remained largely in his hands until well past the early 'nineties. In addition to letters on affairs, there were letters of instruction to officers, field dispatches they might well be called. And what a revelation they are of the ceaseless march of emergencies which belong to war—not a day but brought an unlooked-for demand necessitating action, the re-arrangement of plans.

Looking at his letter-writing as a whole it may be questioned whether the results justified the toil. As one turns over the innumerable pages one is tempted to wish the time and thought they represent had been available for some less ephemeral, less limited expression of the writer's mind. He, however, considered letter-writing a duty, an opportunity, and it became a life-long habit. He wrote everywhere ! At home at all hours—at meals often—in trains, trams, cabs and cars ; though the motor virtually checkmated him in this, and he but seldom wrested a letter from a car on the road.

The General was in India when the blow fell which severed the unity of the brothers and sisters—those intrepid Army-makers who had faced the storms of pioneer days, and rushed into the battle, sick or well, singing, preaching, planning and working to win the world. In Sweden, France, Switzerland, Holland, Canada, Australia, India, America and up and down the homeland their voices had carried the message of Salvation. To each it had been given to win souls to Christ, and by their devotion to inspire men and women to a new interpretation of discipleship. All of them

had thought of the others as eternally united in love and loyalty to their father and The Army. The separation of any one of them from the work seemed a thing that could not happen. Yet it did. "I love you very, very much and never at any time in our history was the official as well as the personal link uniting us stronger than at this moment. God bless you. Do get strong . . . and do live and remember me," wrote Ballington to Bramwell in 1894; yet a little more than twelve months later he had left. To Bramwell his brother Ballington's resignation from The Army, and, later, the withdrawal of his sister Katie and his brother Herbert, remained a grief from which his spirit never parted company. It was a trinity of griefs to him: his father's sorrow, the separation from those he loved, and the loss to the all-beloved "Concern." None, not realising the depths of his love for his father, could understand the agony of heart through which he passed at the thought of what the General suffered. In a letter touching on these sorrows he says to him:

"But I cling to it that Katie is ours at bottom. God will help you. You are a *Moses* and you have to bear the whole brunt of Israel's *wrongs* as well as their fightings and feedings. Try to cast it on to God more. I pray for you. I suffer twice over everything—first for you and then for myself. In this I feel God must deliver us."

It was well for Bramwell that Emma was at hand when the first wave of this tide of grief swept over his soul; the more so that his wife, who had been at death's door, was still lying ill. Emma was herself in sorrow, watching a sick child but a few weeks old. The heavens were darkened indeed, when from America, where he was in command of The Army, came word that Ballington contemplated secession. Separated from her for a day or two he writes:

"B. [Ballington] has not answered our wires. . . . I long to see him somehow. Shall I get ready to go?"*

"I am feeling to-day very much about B. Surely he will come round. I wish I could have gone. Perhaps I ought to have done so. And yet if I had there probably would have been an awful scare here."†

"We have received a telegram from New York this evening of which I enclose you a copy. This looks very bad indeed, at the same time I must say it is only what I have expected for several days, and to a certain extent the bitterness of death is past with me."‡

"Now I want wisdom from God as to what I say in this *Cry*. I will try to send it to you. I shall be at I.H.Q. about two till nine or ten. I feel deeply and irreparably wounded. How God is going to bring good out of it, *I know not!* But His thoughts are *above* our thoughts!"§

*27.2.1896.

†1.3.1896.

‡1.3.1896.

§2.3.1896.

"I have had a dull pain at my heart all day. . . . Hard work has failed to give me any comfort. I feel B. has made shipwreck."* This last on the way to Dover to meet the General on his arrival from India.

After Ballington had withdrawn from Salvation Army service, Emma with her husband went to the command of The Army in the United States. Bramwell was always "there" for her as she says in one of her letters to him from the States :

"Last mail I had not intended mentioning my trouble and concern. . . . And even now I almost despise myself for doing it . . . what can I do but *turn to you, you* who, despite I *know* numberless and often *unspoken burdens* and perplexities of your own, have never failed me ! "†

Emma's sudden death in a railway accident in October 1903 was a terrible blow to him. He had counted on her for the future. For once he could not command himself before his father, and was for days a stricken man. On the day of her Memorial Service in this country, and of her funeral in New York, the sorrowing father wrote a tender, characteristic note to comfort the son, who had so often been the comforter.

"My dear, dear Bramwell,

"My heart is torn at the thought of your anguish. Your nerves are overdone. Do get some extra sleep. *God will undertake for us and for you and yours.* We must hold on to God even though we have to *walk in densest darkness.* You have done wonders so far and been a strength and a stay to my soul.

"*You know I love you with all my heart.* I cannot say more. *I can say that.* So far as I am concerned I think you should rest in that. My poor old heart with all its weaknesses and drawbacks is worth having. God bless you and Flo and the children, the precious children.

"Yours as ever and for ever."‡

The last letter we have from Emma to her brother was written on her journey back to the United States following her last visit to England, and two months before her death. This too is characteristic of the writer, rich in tenderness and hope.

"But oh what a boil of eager desire has raged in my poor heart at times. How I have longed to better accomplish the great purposes to which our lives are consecrated. How *imperfect* my best efforts have seemed, and how poorly I fear I showed you my impatience and dissatisfaction with the past and my ambition for a better and more creditable future when I was with you in London.

*8.3.1896.

†29.5.1898.

‡3.11.1903.

"Still, I have tried to find comfort in the hope, nay confidence, that our *hearts* were near enough to understand one the other, and that in a strange and more intelligent unity we have parted for the bright or dark days that may lie ahead. . . . *Reckon on me.*"*

Bramwell Booth was by nature a lover, and by grace a lover ; a John among disciples, who, looking Godward, saw Love and was satisfied. Love was at the beginning, and remained at the end, the spring of his life, the moving force of every endeavour. It flowed on, a widening, deepening stream, bearing upon its bosom all manner of burdens, sorrows, disappointments and hopes : most of all hopes. To him, as to all lovers, it was of immeasurable importance that the chosen objects of his love should be capable of answering in the same language : that high aspirations should draw forth high aspirations, sacrifice be companioned by sacrifice, that like should meet like as the mingling of waters flowing in the same direction. In this he was singularly blessed. There was nothing restricting, narrow, petty about the chosen companions of his heart. From them his love met no selfish blight ; no enervating claims to ease sapped its strength ; it was not lowered by the alloy of meaner ambitions. Deep answered deep, strength was joined to strength, and love multiplied the strength and joy of love, as only love can. And he was blessed too in that he found his loves when he was young. Three women were this man's friends, his mother, his sister Emma, and his wife ; and one man, his Father. In them his heart was satisfied and enriched.

Few brothers can have surpassed him in loving, and his love for those members of the family who had separated themselves from The Army remained, a living memorial in his heart. He never ceased to regret their going. It was a sorrowful comfort to him that in after years he had contact with each, but he suffered always at the recollection of what his father had suffered, and never condoned their action. His love for William Booth coloured every relationship of his life. With him it never came to be, instead of the father shall be the children. Nevertheless he loved the children, and the children's children ; especially his sister Emma's children, his sister Katie's eldest daughter, and the only surviving child of his sister Lucy. He thought of them, spoke of them, wrote to them—loved them.

The capacity to love involved the capacity to suffer, and this man's love for his own brought him much suffering. What do the letters not tell of his grief in their griefs ? When his sister Lucy lost her infant son, he rushed over to Paris to comfort her ; "more tender than a mother." His love taught him comfort's art and he was no niggard at practising it. He began with his brothers and sisters in the nurseries of their wandering lives, and to the end he felt about them as he once expressed it in a letter to one of his sisters :

*15.8.1903.

“ I feel to-day about you as though you were grown little again as in the days that are gone, and I want to lift you in my arms and sing to you till you rest. I cannot. But there is One Who can, and One Whose infinite love and wisdom are joined together in His care for you and His power to fold you in His arms and give you rest in Him. Trust Him more and look up.”

CHAPTER X

THE TEACHER

EARLY in 1880 Railton, accompanied by seven Army lasses, all attired in the first regulation uniform, embarked for the United States of America. Mrs. Booth wrote to Mrs. Billups of their departure :

“ We have been in a perfect whirl of excitement and rush. . . . The getting off of dear Railton and the sisters was a scene. Hundreds of people walked in procession to Fenchurch Street, I following in a hansom. They sang all the way, and omnibuses, waggons, and vehicles of all kinds stopped and lined the road to see them pass. . . . Dear devoted Railton looked well in his uniform, and appeared as happy as an angel. Oh to win millions for our Saviour King ! We shall.”

The decision to go to America had been reached somewhat hastily, Bramwell thought, but his view may have been influenced by the prospect of losing Railton : 1880 was likely to prove no less strenuous than 1879, and his absence would be a serious thing. To Railton he wrote an undated note in which he said :

“ I do think the decision *re* America is a hasty one. There are some things we take a long time to decide—this, the most important certainly which for years has been required of us, is jumped at. I am really put out, but what I have said or thought on the subject has simply counted for nothing ; I only hope we shall not live to repent.”

In the midst of rejoicing at the rapid extensions, Bramwell's apprehensive nature warned him of dangers to be faced. From the earliest years he saw that the stability of the movement must largely depend upon the integrity, zeal and capacity of its leaders. He trembled at the risks involved in sending untried, untrained, often youthful converts to face the crowds and shoulder the responsibilities of leadership. As early as February 1877 he had written :

“ Oh this miserable hunt for men . . . we must take and make our own men.”*

“ If this ship is going to live out the storms,” he wrote to his mother, “ ought not the whole strength and skill of everyone aboard to be concentrated on the one great want, organisation

*Diary.

of the rank and file, and training of the officers? . . . I beg you to consider this. Here is no plan for training these women. After all we have said and seen and suffered, we are daily taking out girls without any previous training or education whatever.”*

Breakdowns occurred which were a keen distress; and the responsibility must, he felt, rest partly with those who placed men where they were confronted with new circumstances and temptations for which they were not prepared. The General and Mrs. Booth discussed the position again and again. William Booth had written to his son early in 1877: “Could you not train these fellows as well as anybody?” But how was money to be raised to maintain a Training Centre? Who would undertake the work? Bramwell felt strongly that the only hope of preserving the characteristics of The Army was to give the officers some experience of its methods; a smattering would he thought prove better than nothing. There was never any uncertainty in his mind that The Army was to be distinct from existing religious bodies. About teaching the leaders he felt as he had done about getting help for his father: it must be, “whether we can pay for it or not.”

It was in this spirit that in 1880 the first Salvation Army Training Home for officers was opened. Emma Booth was put in charge: there was accommodation for thirty women. The following year the Training Home for men was opened under Ballington Booth. From its inception the “Training” was Bramwell’s care, and undoubtedly his close companionship with Emma brought him a comprehensive knowledge of the details pertaining to it. Between them they established something as different from ordinary college life as can well be imagined. The aim in view was to influence the spiritual life of the cadet. Personal contact with the leader, by interviews and meetings, loomed larger than anything else in the curriculum. That and the cadet’s own contact with sinners constituted the chief objectives of this Salvation Army Sandhurst.

Bramwell Booth, to whom The Army owes its training system, writing of it himself, clearly reveals the ideals he held most precious in that system:

“It is perhaps less in the external activities of the War that the best work of the Training Home is accomplished than in the character-building that is done there. It is a school for the ignorant. It is a house of prayer. It is a quiet place for seekers after God. It is a home of industry—for there are no idlers there. It is a threshing-floor in which the chaff is taken away from the precious grain—for many hidden things are revealed there. But it is more than all this: it is a place where, to change my figure, we weave the stuff of which good soldiers are made, it is a manufactory for the making of men.

“I am far from depreciating the value of the book-teaching

*10.5.1879.

which goes on there. It is all good, and so also is the instruction in the great facts and doctrines of the Bible, the public-house visiting, the dealing with the sick, the fighting in the streets, the praying with people in the dark, dark slums and homes of filth and vice—it is all good—it is all proper to equip the men and women of God for their great work in the future, and without it they would often be of very little use. But it is not what I am thinking of just now as being the *great* work accomplished in the Training of our officers. . . . That work is rather the work done in the very warp and woof of their nature . . . *in the training of the heart.*

“Heart power is the great power. It is the highest wisdom ; it is the noblest wealth ; it is the great possession. Riches without it are but rags, and though it be clothed in rags it is passing rich. In the teaching of Christ and His apostles it is supreme. The ministry of the New Testament is silent about education. Learning is scarcely mentioned, still less literature, still less ceremonials, less still genius and the wisdom of men, except to call them ‘dung and dross.’ The New Testament ministry was a thing of the *heart*. Fishers, magdalenes, shepherds, the degenerate, the outcast, the base, with few qualifications but those of the heart, were its chosen vessels. All Jesus Christ’s words to the future apostles were addressed to the furnishing and growth of those qualities of heart usually found in company with the simplest minds. Now, here is the keynote of our training.”*

His view did not materially alter. Speaking to Training officers when in his seventieth year, more than twenty-five years after he had written this, he said :

“The standards that God has set up cannot be changed. It is still one of the conditions upon which His blessings are given that there shall be submissiveness, humility, tenderness. . . . You will go to Him in prayer with and for each cadet. You will ask above everything for the aid of the Divine Spirit. You will look upon each life entrusted to you as a problem to be solved only by the Spirit’s light and love and power.

“I know how unequal many of you feel to this great task. It will mean for you toil and travail in spirit. But God will teach you ; God will show you how to bring these young lives to His feet. . . . The greatest service we can render to them is to show them how to find their way to God for themselves, to bring them to turn to Him, to lean upon Him.

“We must be lovers of souls. . . . True love for souls will take you in prayer into the haunts of the lost. It will open many opportunities of wayside contact with the sinners. . . . And there is this fact, not least of all, that if love for sinners burns in your heart, the cadets will catch its glow and warmth. Their

*“Servants of All,” pp. 51-53.

own love for souls will increase thereby, and you will be sending out men and women in hundreds, perhaps thousands, to succour the multitude you will never see, and to bring to Christ magdalenes and prodigals of whose existence you do not even know. . . .

"The love that produced the Salvation Army sustains us to-day. We want that love above all else implanted in the hearts of the cadets. . . . It is a difficult task. They are not always loving natures upon which we have to work. Yet each cadet comes to us more or less in the spirit of 'Here I am ; do what you can with me.' There is our opportunity—to make of every cadet a lover."

These are the words of a man whose heart is illumined by a vision, a vision which, though he is seventy, has not waned, nor become dim. This is the goal, "To make every cadet a lover" ; the miracle of Christ's Presence will transform them and they in turn shall call others. This training of men to be saviours was in Bramwell Booth's eyes perhaps the most sacred of tasks. Certainly it made a claim all its own upon his heart and mind. He exalted it, cherished it. Above all other departments of The Army it remained peculiarly the work of his hands. In those earliest days the cadets were added to the circle of his innermost loves, and to the end they held their place there, taking a full share and more of his thought and prayer and time.

When the training was first begun, his days were already so crowded as to make it impossible to devote much time to it during the working hours. Thus it came about that he constantly took a meeting with the cadets before breakfast. Such hours ! There are those still living who cannot speak of them without a kindling of the whole countenance.

"Why, the way he used to come, seven o'clock in the morning often, start some chorus and then talk—you know how he talked to cadets. Sometimes he'd draw a chair to the edge of the platform and sit and talk and it gave you the feeling there was only yourself and him in the room. The hour used to be gone like five minutes. He brought God and a new world of possibilities within our reach."

Says another :

"The first time I saw him he came to take a meeting with the cadets. It was nine o'clock in the morning. He talked on 'Let there be light.' I shall never forget it, though it's well over forty years ago."

He was soon discontented with what an hour or so could yield, and instituted for cadets what has become known throughout The Army world as "Spiritual Day"—a day in each month given up

wholly to devotional meetings, in addition to those held at other times. On the opportunities these days presented he set great store. At first he wrested time to conduct them himself, later in alternate months. Nothing was allowed to supersede this precious duty until during the years of Generalship long journeys compelled his absence. But no session of cadets entered the International Training College at Clapton with whom he did not spend at least three such days. At the last Spiritual Day in each session he invited the cadets to join in a consecration covenant, expressed for them by him in a few simple words, a copy of which was signed by all wishing to participate, and afterwards exchanged for a copy signed by himself as witness. He ordered things so that in the Salvation Army Training Colleges overseas the Territorial Commander should lead the monthly spiritual day at least once every session, and that all cadets should be asked to join in the same Covenant, which ran :

“ I give myself to God, and here and now bind myself to Him in a solemn Covenant.

“ I will love and trust and serve Him supremely so long as I live.

“ I will live to win souls, and I will not allow anything to turn me aside from seeking their salvation as the first great purpose of my life.

“ I will be true to The Salvation Army and the principles represented by its Flag under which I stand to make this Life-Covenant.

“ Done, in the strength of my dear Saviour, at — in the presence of (name of leader of the Covenant Service) and of my Leaders and Comrade Cadets, on the Spiritual Day (date).”

When giving cadets a day he always met the Training College staff, either for breakfast or for tea, the meal being followed by intimate talks on the spiritual life of the officers themselves, and the details and opportunities of their work. Some officers spent a lifetime on the Staff of the Training College in England ; many served there for long periods, five, ten, twenty years. None can remember repetition at these gatherings. There was something creative, “ shining new ” about the mould into which his thoughts were cast when he dwelt on the value, prospects, opportunities, weaknesses and claims of the cadet.

It will be said of him that the Salvation Army officers dwelt in his heart ; that they were his dominating “ love,” the children of his spirit ; if so, his love for the cadets might be likened to the love bestowed by a mother upon the infant of her flock. He saw in the cadet the potential officer ; the officer who was to be nearer than others to the ideal he cherished. Cadets in all parts of the world have been conscious of this. There was some mysterious

link between them and this man : the cadets to whom he spoke as a dark-bearded youth in his early twenties, and the cadets to whom he spoke, a white-headed "father," in his early seventies, felt it, were drawn out of themselves by it, to remember it all their lives.

Master of the detail of every Salvation Army activity, he has been recognised as the organising genius of the concern by those both without and within the ranks. "The General's plan," a doggerel ballad much in favour in The Army's world in the 'nineties, contained the line : "And the Chief did arise and organise." The words might have been used to describe his relation to every branch of the work, but to none with fuller justification than the training. He possessed an extraordinary capacity for grasping and remembering the infinitesimal, and this gift was the more marked that it dwelt in a mind able to grasp great issues. He was in no danger of confusing an advancing wave with a turn in the tide, nor, contrariwise, of ignoring the straw which told the way of the wind. This sense of the importance of the apparently insignificant was of special value in the development of the training work. He guided and watched over it in every land, not excluding such mundane matters as the quality and variety of diet. By his express arrangement a vegetarian "bill of fare" was provided at Clapton for those who wished to do without meat. He often called for the menu, and discussed with officers responsible the importance of a balanced diet for young people, the majority of whom were for the first time living a sedentary life.

All manner of aids in things spiritual and temporal the cadets of The Army owe to his insight and practical thoughtfulness ; for instance, that in the noise and rush inseparable from the ordering of large companies of students under one roof there should be throughout the house half-an-hour of silence in each day for prayer and meditation : that a summary of notes of classes and lectures should be supplied to facilitate study and in order that the cadets might retain them for future reference ; that a supply of stamps and the soling of boots for cadets who were without means should be arranged for in strict privacy.

To the selection of officers for Training work and the apportionment of their duties he gave his personal attention. The Principals of virtually all Army Training Colleges were "discovered" by Bramwell Booth who marked men and women he thought suitable, watched them, and then chose them for Training work. See this to his father :

"I am very glad about the meetings. [The General was in Germany.] I am especially delighted at the prospect of cadets. If we can get officers, we can do anything in my opinion, either there or anywhere else. We must give more attention to the Training, especially in this country. At Chatham this week, I

have been in contact with Major Dean again, and I am very much delighted with him. . . . He is a fine man and will do us an infinite amount of service at Clapton.”*

Dean became a “giant” at Training work ; thousands of officers treasure his memory.

Bramwell Booth wrote to officers engaged in Training work, advising them individually, and continued to do so to the close of his life. How he found time is his secret, but such letters are a further token that this work dwelt in his heart. I quote from two :

“Your cadets are, I hope, getting a good lead as to really going in strong at their work. More and more I see that to be in earnest is a *most tremendous advantage* to any cause ! Some of our officers are so slack and easy going. Nothing can be done by the go-anyhow crowd. ‘*All in*’ is the note. Every man to pull his full weight every time and the leaders must lead in that key—on that level. Do your best. The *keen* people got something done even in the worst of times ! The prophet lay upon the boy and *stretched* himself . . . to bring him back.”†

“I feel that you cannot accomplish the serious work which you and your second ought to do in the interviewing of the men unless you can be a little more at leisure. . . . More and more I see *how much the interviewing means*. What an inspiration it can be ; what an illumination, what a revelation of a man to himself may come in one hour’s real intercourse before God. But all this means time and trouble and preparation. It means, of course, hard work, but then you are prepared for that. . . .

“Do what you can to promote feeling, heart, warmth amongst the men. Many of them are hard, if not cold, and formal, if not mechanical. Try to break this down. . . .

“With regard to the officers under you, try to avoid their giving the impression when they talk that they are pushing the cadets. I know it is difficult, especially with people who are living near to them and see their weaknesses and failures, but still, it is important that the truth should draw them along the lines of thought and feeling you wish them to take, and not that they should be pushed by constant repetitions of what you want them to do and be.

“God will guide you. He has brought you into a large place. *May He fill your heart to overflowing with streams from the rivers of God.*”‡

Guarding The Army’s unity he took steps to see that the Training work throughout the Army world should, so far as climatic and other conditions made it practicable, conform to the plan laid down by him at the international centre. No one could read the records of his work without noting the consideration he ascribed to teaching and training those who were to be Salvation Army officers. His

letters to his father abound with references to the training of officers. William Booth was himself keen on the subject; a project of his which did not materialise, was to found what he at one time called a "University of Humanity" where Salvation Army officers for the world should be trained in all branches of Army activity. There were all manner of proposals for the training of staff officers. A letter of Bramwell's, written to his father at the close of a day's councils with divisional officers, concludes :

"My eternal devotion and leal love. We have such an opportunity as makes my soul tremble when I see it. We want and must have *men*.

"I propose a travelling Staff Training Troupe. Peripatetic professors of all the mysteries of our rule and reign. £1,000 a year would be a trifle to spend on these Divisional Officers and would work wonders. Yours for all things now and ever."*

"I have been looking into the T.H. here—doing a regular inspection. The work is well done so far as it goes. But of course the great need is superior people, the next great need is *more time*. I think I shall propose to you the immediate extension of the system to twelve months instead of six as now. It will cost £5,000 a year *more* to train 500 twelve months than two 250's six months each. But it will be worth it."†

Within a year of the writing of that letter accommodation in the Training College at Clapton had been increased and a ten months' session instituted. But he is still "anxious," and while on furlough writes :

"What is the good of people without convictions! This is what makes me so anxious about the officers and the training. After all, you had better believe the wrong thing and believe it seriously and deeply than believe the right thing in a superficial fashion!! This is where they are in Scotland . . . it is a fascinating subject. Much goes to show that the whole business has really arisen at the instigation of the parsons, and the reason of the parson's action is their own decay of faith in what they teach. The great mass of them will finish up either Unitarian or Universalists."‡

In this letter to his father we find him advocating the house system, which he adopted for the Memorial Training College exactly twenty years later.

"I am making some further changes at Clapton; putting in some new blood and modifying certain arrangements on the educational side. I think Commissioner Howard is *very much improved*. He seems to have things well in hand; and Dean also

*21.7.1903.

†4.1.1903.

‡16.8.1904.

is much brighter and more in the swim of things than I ever remember him. The cadets seem to me to be a very fair batch.* They are certainly more enthusiastic and demonstrative than any we have had there for several years, but I am not quite sure whether they are as really religious. Last year's lot are doing well; the more I think of the position, the more do I feel that what is called the 'House system' would be the best for us."†

One of many dreams which he was not to see fulfilled was the William Booth Memorial International Training College. He lovingly planned it, and saw it as love often sees things which to other eyes do not exist. The war intervened to make the raising of the necessary money a trebly difficult task, costs too increased; this spelt delay. But realisation was within measurable distance in May 1928, when the stone-laying ceremony, which proved to be his last public meeting, took place. He said then:

"Our training is as far as possible from anything like a merely intellectual training. Intellectual training is associated with it; there is the study of some of the greatest and gravest problems that can occupy the human mind, but this is all made subordinate to the actual training in the work which cadets are called to undertake.

"My dear father from the beginning set as one of the principles he would follow, that he would use the common people to reach the common people. . . . He was opposed to anything like a theological seminary, or anything like the setting apart of people in order to educate them out of one class into another. He said, 'Let us train the working people, so that they can, wisely, in their own way, help the working people!'"

That future leaders of the movement would recognise the value and necessity of training in all its phases he never doubted. Indeed, he believed The Army would increase facilities for training its people.

"I hope the day will come," he said in 1925, "when we shall be able to train our soldiers as local officers: that there will be in every land a great institution where each soldier who is going to take up a local position . . . must come and spend a month or three months to be trained for the work. I may not live to see that day, but I am quite sure it will come."

An International Staff Training College was established, where groups of officers came for special training. Sessions were held, when officers of many nations met to study certain phases of Army work and to receive instruction from leaders at the international centre. Looking into The Army's future, it seemed to Bramwell Booth that the close association of its officers, especially the younger

*Note. This term, used for years by Army Training officers, was derived from a talk in which cadets were compared to a batch of bread.

†15.1907.

staff officers of every land, with each other and with their leaders, would play an important part in preserving The Army's characteristics, and in fostering the spirit of internationalism so vital to its existence.

One of the considerations which, in 1880, led to the establishment of Training centres for cadets was the urgent necessity for unity of teaching within The Army. The soldiers from among whom the officers were chiefly recruited were many of them beginners in the spiritual life without any knowledge of doctrine as such, and even for those older in the faith The Army's now clearly-defined doctrine of holiness was to a great extent new ground. If the experience were to be made intelligible, those who were to declare it must be taught how to enter into it themselves and how to teach it to others.

Nowhere in The Army's history is the leading of the Holy Spirit more clearly displayed than in William and Catherine Booth's search after holiness of heart. As a doctrine, and still more as an experience, holiness, entire sanctification as Wesley called it, had almost died out of Methodist teaching when William Booth entered its ministry. Bramwell had been named after the holiness teacher, William Bramwell, and before his parents had themselves fully understood or entered into the experience they had dedicated their son to be a teacher of holiness. In a letter to Mrs. Reed, in 1880, Mrs. Booth says :

"I did wish you could have been behind the door the other day and heard the report of our Bramwell's meeting with those clergymen. You would have praised God for giving him such wisdom and grace. Mr. Denny, who was there, told me that Bramwell's spirit was so sweet that it carried them all. . . . We called him William Bramwell, because that doctrine was so dear to our hearts, and it seems as though the Lord had made this the darling object of his heart, to promote holiness."*

In 1874 Railton was travelling and Bramwell sent him a short note : it contains the earliest reference I can find to the establishment of the holiness meeting as a regular part of the Mission's programme. Bramwell tells his friend that William Booth had himself entered into the experience about which there had been much heart searching and prayer within the family circle. The note continues :

"He [William Booth] is strongly inclined to make an effort at the country on the question ; so far as I can see the present plan is to establish a weekly holiness prayer meeting in London. . . . He wants to know what you think. I think, and I am on the spot, that it is a very good idea. I think the London meeting would be *very good*."†

*28.7.1880.

†17.10.1874.

Bramwell is seeking for himself. His entrance by faith into the peace of that experience finally came almost abruptly. One Sunday when he was on tour visiting Mission stations, after leading the morning meeting in one town he was walking to another. His thoughts were dwelling on the question of a holy life and his own lack of faith, when he suddenly apprehended with great clarity that this was a matter of the will. He stopped, turned aside to a gate in the lane, and immediately challenged his own heart's will to believe. Vaulting into the field he then prayed, submitting himself wholly to Christ. "What God requires is not merely the doing of righteousness, but the *love* and *choice* of it," he wrote in after years. In that garb the experience of holiness had been presented to his heart and by faith it became his own.

William Booth, writing in 1876 to Mr. Reed, reveals how important a place the holiness doctrine had already reached in his own mind, and the rôle it played in the creation of The Salvation Army :

"My dear son, Willie, has taken hold of the work with all his heart and sees eye to eye with me in this respect. He has wonderful influence with the people for *his age*. He goes from Station to Station preaching, meeting the societies, advising the evangelists, suggesting new measures of usefulness and urging the necessity and importance of holiness of heart and life upon all. He wrote me last week saying that it is the *experimental realisation* and *definite teaching* of the blessing of holiness that alone can make us different from the other organisations around us. I say *Amen*. And only this, it seems to me, can justify us in having any separate existence at all."*

Father and son were of one mind on this cardinal point. Both were led by the spiritual insight of Catherine Booth to recognise its vital relation to the maintenance of a high standard of personal conduct. They strengthened each other in the faith, and never ceased to emphasise this aspect of The Army's message to the world. The Articles of War which every soldier signs contain the declaration :

"I believe that it is the privilege of all God's people to be wholly sanctified, and that their whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

William Booth declared to the end of his days that the life and force of The Salvation Army would depend upon a faithful adherence to this doctrine. In his letter left to be read after his death he enjoins Bramwell :

*10.10.1876.

"First and foremost you should continue to seek, and above all other things to maintain, holiness of heart and life. A clear and constant sense of the divine favour . . . will have more to do with your happiness and usefulness than all other things beside."

Nearly forty years earlier he had written to Bramwell :

"Making saints must be *our* work, that is *yours* and *mine*. G. S. R. and others are all for converting sinners and making *workers*. We want *saints*."*

The teaching of holiness as a practical experience became part of the Mission's message. There were difficulties, prejudices to overcome amongst the evangelists. Bramwell's diary records :

"I rejoice in God my Saviour, my Salvation, my joy, my all. More and more He is laying on my heart the need and importance of holding up constantly the *Holiness flag*. And there is nothing *grieves* me more than to find as I do in some quarters, a quiet, but a powerful, and I fear a *bitter* opposition to the efforts which are made to push this glorious teaching. Oh Lord, help me to show forth *Thy Praise*, even when Thy Name, the *Holy Name*, is cold-shouldered."†

He persevered with the holiness meetings wherever he went, and many of the Mission leaders began similar services.

The All Night meetings, as conducted by Bramwell Booth, were really combined prayer and holiness meetings, designed to help those who were seeking a deeper spiritual experience. From the first he was looked to as a teacher of holiness. On this subject he spoke as one having authority, and the very men who were disposed to bridle at the idea of this "little more than a boy" inspecting their stations, were melted to tears in his holiness meetings, forgot his youth and counted themselves blessed to sit at his feet. They saw the wonders wrought amidst the people, and by the time The Salvation Army was born, the holiness meeting had its place in the programme of every branch. In 1879 when twenty-three he writes to Mrs. Billups :

"I have been much exercised lately concerning the advance of holiness teaching. I have been invited several times to give addresses outside our own borders, and have been urged to establish a meeting in a London centre—the Lord seems to lay it on me to do something. And yet I cannot find the time. I want to do right and ask you to pray the Lord to guide me. I shrink from taking any more upon me and yet I want to see this glorious doctrine and testimony advanced."‡

The weekly holiness meeting in the Whitechapel Hall was begun

*9.9.1876.

†11.12.1877.

‡27.4.1879.

by him in 1879. At first it was held in a room seating about seventy persons, afterwards in the hall. A narrow trestle table, covered with a scarlet cloth, ran down the centre at right angles to the platform ; about this and closely ranged in every available space sat and stood the strangely mixed crowd, drawn by a common interest in the transcendent subject expounded by the young teacher. He did not talk for long, but always he definitely declared that salvation through Jesus Christ included salvation from all sin all the time. Holiness of heart meant a sin-free heart, a love-filled heart. Dr. J. A. Wood had called holiness of life the Blessing of Perfect Love : this was perhaps Bramwell Booth's favourite definition of the experience.

"The rest of a sanctified heart," he said, "is really the rest of love. Love becomes the rule of our lives, whether we live or die, work or rest, suffer or rejoice. In injury and misunderstanding, when suffering from slander or weakness, as well as in victory and prosperity, and even in the common things of daily life and toil—often so meaningless without this—love fills, surrounds, crowns us, and flows out of a heart in which God abides and rules ; and God is Love."

It is impossible to estimate the influence of those gatherings upon The Army. The fame of them went to the four corners of the earth. People travelled from all over the country and from the continent to be present at those Whitechapel meetings. Of these not a few returned to their own lands to devote themselves to the spread of the doctrine, many to become leaders of thought and teaching in their own churches, others to become Salvation Army officers. A young man in Boston, Mass., was talking one day to Dr. Cullis of that city, who, showing him a photograph of Bramwell Booth, said, "that man leads the mightiest holiness meeting in all England," adding a description of the Whitechapel meetings. Resolved to hear him, Samuel Brengle went to England, met Bramwell Booth, became a Salvationist and The Army's first American-born Commissioner.

During the first thirty years of Army-making Bramwell Booth was almost a prisoner at Headquarters ; when he conducted meetings they were more than likely to be private to officers, or semi-private to soldiers and recruits than open to the public. But he was *known* as a speaker by the Whitechapel holiness meetings. How many, on being asked if they had ever heard him preach have replied, "Yes, at Whitechapel." Part of the Journal entry for March 11th, 1921, when he was on his way from San Francisco to Seattle, reads :

"During day, at railway station, high up and very cold, station-master introduced himself to me, saying, 'You don't

remember me, Mr. Bramwell? But do you remember the holiness meetings at Whitechapel in the 'eighties?' I replied, 'Of course I do!' 'Well,' he said, 'I received the Blessing of a Clean Heart there, and have kept it ever since.' Found he had been to 'Frisco for some of the meetings. Doing his utmost in that lonely situation to glorify God and walk in white!"

In Bramwell Booth holy living as a practical experience had found a modern expositor. He set a standard, established a tradition, more, laid the foundation for The Army's teaching of holiness to all peoples. The first article he wrote was about holiness. In its opening sentence he says :

"Holiness is looked upon in the Christian Mission as a state of grace greatly to be desired, by many as impossible to attain, by many as a standing duty which they fail to come up to, and they therefore are brought into constant condemnation by reason of the fact that they have light but do not walk in it. . . . They are enslaved within the reach of liberty, they hunger within full view of the heavenly table."

And in a message to Divisional officers assembled in council in 1928, written after he had begun the rest from which he did not return, he says :

"Ought we not to lead our people into more aggressive relations with God? Are not many, both officers and soldiers, settled down into a complacent mood with regard to their relations with God the Holy Ghost? . . . I am sure that God will help you to lead our people into more faithful and believing contact with Himself. It is all-important that we should maintain a good understanding with our Lord and Master. The unity of mind and purpose, and the freshness of sympathy which are so important to prevent anything like coldness and tameness in our work, can only be maintained by this."

Throughout the whole of the fifty years between the two writings he declared by his life, by word and by pen the power of the Holy Spirit to make holy; that He Whom Paul called the Sanctifier is able to sanctify.

In every part of the world he visited Bramwell Booth held holiness meetings, preached holiness to men of every class, of every colour; called upon Salvation Army officers and soldiers to experience and to declare a "full salvation"—the doctrine is often so designated within The Army. The songs he wrote are chiefly holiness songs. How many thousands of seeking souls have voiced their heart's longing in his words :

BRAMWELL BOOTH

“ Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er ?
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more ?

Now search me, and try me, O Lord !
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry !
See ! helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave ;
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save !

O Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy Blood for my cleansing I see ;
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation, full, present, and free.

O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep ;
And long shall my praises ascend,
For Thou art almighty to keep ! ”

If the device on William Booth's banner was fittingly “ Salvation for the World,” then on Bramwell Booth's should be inscribed, “ Holiness unto the Lord.”

CHAPTER XI

HIS MARRIAGE

CAN love be measured ? Can it be found by seeking ? Whence is it and to what end is it given ? To such questions the heart of man gives diverse answers. The fool answers according to his folly, the rational according to his reason, the lover according to his love. To a noble heart, capable of strong affection, love comes as the crown of life, as the master waking all its strings to music, as light shining on everything beautiful. And thus it came to Bramwell Booth.

See him at twenty-five.

The outer man, the shell of him, is tall, lean and dark-bearded. He has a broad, open brow ; steadfast, outlooking eyes. Brown they are, but their colour does not account for the arresting, speaking quality of them. They can be merry and laugh without calling the lips to their aid, they kindle at times with a sudden indignation that makes them seem to glow, but always there is a penetrating directness about their glance. If he chance to be reading when you approach him, and then he lift his eyes to you, it is almost as if some virtue went forth from them. To the troubled and sorrowful they tell the secrets of comfort as words never could. They often draw men to him. His hands, well-disciplined servants of the mind, are small in proportion to his height, long-fingered and calm, moving swiftly across the page when he writes, eloquent with an occasional gesture when he speaks. They are the hands of a ruler.

He wears his clothes carelessly, is oblivious of a shabbiness that often tries others. He looks about him as he walks, notices everything ; is naturally a silent man, though life demands from him almost incessant talking. His voice is flexible, without trace of roughness ; of wide range ; in conversation always restrained, but matching his emotions by a varying intensity of tone. Physically he is not robust, partially deaf ; but, possessing an immense capacity for work, he races time and cheats himself of sleep, wrestling always with anxieties which must be kept out of sight if he can manage it.

Of the inner man it is clear enough to those who know him that behind the reserve which is the protective cloak of his sensitive nature there dwells a deeply emotional spirit ; finely balanced by an unwavering will, a calm and reasoned judgment. Vividly imaginative, he enters the joys and sorrows of others, and is apt to attribute to them what he would feel in their place. Introspective, self-depreciatory to a fault, humble and self-sacrificing, he is nevertheless stubbornly self-reliant intellectually. Tears come to

him more readily than to most men, but laughter comes too. He can be suddenly merry as is the way of the truly serious-minded, and though he is inclined to dwell upon the sorrows of life, he possesses a delicate sense of humour : not incongruous, for humour seldom dwells but in a heart where sadness is at home. His whole outlook is dominated by religion, and he is sometimes in danger of neglecting the merely human. He has a vocation, and everything must yield to what he conceives to be its claims ; he is a Salvationist, not merely pledged to service in The Salvation Army, but himself the embodiment of many of its principles and eccentricities and already sharing his father's notoriety in a shortsighted world. Of worldly prospects in the ordinary meaning of the word, he has none. The woman who gives herself into his keeping must be prepared to break with conventions, to accept much "on trust," and to be well supplied with courage. His mother wrote to Emma :

" . . . We must find W. a wife now, he wants a *companion*, one to share his soul, and we must try till we do find one."*

He himself does not think of marrying. Since at eighteen he fell in love with a lady some years his senior, who shortly afterwards married a clergyman, he has thought and spoken of himself as a "confirmed bachelor." To his brother Ballington he writes :

" . . . I did not know you had any thought or idea of getting married. If I had known I would have warned you to mind and *beware* of everybody in general. No doubt a good wife would be an excellent find for you, and if you came across a *real, godly* soul-loving woman and felt you could unite your future with hers—well then I would say go in, *but* I have gone up and down a little with my eyes open and as yet I am bound to confess I have not seen *one such* in walks of life which are suitable. And *frankly*, if I must get married (though of course there is no must about it) I would rather have a girl like Kate Shepherd or wooden-legged Doyle !! who *loved God* and would be of one *spirit* with me, than anybody of the 'look after me' sort !!"†

And to Railton, who was on a visit to France :

" . . . What you say in your last on private matters is interesting, specially as coming at a moment when I am feeling less likely to get married than I have done ever for years past. The Kingdom of God requires many things, maybe requires more than one can find, and one's heart of hearts will only go its *own* way, and as for me I can go no other !

"So go in at Bloomington and be quick before all the bloom is gone. It would be *some* pleasure in the thought of your staying

*1881.

†22.6.1879.



BRAMWELL BOOTH
1882

in that country, if I knew that you really had a congenial and happy comrade able and glad to make you glad sometimes. I pray for you.

"My 'singleness' has many singular characteristics and perhaps is God's best way of making me His own way. Very well. Shall the thing formed say to, etc. No, the silly thing. If it does it'll only get shut up or smashed ! or both !

"So next time you write you should encourage me in the good way, and think no more of inviting me to foreign parts. . . . My dear fellow, you live in my heart."*

But his mother feels differently. It is now four years since she wrote to him :

". . . It may be you will yet find your twin soul ; which I am quite sure you have never found yet, except in imagination. You are only twenty-one, and possess advantages over thousands ; besides, the Lord is your reward and He will find you a ' help meet for you.' I feel sure the day is coming when all the winter and storms which you have passed through will end in a morning of bright glad love and fellowship even on earth.

"I feel it will be so if you will only look up and be willing. Now write and tell me if you will do as I desire and tell me all that is in your heart. I am better now, you need not fear to put me about.

"With assurances of tenderest love and sympathy.

"Your Mother."†

And again :

"All you want now is a wife, one with you in soul with whom you could commune and in whom you could find companionship and solace. . . . God will find you one, and I shall help Him. . . . I am praying for one for you."‡

"You must have a wife who will be a *companion* and a help in your work and you will feel twice the man. As soon as you are prepared to give one a due amount of your consideration and *time* I will find you one. There *are* just such loving sensible devoted women as you need, but then *such* women want a husband in return and not merely a working machine."§

He says :

"I would to God we or He would find us some others who were one with us. You say get married, but what a life, if I did not find a woman who thought of herself and me *not at all* when the work had to be considered—and I fear such are *few* !""**

*11.1.1881. †1877. ‡29.5.1878. §10.9.1878. **27.6.1880.

Bramwell's mother and sisters look about, but they do not find the "twin soul" who "will be a companion," a woman who will think "of herself and me not at all" when the work makes claims! If they could choose the ideal woman to fit him and his need, what should she be like?

Physically she should be healthy, vigorously alive to the beauty and divinity of everyday things; fair, blue-eyed and serene; able to face emergencies unruffled; possessing a will as strong as Bramwell's own. She should be well endowed with the rare gift so ironically called common sense. She must be fit to be companion of his mind as well as of his heart, for his will be an isolated life in spite of the fact that he is always amongst crowds. This ideal woman must be a lover of children; wise in husbanding supplies, for economies will be necessary; resourceful, hopeful, cheerful; a lover of nature and things beautiful, but not fastidious, for life will be crowded with stern realities. If she lack apprehensiveness it will not matter, for he has enough for two. Experience in public life or in preaching need not be hers, for he will revel in teaching her; but she must be prepared to become one with him and his family in subordinating everything to the "Concern," and not only be religious herself, but ready to take a share in the Salvation war. She too must be a "Salvationist," for as the wife of one who is destined to lead the greatest religious advance of the century, there must be a whole-hearted acceptance of the new order, that in years to come she may stand with her husband in undivided loyalty to the cause. Let her be rich in all the mothering instincts, which, vitalised by love, bring forth selfless, unwearying wisdom in the art of cherishing: for bodily, mentally and spiritually Bramwell Booth will stand in need of it. If in addition she should be beautiful, possess some modicum of this world's goods and be nineteen or twenty, so much the better. Such an one would match Bramwell Booth and his particular circumstances.

But does she exist?

Yes! And one morning in the spring of 1880 he and she meet on the doorstep of his home. He is leaving for the city, she is calling on his mother. They do not speak, there is no revealing flash of insight. He goes his way remembering cornflowers in her hat, and that their blue matches her eyes. The picture of her recurs to him during the day, "unusual for me," he says, and when he returns home at night he asks about the morning caller. It appears she is a young lady, still at school, who has been taken one Sunday evening, with other elder pupils, to hear Mrs. Booth preach in the West End. The young lady herself says of her experience:

"As I took my seat at the back of the Hall I was conscious only of curiosity to hear a woman preach, and had no anticipation of anything that would specially interest me. Mrs. Booth held

my attention from the moment that she stepped on to the platform. The words of the hymns also struck me. They were quite new, and reading each verse arrested my thoughts. 'Lovers of pleasure more than God' was the opening song, and the second, 'Time is earnest passing by', which Mrs. Booth herself gave out, made me feel she had specially intended me to hear it. The absurdity of thinking that she could know anything at all about me never occurred to me, for the feeling possessed me from that moment that she was addressing her words to me.

"As she spoke of Christ's last words to His followers, 'Ye shall be My witnesses,' a new vision of life came to me. Religion had always been impressed upon me as something of which I stood in need—a way of safety for which I must pay the price by renouncing the things that interested me most; but as a life of joyful service to someone we loved, as a vocation worthy of sacrifice and devotion it had never been presented. I began to feel ashamed, certainly my head drooped as we have so often seen those of others under the influences of the Holy Spirit, the fear of God came upon me. I understood I could not escape from my immortality.

"It did not seem long before she ceased speaking and asked that those who had received blessing during the series of meetings (it was the last) should give expression in testimony, urging those who had never so voiced their feelings to do so.

"From all parts members of the congregation rose, telling of their love of Christ and desire to serve Him better. I felt that if I remained silent I should pass under false colours. I found myself on my feet, saying with much trembling that I had never before understood what serving Christ meant, but that I wished to give myself to Jesus, and would Mrs. Booth pray for me. She said some kind words in response, but our party immediately rose and we all left."

An entry in her diary at the close of 1880 recounts this happening and goes on:

"I came home and at early morning, after thinking it all over, I knelt and gave myself to God; and rested for pardon and purity on the blood of Christ alone. I am His for ever. I felt I must serve God with all my powers—everything else seemed empty and cold, even my old idols, painting and music."

She wrote to her father, who replied expressing his displeasure that she had been taken to the meeting, and describing the excesses of the Salvationists, saying they were quite unfit to be his daughter's companions.

" . . . The effect of his letter on my own mind," says Florence, "was to bring me the conviction that these people were to be my people and their God my God ; that for me to be ashamed of them would be equivalent to being ashamed of my Saviour.

"A day or two later I saw in *The Christian* a notice from Mrs. Booth that she sought as companion for her daughter a young lady who could speak French and was free to accompany her to France. I wrote to Mrs. Booth telling her of her help to me in the Steinway Hall and that I longed to give up my life to God's service. A postcard came in reply asking me to call at 114, Clapton Common.

"At that interview my heart went out to Mrs. Booth and she became my mother in every sense of the word. But there seemed no hope of obtaining my father's consent to my going to Paris. In desperation I asked Miss Booth to come for a visit. We always had liberty to invite our friends, and my step-mother aided my plot. The impossible was accomplished and my father won over."

Florence Soper and Bramwell Booth have never made any secret of their belief that they were led to each other by the hand of God. Need any doubt that Bramwell Booth was called and chosen for his work and that his wife, called and chosen for hers, was given him by his "Father, Who knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask?"

The first time Bramwell Booth spoke to her was at a Sunday morning holiness meeting in the Whitechapel Hall, some months after that encounter on his mother's threshold. He had led the service, and at the conclusion passed among the congregation to administer the sacrament, as was then the custom in The Salvation Army. He had not observed Miss Soper, until reaching her he offered the bread and the cup, calling upon her to remember the Lord's death. Thus he addressed her for the first time.

The words were a fitting and prophetic prelude to their life together, for there was a sense in which by word and by example he made the same demand every day they spent in each other's company, until, in the early morning hours of the day he died (not that he or she knew that it was to be his last on earth) he spoke to her for the last time, and said, "Darling, the Name of Jesus—His beautiful Name, a Name to live by and a Name to die by." It was a Sunday too, and forty-nine years since that Sunday morning in Whitechapel.

On that first occasion Florence Soper had been invited by the Booths to lunch, and his sister Emma introduced Bramwell, and the two walked together part of the way. Several times after this they met, and he was more and more drawn to her. He admired her pluck in facing her family's objections to her association with The Army, and by the time she accompanied his eldest sister to

France was caught up by invisible bonds to the soul of her. He made discreet enquiries from his mother and his beloved Emma—they had only good to tell. It was clear there would be no opposition to face in that quarter.

It is characteristic of him that so soon as he realised what was going forward in his heart, he reviewed all the reasons which might be summoned against doing what he wanted to do. Another in his place might well have reviewed the reasons in favour! What had he to offer her? His deafness, for the first time, loomed large as a disability. What was there that could compensate for this in her eyes? The material circumstances of her life were very different from anything he could offer. How would one nurtured as she had been, adapt herself to his mode of life? Might she not see “no harm” in many things that he, with his more narrow upbringing, could never approve? And could such an absorbing interest come into his life without detracting from his work for God? Was it wise, was it safe? “I felt myself fully covenanted with God for that work,” he says, writing of his feelings about the matter, “and I dreaded putting myself into circumstances which might make me less fully devoted to it.” Still, he had to admit that “interest” had, in fact, invaded his heart, and with those questions there came another: might not this be what God purposed for him? He decided to give the whole matter six months’ prayer and reflection.

Meantime, Florence Soper, now nineteen years of age, was sharing in the vicissitudes that befell The Army’s advance corps in Paris. The Parisians regarded the young women who unfurled The Army’s tricoloured flag as the last word in English freaks. Their faulty French elicited shouts of laughter from the fun-hunting crowd who filled the little hall where the Salvationists first “opened fire.”

“What strange experiences in that gay city!” says Florence. “I was not supposed to take any public part in the meetings [a stipulation of her father’s], but I read the Bible, selecting passages that gave the Gospel message. The attention given by the crowds was remarkable at times.

“The meetings were advertised by bills—we were not allowed to give away handbills, but Cox* and I made sandwich boards and walked up and down the boulevards causing immense astonishment among the passers-by. Soon our hall was filled every night and advertising became unnecessary. The ‘*En Avant*’ was published and we sold hundreds to the workmen as they arrived in Paris from the suburbs on their way to work at six o’clock in the morning, and at night we visited the cafés and low drinking resorts. Miss Booth often sang while the men sat drinking, and sometimes we were able to give a short address.

“The disorder in the meetings increased. When we started singing, the crowd of hooligans—we had very few women in the

*Afterwards Commissioner Adelaide Cox.

meetings—would use their own words, laughing uproariously. The song for the prayer-meeting with the chorus, 'Approchez-vous' was turned by them into 'embrassez-vous.'

"Samuel Stitt,* a young lieutenant from England, was sent to help us keep order. His hair was red and caused much fun, our roughs pretending to light their cigars by it. He was terribly knocked about by them, but had wonderful patience and I think never lost his temper."

All this was good for the future Mrs. Bramwell. Not that she had any premonition of what was to be. If Bramwell had thoughts of her, she did not guess them and had no thoughts of him. Others indeed presented their claims to her notice, and humanly speaking Bramwell several times narrowly escaped losing his chance. But the rough and tumble, the glance under the surface of life at the ugly sores festering there; the hand-to-hand grappling with sin; the doing violence to her own feelings; all this and much more that the Paris days brought her could hardly have been given as effectively and as rapidly under other conditions. This too was of God for her. Her life hitherto had been sheltered. Her father's house was situated on the edge of the little mining town of Blaina, the home farm adjacent ran up the hillside. The children, four in number, lived a free, wild, but carefully supervised life: riding Welsh ponies up hill and down dale; organising bagatelle tournaments or picnic parties, according to the weather. When ten years of age, Florence lost her mother, and the same year went to school, returning home for the holidays to resume the country life.

At eighteen she was beginning to be rather a rebel, looked scornfully out on women's life of that day, professed she disliked children, thought of taking to painting as a career: when Catherine Booth opened her eyes to a vision which revolutionised her life, her own inner life, and her outlook on life as a whole. Mrs. Booth made an indelible impress upon the girl's mind, and from the first was looked up to with reverence bordering on awe, which the love of following years never quite eliminated.

No one could be long in contact with the Booths without being drawn into Army affairs, for they possessed no life apart from the "work." Florence found a special affinity with Emma, to whom she confided something of the antagonism which she was meeting at home. His eldest daughter was the last whom Dr. Soper would have suspected of "fanatical tendencies," and though her strong will was well known to all who knew her, neither he nor her step-mother could think but that "this craze" for The Salvation Army would pass. It was with the secret hope that a close view of The Army would soon exhaust her interest that he at last consented to her going to France for a few months with Catherine Booth the younger.

But Florence Soper had made her choice, and these people were

*Afterwards Colonel.

henceforth to be her people. She boldly donned her first scrap of uniform, a blue band with "The Salvation Army" inscribed upon it; not knowing how it was to be worn, she tied it round her left arm and was proud to feel herself a fool for Christ's sake. At the end of July, 1881, in accordance with her father's wish, she returned from France, and for her the question of the hour was whether she would be allowed to go back. She had grown very fond of Katie Booth whilst they worked together, and the desire to devote herself wholly to The Army was confirmed. Her diary, very scrappy, gives a momentary view of her thoughts as :

"*July 28, 1881.*—Over from France. Oh, shall I ever go back? Thy will be done—I long only to serve Thee alone."

Home life resumed its normal course. Hopes of a return to France faded. She was to learn that France was not the only battlefield for a soldier of Christ. Here in her own home were victories to be won.

"*August 24th.*—Ride to Llangorse. Mr. M. to tea. I fear I did not declare my colours sufficiently, what a coward I am!"

"*Friday, 26th August.*—Beautiful letter from Mrs. Booth. Yes, I will be firm and true to God."

"*Wednesday, 31st August.*—Excursion to Crickhowell. Six ponies. Evie rode well. Beautiful view from bridge over Usk."

The next entry tells that the blow has fallen. Her father will not allow a return to France.

"*September.*—I am learning to say: 'Thy will be done.' Oh, how slow we are to learn to trust Him alone, to live for Him alone, to take up just *the* cross that He gives us. Yet what is mine—to leave all my hopes and ambitions of serving Him in France, of leading those dear, dark souls to His feet . . . to let *her* go *alone* into that dark battle, when I might have been so much help, for I know her heart better than any there. Yet I must stay here and fight against odds only known to myself."

"*Monday, 12th September.*—My birthday. Miss Booth comes down to Blaina. I cannot express my thankfulness to God. He is too good."

"*14th.*—She has won and the poor dear father has given his consent until Xmas. God will reward him and make up for me."

"*Tuesday 27th.*—To Paris. Amen."

So the way unfolded. There is a pathetic and at the same time a sublime beauty about a heart's journey on the path of renunciation. With what heroic resolve it turns from the known and loved to the unknown and often forbidding future! If it but knew that there,

and only just out of sight, awaits a new radiance, a fuller love, or the restitution of the old in fairer garb. But if it knew, it would never itself receive the beautifying touch of sacrifice and of submission. Abraham toiling perplexed and broken-hearted up Mount Moriah gains more than Isaac given back. Ruth is the more fit to be the "mother" of David, that she left Moab and chose her voluntary exile and poverty. To every sincere heart, self-abandonment, leaving all to follow Christ, is at once a costly and enriching experience, transcending in import to that heart all that lies behind and all that shall follow after. To the observer such an experience may be common, may become even common-place : to the soul concerned it is and must for ever be unique.

Here is this girl at the threshold of life, forsaking all for Jesus, choosing to be reviled with "those unspeakably vulgar Salvationists," stepping, as she conceives, into the darkness of loneliness and oblivion ; yet advancing by this very path to meet the lover who will more than fulfil her ideal : to service that will make her name known in all the world. Thus God gave, but not until she had yielded herself. All this future lies hidden, when she writes in her diary in Paris :

"June, 1881.—Mr. Bramwell has been and cheered us up so much. How much I want more faith. He talked about my arrangements and thinks the Lord will open my way. For myself I care not how, only Papa, if he only did not care. I want to learn to *love God* and *God alone*. Oh, dear Jesus, be all in all to me—help me to trust and to crush all earthly affection that comes between me and Thee. I will hold on even in this darkness until Thou dost manifest Thyself to me—espoused to one husband, even Christ."

"He Who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky
The swallow's flight,
In the long way that I must tread *alone*
Will guide my steps aright."

In November of 1881, the six months of prayer and reflection decided upon by Bramwell had passed, and shortly before their conclusion he consulted his father. The result of this conversation was prayer together, the General's blessing on his son, and a chaffing "Will she have you?" A few days later he crossed to Paris, and the next morning, after breakfast at their flat with his sister and the then Captain Soper, he gave Florence Soper all the reasons why she should not marry him ! He says about it :

" . . . I plainly stated my feelings, carefully described something of my experiences during the previous six months, and asked her to be my wife. I felt bound to dwell rather fully on

the probable hardships and uncertainties of my future, including the simple style of living I should have to adopt. At the same time I referred to the strain of our fight with a world in arms against Jesus Christ, and the little we could expect in the way of human sympathy or gratitude in the battle against sorrow and sin.”*

She says :

“ I had never looked upon Mr. Bramwell Booth as an ordinary mortal, which indeed he was not. Such an idea as his ever wanting to marry had never occurred to me and no word or look from him had ever suggested to me anything of the kind in connection with me.

“ The evening before the day on which he spoke to me, his sister talked to me about him in a way I did not at all understand. I must, I think, have been very dense. She hinted at some course she hoped I should take that would be a great pleasure to her. When he made the revelation that he had chosen me after a time of careful consideration, I had the greatest surprise of my life. I have never been able to understand how he could have known enough of me to make it other than a leap in the dark.

“ I listened to him without making any remark. I remember my heart began to beat violently and I was conscious that my view of him radically changed. He had always seemed to me to be on a platform of holiness and service infinitely above me, like some angelic being, but in those few moments he became human, a man who had suffered, who was lonely, and I felt that if I could but help him, I knew I could die for him there and then.

“ When at last I was compelled to speak I rose and went close to him and while speaking took hold of a button of his coat, which button I found wrapped in white paper in his breast pocket some months after we were married.”

She was by nature undemonstrative, he under great restraint from a desire to let her well weigh what he regarded as the disadvantages ; they nevertheless looked deep into each other's hearts on that November morning in Paris, and were satisfied with what they saw there. No definite answer was asked then, and none was given. It was understood that her father must be approached.

In 1914 they are both in Paris again :

“ 8.20 to Charing Cross with F. E. B. and on to Paris—this is the first time F. and I have been in Paris together since that November morning 33 years ago when I asked her to be my life-companion ! What a world of happiness has intervened ! ”†

Bramwell wrote to Emma from Paris the day he arrived on that fateful visit to his love :

*These Fifty Years.

†Journal, 31.1.1914.

"Darling, I am quite undecided whether I shall come home to-morrow. . . . I was and am more and more pleased with all I see and hear. Blucher [his sister Katie] is back, but poorly. That other matter does not make much progress—I don't go about it the right way I suppose. But I think I am doing what you would wish, and all's well that ends well.

"Yours ever the same.

"P.S.—Do be cheered up and remember you live in my heart."*

And again on his return to London :

"I am without any information how you are. I will be up at 6.30 to see myself. I got here at six this morning [Headquarters, by then 101, Queen Victoria Street] had a good journey. . . . I did yesterday a good deal towards what you wish, not perhaps in the way you would have liked, but in the only way I thought best for *her*. There were evidently many things on her lips to say which I could not let her say, but all I wanted she did say and was happy in doing it. I think we have both felt a great deal more than we ourselves knew. I am sure I have.

"I will tell you a little to-night, but I promised not to say more than so much for her sake. I am quite *satisfied* and happy about it and thank God for all His goodness."†

On November 30th he went down to Blaina to ask Dr. Soper's consent. To his love he wrote an account of the visit : the letter is headed "In the train to London," and has no formal beginning.

"I have been to Blaina. Under the circumstances I thought that I ought to tell the Doctor at once what I feel, and having settled that, I concluded it was best to go without your knowledge ; and so yesterday, Wednesday, having announced myself by telegram in the afternoon as coming by the eight train, I arrived, and spent a couple of hours chiefly with Mrs. Soper. About ten the Doctor came in and we sat talking for a while ; they both seemed glad to see me and we got quite merry, although I confess I was *not* thinking much about the subject of conversation.

"At last, having told the Doctor I wanted to have a few moments with him privately, we went to the morning-room and I said plainly to him that I loved you, that for twelve months I have thought about it, and prayed that I might know God's will and do it, and that for six months or more it has steadily grown upon me that God has given our hearts to each other's keeping—that I had let you know when in Paris last week that I felt all this, and that while I had not asked you or wanted you to make me any promise or in any way to express your wish in the matter, yet I had reason from what passed to think that your heart reciprocated something of my wish—and that now I

*21.11.1881.

†Undated.

was come on the very first chance I had, to tell him about it, and ask him to let me take you for my own with his cordial and fatherly approval, if you were willing that this should be so.

"I said this or to the effect and I could see the Doctor was very much surprised, and as he said nothing I went on to speak about you and what I thought of you and your probable relations to *him* in the future, quite apart from myself. He said did I think then you would not stay at home, though he wished it?

"I said that I was satisfied that when you returned and he was with you long enough to observe your devotion and self-sacrifice, and to feel that you were called by a greater than any of us, to do His work, that he himself would say to you, 'My daughter, my very love for you prevents my coming between you and your conscience, you must go and follow God's voice.' He said he was afraid it would be so.

"He said, in substance, that he was perfectly astonished, that he had never contemplated the possibility of such a thing and that he did not know what to say.

"Then he asked me some questions about money matters, seemed to think that I thought you had some money in your own right—which I did *not*—and we sat silent, as I saw he was feeling a good deal. The Doctor said he would go and speak to Mrs. Soper, who had been left in the drawing-room. Mrs. Soper seemed more surprised than the Doctor, and at first cross-examined me a little, coming round at last very much to my side, as I thought, and finished by saying, 'Florrie must settle it.'

"Then we talked about your leaving home. That is the point of the difficulty with the Doctor; I think I made him see that he could not, that he ought not, to expect such a flower to go blooming always, without somebody wanting to pick it, and if it would rather be picked—or be transplanted—what could he do?

"He said he was not married till 28; I thought perhaps he would have been happier married sooner, and not getting an answer I concluded he thinks so also—then he said that I was not to think too highly of you, etc.

"The Doctor was quite *sad*, and I felt like a thief and robber entering into the fold to steal the best of the flock. We had a little prayer and went upstairs. It was very late, or rather *early*, and I was too happy to sleep much.

"Now, darling, you have to say, will you be mine? I want you to think both ways. So look both sides—to remember that mine is bound to be largely a life of strife and toil and weariness. I have chosen it for my Master's sake, you would not ask me to seek any less whether you can love me or not—if you are not satisfied that I can make you really, wholly, always happy—tell me—let me wait—but if your heart turns to me of its own innermost self, tell me, and we will be one for the King and for

each other. I have, as I told the Doctor, tested myself and my feelings in the matter, and all the love and service my heart is capable of is yours, if you will let me give it you.

"I did not say anything direct about time, but I know the Doctor understands that I do not want to wait long, if you do not, and I do not think he will make any unreasonable demands upon us. He promised he would write to-day and put before you all he feels and advise you.

"I told him that I had never sought to influence you, but had purposely wished to leave you entirely free—I think you will bear me out in that (sometimes it was hard work).

"This morning the Doctor was even kinder in his manner than last night. I do not think he is afraid to *trust me* with his treasure, but he is afraid you are lost in this Salvation maze, and he does not like or trust *that*.

"Now you can answer this when you like, you know all that is in my heart.

"Your sister*, a very fairy of the mountains, seems well and happy and full of hope about seeing you, also Fred. I don't wonder at them all loving you.

"I had a good time with the Lord last night. I gave Him all. I re-gave Him all, for His service and glory, and re-promised Him to go all lengths with Him for the perishing world. He came near and spoke to me blessedly and I felt He has us both for His very own.

"I hope you will think I did right to go to B. You are every moment in my thoughts. Write and tell me soon if I may always be

Your own."†

A few days later there is this to his mother :

"Dearest Mother,

"I feel quite that this matter is all the Lord's arranging. . . . I am very glad my choice *is* yours, it is and will be an additional happiness difficult to estimate. I don't fear Florrie's health. I only wish it were possible to avoid bringing her in to the whirl and rush and piling on the burdens. It is no joke asking a woman to share such a life as mine is and will have to be. I have done what I could so far to let her see it all. I wrote, of course, after I had seen the Doctor, and her answer is everything. . . . I think it will surprise many folks. I am getting looked upon as an old bachelor ! "‡

This last was true, but many rather deplored it and were heartily glad when the prospect of his marriage became known. One of the Headquarters staff wrote him a letter which may well serve to show the feeling abroad on the matter.

*Evelyn, Dr. Soper's youngest daughter.

†1.12.1881.

‡6.12.1881.

"My dear Mr. Bramwell,

"Regarding your approaching marriage, I can only say I *feel very glad* that at last you have taken this step. I should have expressed my heartfelt congratulations before, but am such a stupid at expression that I postponed it awhile.

"When in times past I saw you unceasingly employed on your self-appointed duties in the S.A., negligently wearing yourself lower and lower in health, when you of all could be *so* ill spared, I wished again and again that you had someone who regarded you sufficiently and who had the invested rights of wifehood to persuade and compel you to consider yourself in some degree. . . .

"I am one to take things keenly and closely to heart though oft-times I may not show it. And toiling Sisyphus-like, rolling the stones of S.A. accounts uphill, when they ever *seemed* to get no further up, and sometimes to fall back again, I believe my heart would almost have failed me but for your noble example with your inestimable responsibilities of people's bodies and souls, and your kind and cheery words, and above all your life which was and is, as far as I have known you, an explanation of 'Perfect Love.'

"You say love is confidence, or without confidence there is no love, and this is true. You have earned my poor confidence and love long ago, and if ever you want a man whose life would pay for your safety, and who would do his utmost to help while depending upon your leadership, I am one such and hope to have the latter privilege for some time to come."*

Miss Soper was expected in London from Paris. There was as yet no sign of the storm gathering at Blaina. Bramwell in his happiness had not realised that the Doctor's comparative silence was caused by amazement, but he was anxious on hearing that no word had been received in Paris from Blaina and wrote :

"My only Love,

"I have yours. I am looking forward to Thursday. I have not written the Doctor, have really not had a moment. There is so much to do. But your letters do me good. I *am* taking care all I can, but it is very difficult work when you are single-handed. If I could have help speedily it would be better.

"If you think your letters are not what they should be, what are mine? I am getting desperate to hear that the Doctor has written you.

"We are full of business. Have got another £1,000 to-day for Clapton [the Congress Hall]—and are taking a Rink at the West End [Regent Hall] at £900 a year for West End work.

"You are doing me good. I feel as though it is a real spring-time in my heart and my life seems to have got a new impetus like a river swollen into a mighty stream.

"And when you say you are happy about it all, my heart leaps with joy and gratitude to God, that He lets me make you happier."*

The Doctor did write, and this is what he said :

"My beloved Florrie,

"I must begin my letter as you end yours : there is much that I *cannot* write about, but this I want to talk to you about. We had a visit from Mr. Bramwell Booth, when he spoke in reference to you, on a subject to which I could not give a definite reply, as it was one which I told him could not be answered without much reflection. It is a source of great pain and anxiety to me, but until I see you matters must remain quite undecided. My own views in reference to what you consider the highest aim in life are still unchanged, and your view is a source of great regret to me, and now when I hoped there might be a break in the clouds, the horizon again becomes clouded over.

"I was altogether so surprised by Mr. Booth's proposal, that I said nothing, in truth did not know what to say. It is a most grave and serious question, one involving your happiness and in a great measure mine. I told Mr. Booth that one looked very differently at these matters at fifty years of age to what one does at twenty-five years, and what else may have been said I hardly know. Save and except that you had no dower of any kind. You are most precious and priceless to me and the thought of giving you at any time would fill me with grief and longing.

"Under present circumstances I cannot consent to your visiting Miss Emma Booth as a guest in the house. I am glad to hear you wish to have a few music lessons, although I fear it has not the same charm for you it once had. See as much of Paris as you possibly can.

"You make no allusion to money matters and I therefore conclude you do not want cash.

"Ever, my beloved Florrie,

"Your loving Father.

"P.S.—I wish you distinctly to understand there must be no pledge or engagement entered into."†

On her way home Florence saw her aunts.

"Dearest Mother," wrote Bramwell,

"This must serve to you and the General about myself. . . . Florrie saw her aunts and found them fully informed and awfully savage. Found also that the Doctor had written as though utterly heart-broken about it.

"I found last night she was awfully unhappy about him, and so I agreed to let her go to-day to Blaina, as she says *she* is the

*5.12.1881.

†3.12.1881.

only person who can manage him. The only person who ever could. I had a long talk last night ; I do not a bit fear them moving her an inch, the only thing is they make her wretched. Miss L. said the Doctor could not live in Blaina after it was known !! She would break up the home ! It is very odd they should seem to think so strongly the thing as one to be ashamed of.”*

The Doctor's opposition to his daughter's association with The Army continued. Florence Soper went back to Paris, her decision unshaken, but joy dimmed by the disapproval of those dear to her.

“Don't worry,” wrote Bramwell, “and God will bring all to His own will, and even if the Doctor does run off from what he has said to me I shall feel full four square for a winning fight to get our own way quick !!”

“... so be the Lord's and be merry about it—and tell me all in your heart.”†

Some correspondence passed between Dr. Soper and Mrs. Booth, who wrote in February, 1882 :

“Dear Dr. Soper,

“I have purposed writing you ever since my son's first visit, but have allowed the ‘flighty purpose’ to elude the deed. . . .

“And now, my dear Sir, as the Providence of God has settled it beyond our will or control that we *must* come in contact, at any rate through those we both love dearer than our own lives, will it not be the wisest apart from religion altogether (on your part ; for on mine I have no separate interests from the Kingdom of God), but if you prefer to have separate interests, yet will it not be the wisest and happiest course for yourself, to face the facts and act accordingly ? Is it of any avail to fight against what *God* has ordered ?

“Perhaps you will say : what right have you to assume that this matter is of God ? First, I believe this to be of God because for years I have prayed in faith that God would save my boy from being influenced in such a choice by any secondary consideration apart from His glory and Kingdom, and that *He* would prepare and send the right person at the right time, and if I were at liberty to tell you the temptations (from a worldly point of view) from which he has been delivered you would be no little surprised. Now I know that this is no boyish fancy, but the supreme choice of his soul, and I know further that what attracted him in the *first instance* was dear Florrie's devotion to God and His Kingdom.

“Secondly, I judge this matter to be of God because He has so evidently *prepared* her for the important position she must occupy in the future, uniting in her capacity, simplicity and

*10.12.1881.

†2.12.1881.

devotion, and giving her that oneness of view and purpose without which such a relationship would hinder His Kingdom.

"Thirdly, I judge this because of the mutual affection begotten in their hearts simultaneously and spontaneously. I believe real holy *love* to be one of God's choicest gifts, and I would rather one of my daughters should marry a man with only a brain and five fingers with *this*, than a man with £10,000 per year without it. Such love cannot be bought. All the substance of a man's house is contemned as a price for this. Believing that both of our dear ones have conceived this love for each other, ought we not as desiring their highest happiness to embrace it and try to make them as happy as God intends them to be? Will not even the happiest life have enough of trial and sorrow without our embittering the morning with clouds and tears?"*

The Doctor at last gave a reluctant consent to the engagement. From Paris Florence wrote :

"My own dear Love,

"You expected a long letter and you really ought to have had one, for I have been wanting to write one, but somehow I cannot. I want you dreadfully this morning, for I have rather the 'dumps' over one or two things; of course, I cannot let anyone here know, for I am here to cheer people up.

"As to Blaina matters, Papa will not write to me himself: he is too *angry* with my letter and tells Mamma to say so to me. Her letter is enough to give me the 'dumps' for a week, so I will not send the whole on to you, but she actually thinks I ought to yield to Papa and not go [to Clapton to stay a few days in the Booths' home], as it cannot be imperative to the work of God and is only for my own pleasure. She thinks 'Mr. Booth will agree with me in this.' Do you? If so, of course, I obey. I want to do just the right only, but I do want to come and be with you and surely I ought. I shall just expect orders from you and not be afraid to carry them out; so do not consider me, but just yourself and the right, and I shall be happy."†

In June Captain Soper returned to England, and she remained at home until her marriage. Anger and active opposition to her Salvationism now gave place to a settled displeasure and sadness almost harder to bear. Here are extracts from a few of her letters.

"My dear Love,

"... I want you to read the remarks upon Darwin's Memorial in 'Echoes of the Week,' pages 5 and 7, of the *Illustrated London News* for this week, May 27th. It strikes me as something awful that the Archbishops of York and Canterbury should be on the Committee for raising an 'enduring memorial' for the man who believed we had descended from monkeys. . . .

*1.2.1882.

†3.3.1882.

"The article in the Review is very strong. The idea of thinking 'that the effort to draw into Catholic Communion the S.A. is well worth making.' Papa seems rather surprised, but I fancy he is pleased. He seems to think that there is some chance of our becoming more respectable ! But I told him that I sincerely hoped there was no such hope nor ever would be. . . ."*

". . . I do not see how I can be expected to sleep to-night when I know that you will be hard at work and straight on through the next day without rest. . . . It is pouring with rain. I have been painting all day. I am doing something for Papa's birthday. It will be my farewell to my brush I suppose. I hope he will be pleased with it."†

"My dearest Love,

". . . I wish I could profit by your attempt at a 'scolding' about my letters, but it does not seem as if I could. I am all yours and you *shall* know every thought and wish when you like, but it is another matter the getting of them down on paper ! I do not know that I have any particular, special wishes that you do not know just now. I wish Papa knew you better, for I am sure he would feel happier. He was so tender all day yesterday that I almost felt as if the days were cruel to go by so fast and take me away from him, and yet I want *you* and they cannot bring you too quickly.

". . . Dear love, I am so sure you will make me happy and help me to be good. I feel I am a wilful being sometimes. You may find it hard work to manage me."‡

"My dear Love,

"Yours was more than welcome this morning, but I am getting to feel desperate about your having so much work to do ; your arrangements to decrease it seem to have the opposite effect. Do not let yourself be quite killed before I see you again.

"I am enjoying this beautiful summer's day, and I sit out-of-doors all the time. Last night, or rather this morning, at about 12.30 or 1, I had a little moonlight stroll with Papa. It reminded me of you and Sevenoaks. I suppose you may as well write to Papa at once. It will certainly be nice to get it done before Cardiff. He has been so kind and tender lately. He may be thinking better of it. . . . Have dinner and tea with Emma *properly* and not rush in and out and do business all the time.

"I wish I could come, but the 9th will soon be here ! I am yours only."§

Keeping the engagement quiet had its drawbacks and added to the difficulties of meeting ; these were already made formidable enough by the demands of the "Concern." Bramwell could not go to Blaina unobserved. Doctor Soper, too, nursing his hopes

*1.6.1882.

†22.6.1882.

‡28.6.1882.

§30.6.1882.

that it might yet come to nothing, did not wish the engagement known. He was, however, persuaded to allow his daughter to spend a few days with Mrs. Billups in Cardiff, or at Barry where the Billups's had a country house, that she might meet Bramwell, who travelled down to snatch a few hours with his love. Her diary gives a meagre account of one or two such visits :

" *Sunday, 9.7.1882.*—Bramwell. Long talk at night. I feel much more at rest. I believe it is right. He got away at 6 a.m. and I did not wake. . . . I could not settle to anything."

" *Thursday, 13.7.1882.*—Barry. Mrs. Billups asked Papa if I may stay until Monday and, of course, has consent. . . . There may be another day with B."

"A beautiful ride into Cardiff on Charlie at 5 a.m.," begins the entry for Saturday the 15th ; Charlie was a dapple-grey, not before ridden by a lady, but "he behaved well," and accompanied by Mr. Billups in the dog-cart reached the station in Cardiff in time to spring a surprise on Bramwell who arrived by the night train from London. His lady love must have looked tantalisingly fair and inaccessible in the early morning sunshine, and rain part of the way home we may be sure did not damp his ardour nor cloud the beauty of his vision of the horse and its rider at the girth side.

" *16th, Sunday.*—Nice day with B. God is good to me, and I will live more than ever for Him and if need be die for Him."

" *17th, Monday.*—Home with Mrs. Billups. Papa won't hear of my being married in September. I can leave it all with God. My times are in His hands. What a weary waiting time."

"My dear Love,

"What with the rain and sundry other bothers, I am feeling rather in the dumps. As a little episode, I had just been chatting very happily with Papa when someone comes in with the June 28th number of *The World*, a horrid paper, and containing under the title of 'Celebrities at home' a page on the General. Papa read it, and then with a great sigh said, 'Oh, dear ! Well it is very unfortunate for me.' I asked what ? 'Why, your connection with it' ; and not another word could I get from him, and I suppose he will be melancholy for the rest of the day.

"He will soon find out that it is not so 'very unfortunate,' I hope ; at all events, I comfort myself with believing that he will. I wish I had someone to talk to. When I am home here and Papa is like this, I have what I call a kind of 'cut adrift feeling.' . . . I hope you are feeling jolly and not *quite* buried in work."*

"My dear Love,

" . . . If you do find it possible to come down I hope you will. I am sure it would do Papa good and make him feel better."

*5.7.1882.

And after describing her efforts to advise a cousin in spiritual matters, the letter concludes :

“ Good-bye. Go on taking care of yourself, and do not forget about arranging for that month ! You do not say anything about it and I expect you are intending to bamboozle me out of it.”*

The month referred to was their honeymoon, and one must admit that the expectation expressed was justified. The month dwindled to a fortnight ! And this was not to be the bride’s only disappointment ; the wedding was not to be as she wished.

“ My dear Love,” writes she, dutiful already, “ I am very sorry we cannot be married quietly, but, of course, the General and Mrs. Booth know best and I shall be best pleased if they are pleased.”

Katie came to England for a rest, went down to Blaina House, “ and had a very good talk with Papa ; she takes him by storm. I believe if only she could have stayed we should have had a complete victory, but he will go back to his old grumbles.”†

The following letters are characteristic of the writers and tell us a little of their feelings :

Emma Booth to Florence Soper.

“ My dear Beauty,

“ It can be only a line to-night, but it *must* be that. I am so exceedingly charmed at the very charming change seen in some certain ‘ she ’‡ caused by the exceedingly charming prospect of so soon being owner of the *most* charming live Beauty ever known. Now this sounds silly, but then it is really true, and I nearly forget all my troubles when I think about it !

“ Dearest Florence, I’m *so most* glad you are coming—and I’ll come to Blaina on the stated time if possible and do my best to make the Doctor understand us better if that will make things pleasanter for you and for the blessed ‘ she.’

“ Of course, crimson is the colour for the socks, but let the wool be fine so that they may not be too *thick*. I’ll send size.

“ Love to Mrs. Soper, although unknown as yet, I feel we are good friends. And to you, my precious sister, a load, a host of love.”§

Emma was giving advice about wool for the first pair of socks knitted for Bramwell. Forty-five years’ supply of socks came from the same source. Florence Booth’s fingers were never idle, and when other handiwork was finished there were always socks in the making for Bramwell.

*31.7.1882.

†1.8.1882.

‡Playfully between Emma and Florence, Bramwell was referred to as “ she.”

§25.7.1882.

W. B. B. to Florence Soper.

" . . . I have been very down the last day or two and am far from as well as usual. I had so hoped and wanted to be better when we were married. . . . Just now we are very worried and very tired and I have only the prospect of beginning with you full of cares and anxieties which I should very much like to have escaped at any rate at first. I have never fairly got over the feeling that I am not doing very kindly by you to bring you into such a whirl, and certainly had I foreseen the pressure and anxiety I would have proposed to put off our being married till Christmas. I am, I confess, dreadfully anxious about many things, and I am afraid that you will not have a very bright time at first.

" All my love for you makes me long to make you happy and save you from the sort of worry and care which is so killing and in which more or less our lives are lived. I suppose that I ought to have thought of all that before. Now I can only pray the Lord to keep you and not let you worry *too* much."*

Florence Soper to W. B. B.

" My dear Love,

" I wish I could see you for a few minutes. Yours this morning is very melancholy, but I do not exactly see the logic of your talking or thinking about putting things off on account of your worries and anxieties.

" If we are any use to one another at all, if we love one another even a bit, what advantage can there be in your being worried in London, and leaving me to think about your worries in Blaina ?

" If your cares are to be mine and mine yours, there will be more chance of their being lightened if we could put two shoulders to bear them together. This is my opinion. Have you any other ?

" Your letter really sounds as if you did not expect me to be of the least help or even much comfort, but a sort of creature to be taken care of, looked at, wrapped up and put by in a glass case until you have leisure from business to play with it—whenever in the dim future that might be !

" I will not come at all to be such an one, indeed I am sure you could not make me such and you will be very disappointed. I hope you have not made a mistake. I have often had my thoughts on the subject, but I do not pretend yet to understand men, not even you.

" Why as to Christmas ? Do you really expect to be any better by then ? I do not entertain such an idea under the present circumstances : you have only grown worse, more heaped up with business and worry, ever since I knew you, and it will be worse until you can turn round and fight it.

" Dear love, do you understand me ? Do not put me outside

any more, but let me be in all the worries and burdens and they ought to seem better or I am of no use to you.

“ . . . Love to Emma and Mrs. Booth. I shall not send you any unless you will take it as medicine and grow better.”*

The wedding day was fixed for October 12th. Bramwell encloses in one of his letters a plan of the little house in Castlewood Road, where they made their first home, and on the same page a plan of the immediate neighbourhood, showing its relative position to the house 114, Clapton Common, where the Booths then lived ; in the letter he says :

“ I enclose a slight plan of the relative positions of 114 and 32 and, my dear, the Bishop of B——’s house, which is very near, in case you should want advice or counsel from a dignitary of the Church of your forefathers ! ”†

The day before the wedding there were councils with visiting officers at which, says Mrs. Colonel Taylor (Kate Watts), herself then newly married, “ Mr. Bramwell looked so heavenly happy that we should have known something wonderful had happened to him even if we had not been told. All the officers noticed it.” Florence Soper thought to spend an hour with her love that day, but he refused in the last pre-marriage love letter :

“ Dearest,

“ It is impossible. You can have no conception of the amount of work to be done. We have to meet the Majors to-night, and I have ‘ everybody ’ to see. Forgive me really. But I am only a servant of servants and that means perpetual service. And yet I am conscious that it is not fair to you. Precious Creature, don’t try to reckon how much I love you, you don’t know.

Your own.”

“ A servant of servants ” he calls himself. The words might well be his epitaph !

The War Cry, quoting *The Daily Chronicle*, reported :

“ There are many ways, it is true, of raising money, and perhaps to General Booth is due the initiative in showing that even a marriage can be made profitable to the cause of religion. Excepting officers and leaders, nearly six thousand persons who filled the Congress Hall yesterday on the occasion of the marriage celebration, paid for admission, at the rate of a shilling a head. The funds so raised, together with the offertory, are destined to help in the liquidation of the balance of £8,000 that still remains unsettled in connection with the purchase for Salvation purposes of the Grecian Theatre and Eagle Tavern, in the City Road.”

*7.9.1882.

†13.9.1882.

Small wonder that Dr. Soper found it difficult to approve an "Army" wedding for his daughter ! But he was present and must have experienced conflicting emotions when the brass band marched down Linscott Road to meet the bride and bridegroom, returning at their head and playing them into the hall.

Innovations had in their day been welcomed by the bride's ancestors. Dr. Hawker of Charles Church, Plymouth, preached orthodox sermons but indulged in what were then unorthodox methods for helping the poor ; but perhaps of all the relatives in the past Hawker of Morwenstowe would have been most capable of understanding, though at the same time most infuriated by participation in this Salvation Army wedding.

William Booth began the service by leading the congregation in the singing of :

" Come, Jesus Saviour, from above ;
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace,
Empty my heart of earthly love
And for Thyself prepare the place."

Speaking in prophetic vein of The Army's future he said :

" In this union we have here this morning a further pledge and guarantee as to the permanence and perpetuity of this movement. . . . People are saying, ' What will happen when the General is gone ? ' By the blessing of God, although the generalship of The Army is in no sense hereditary and it is not contemplated to make it such, nevertheless . . . after the General, the son would step into his place ; and, should he do so, there would rally round him, I believe, as cordially and as thoroughly the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands composing this organisation as they have rallied round me. . . . You have also in this union a further guarantee of the spirit, the Army spirit, the war spirit, in which the movement has been carried on. We all know that the great fear about movements is that the life goes out of them. A man is only of use while the life is in him, and an organisation, no matter what may be its theology, if the life is gone out of it, is of no use to God or man. When a man is dead, we bury him, and when the spirit, the life of The Salvation Army goes out of it, I pray that God may bury it, and if I am allowed to come down again I will come to the funeral. I don't want this organisation to stop above ground any longer than, in the spirit of the Master, it is doing the work of the Master, and going about saving the souls of men."

And, finally,

" In addition to these, and all the other guarantees, I look on this union as significant of the coming tide of agencies which are

going to carry The Salvation Army forward. By and by, another race of warriors will arise . . . a race who have been inspired from their very mother's breast with the war spirit, who have been brought into being on purpose to fight, to suffer, and to carry the colours all over the world. . . . They won't push us out of the field—no, we will fight to the last—but as the colours fall from our hands we will welcome them to come and take them up and bear them along. I say : ten thousand blessings upon this union. I thank God that it has been commenced this morning, and may it be finished in the same spirit, for the glory of God and for the salvation of men."

Mrs. Booth spoke on the first principles of training a Christian family, "acknowledge God's entire ownership of your children." Of the bride she said :

"I covet for her that where I have been the mother of hundreds of spiritual children, she may be the mother of thousands."

And continued,

"I covet for my son that whereas the Lord has blessed his father to the salvation of thousands He may bless him to tens of thousands ! I gave him when he was born fully and entirely to the Lord . . . and I covenanted that I would, so far as my light and ability went, train him for God alone ; that I would set at naught and despise and ignore the world's prizes and the world's praises and the world's glory and that he should be, so far as I could make him, a man of God. And what is very remarkable I consecrated him to God for a holiness preacher . . . we set him, I did especially in my heart, before the Lord to be a leader of His forces in respect of this glorious doctrine and experience of holiness, and you see how God has honoured my choice. I could not have made him this ! I could only give him to God for it and do my best to train him.

"And this has not come about because I have not had temptation, as some of you have heard me say, for although we were poor ourselves, we had wealthy friends all over the land who would have helped us to do anything we liked with our children. . . . There are some even within this building who know all the circumstances for twenty years gone by, and who know that we could have made our son anything we chose ; but we chose to make him nothing but a man of God, a blood and fire soldier. . . .

"I do not feel that I am gaining a daughter, for this dear one is my own spiritual child, and has been from the first so one with us in spirit that I feel the earthly relationship is only secondary to the Heavenly. May this marriage propagate Salvation through all its generations ! Amen !"

The bride wore her Army uniform, its sombre hue in contrast to her vivid colouring, and looked very beautiful beside her tall dark bridegroom ; the picture they made is still spoken of, I am told, by some who were present, "and they all, the old General and Mrs. Booth and all, made us feel they were happy about it."

The honeymoon was spent at Southborough. Emma wrote to her brother while he was there a letter which was found after his death in his breast pocket—over forty-six years old, worn but legible :

"Thank you so much and more than much ten times for yours this morning ! It is *so* good of God, and you, and her and everybody, and I am so contented and happy. . . .

"You have always been a lot more to me than you have known, Willie, a lot more to me than I knew myself. I am only now realising what you have been. You have often made me sorrowful . . . almost without exception more sorrowful than anybody else. You've oftener made me glad, and yet you've never satisfied me till Thursday morning !! but now I am 'satisfied of you,' and your note this morning will live in your place in my deepest heart as unfading flowers for ever.

"I'm happy about you.

"Kiss Florrie for me when you are out under the trees in the evening alone. I do love her now so much more than ever I did, and I want you to know and feel I do, even though for a little time she may not. Her love to Katie has been very lovely, her love to you binds my heart inseparably to hers, and you to me for ever will be unchangingly *Willie*.

"I do want you to write Ma most extremely nicely. She is poorly, write her a letter to keep, one of your beautiful ones, will you ?

"Both of you standing up on Thursday morning forms an unfading picture always before me. You both looked so heavenly, but I'm saying too much to please you, and you'll feel impatient with me, so I'll stop."*

To which Bramwell replied :

"Darling,

"You are the only person in the world who could write such a letter as the one I received this morning, and I am afraid I am not the one who can properly or fitly give an answer to yours.

"God is more than good to me : not only in Florrie, and in my own heart (for it has been my own heart that has so long been my fear), but He is good in you and in the love and satisfaction you have in me. Of course, I am always the same. You are not to think that my love for you is touched or lessened by my love for one other ; it is not so, it cannot be so : my love of you

is a complete and perfect whole untouched by this or any other changes that ever come or can come in this world or the next.

"I have kissed my darling for you every day, and more than once a day, and I know she loves you. . . . I am sure you would be very glad if you saw us together."*

Florence too is happy. "I feel I have found a rock," she writes to Emma, "and I only want now to learn how to help him and not be only a child."

There are long letters full of "shop" from the General during the short honeymoon. There are big schemes on hand and big problems to be tackled; it is difficult to spare the Chief. The General is "more glad than I can say" to know they are happy, but it is evident he will be happier when he has Bramwell back at the office; which he soon does: and housekeeping is set up in Castlewood Road.

"Bramwell and Florrie seem to get happier every day . . . this is an unspeakable comfort to me,"

writes Mrs. Booth to her old friend Mrs. Billups; this is in 1882, the year of the marriage. And the happiness was lasting. On the twentieth anniversary of his wedding day Bramwell gave his wife a little clock for the bedside, in its case these words:

"For twenty years the clocks have never chimed without bringing me tender thoughts of thee for whose priceless help and beautiful example and faithful love I am more indebted to my Lord and God than for any other blessing that time has brought me."

*16.10.1882.

CHAPTER XII

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

MARRIAGE made no difference to the hours at the office, which continued to be more than half of the twenty-four. Florence Booth looks upon this first year as the loneliest of her life. She hardly saw her husband by daylight ! Often enough when he reached home at night it was but to swallow a hasty meal and rush up the road to " 114 " where business continued. The newly-made wife's diary is touching in its simplicity.

November 3rd, 1882. " To-night I am tired and melancholy. My love has gone to ' 114 ' to do business. He has to go every night, and will have to, I expect. I see very little of him . . . though he is a greater darling than ever . . . I never mean to let him see that I am down or weary if I can possibly help it. I must be his sunbeam."

The details needing attention at the centre increased at a terrifying pace. The meagre records of the official diaries tell their tale tersely enough—but what a striving and contriving the entries represent ! Australia,* Sweden,† India,‡ and Canada§ were now occupied by The Army in addition to America and France : each a fighting front contributing to the problems and demands to be dealt with by the Chief of Staff, who, in order to supply the distant fields, had to part with promising men from the homeland. The establishment of Headquarters at Queen Victoria Street, within the City boundary, and the purchase of the London Orphan Asylum at Clapton for training and corps accommodation were the fruits of necessity and faith. In like manner the acquiring of property went on all over the country, involving herculean labour for Bramwell Booth. The technical and business side, as well as the raising of funds, fell to his portion ; pitfalls unlooked for stole precious time and energy.

An important step was taken in the purchase of the lease of a notorious amusement centre, the Eagle Tavern, at which all manner of devilry went on. The theatre which formed part of the property made a good hall in a thronging neighbourhood, and the meetings held there proved that it was likely to have become a thriving centre of Salvation Army effort. The lease was short, the price high, that is high having regard to the difficulties of raising money. The General wrote to Bramwell, who was opposed to the scheme :

" . . . Now attend.

" Will the Ground Landlord release us from this Licence covenant ?

*Australia, 1880.

†Sweden, 1882.

‡India, 1882.

§Canada, 1882.

"Ask Mr. Denny if we, in conjunction with him, or without him, at his house or Headquarters, could write fifty or sixty people, such as Gurney Shepherd, Morley, Kinnaird, Wilfred Lawson and others, to ask their opinion and advice whether and how we should shut this 'hell-trap' up.

"What could they say but help? Do this one way or another. Get out a circular and say that an opportunity has presented itself of securing possession of a notorious thoroughfare to Hell (ascertain how much you can say without libelling the former possessors) and that *advice is sought on the subject. Make your circular private and confidential.* . . . Mind my proposed meeting of swells goes upon the plea not of S.A. acquiring this, but of S.A. shutting up this wicked place. . . ."*

The General was enticed by the prospect of turning this "ruination place" into a Salvation depot, and, overruling his son's hesitation, signed the lease.

"The Eagle is ours," he writes to Mrs. Booth, "the scraping the money together will be no easy task. However, we shall get through with *your* help. I cannot help feeling that God is peculiarly well pleased with the effort to close such a *ruination place*."

Enemies were alive to their opportunity. The General was sued for failing to comply with the terms of the original lease, and the case gave father and son an immense amount of worry and wear and tear. It rested on the interpretation of the lease, whether in fact permission to sell drink carried with it compulsion to do so. On July 6th, 1882, the official diary entry in the Chief's handwriting, is :

"Eagle case. Judgment against us by Stephens, forfeiture. Appeal in 7 days, and injunction one month from date to keep covenants as defined by him."

But verdicts were not always adverse. A week later, July, 13th, records :

"Whitchurch prosecution entirely successful."

Salvationists in various places had suffered imprisonment as the result of processions and preaching in the open-air. The rougher element in many towns found encouragement in the attitude of the police ; riots increased, roughs formed "Skeleton Armies" and the persecution, for such it was, reached serious dimensions. White-chapel was the scene of disgraceful attacks by bands of hooligans. In 1881 Railton was recalled from the U.S.A. that his pen and presence might help.

For trying to form a procession in Whitchurch four Salvationists

*Devonport, 1882.

were given one month's hard labour, without option of a fine. But the appeal against this prosecution was successful. *The War Cry* of May 16th reports that, in reply to a question in the House of Lords, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Coleridge, said he "took it that every Englishman had an absolute and unqualified right to go about his business and perform legal acts with the protection of the law; he apprehended that walking through the streets in order and in procession, even if accompanied by music and the singing of hymns, was absolutely lawful, in the doing of which every subject had a right to be protected." The Salvationists were released and magistrates ordered to pay costs. But this did not dispose of the difficulty. Rioting and assault continued and Salvationists were imprisoned in many parts of the country.

Such persecutions were not confined to the British Isles. Switzerland saw Bramwell's sister Katie, and others, imprisoned, and later Sweden and India witnessed the arrest, trial and imprisonment of Salvationists for being concerned in preaching the Gospel in unconventional fashion. In England the last big fight for liberty to preach and march in the streets was at Eastbourne. At the first onslaught fifty persons were fined £5—and fourteen in default of payment were sentenced to one month's imprisonment in Lewes Jail. There were riots every week from June to October.

On September 18th, 1891, W. B. B. wrote to his father, who was in Africa :

"I am satisfied the end of the battle is within sight. . . . Perhaps I ought to mention that we have had a brush with the Home Secretary upon the matter. They wanted us to suspend operations last Sunday, but I would not do so."

To Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., he wrote :

" . . . When a legal enactment is of exclusively local operation and affects a very small section of the community only, it is all but impossible to raise any question of its equity, in form which will command attention, except by breaking it. Nothing that we could have done could possibly have aroused attention to the inequality of the 169th Section in the Eastbourne Act as has our people's going to prison for breach of it. You will admit, I think, that this has always been so when any question, however small, of religious liberty has arisen, from the days of Daniel down to the compulsory payment of Church rates by the Quakers. And as there is a great difference between persons who contumaciously break the law for their own profit or pleasure and those who commit a technical breach of it with regret (as in our case), owing to some conscientious scruples or religious convictions, so it seems to me there should be a corresponding difference in dealing with these two classes of offenders."*

When other efforts at a settlement had failed, it was decided to promote a Bill in Parliament for the repeal of a Section in the Eastbourne Act. Bramwell's letters to his father kept him informed of all stages of the fight :

" . . . *Eastbourne*. This matter is assuming a very important form and is exciting a very large amount of interest throughout the whole country. During the last two Sundays, owing, as we know, to the intervention of the Home Office, we have been protected by the police from violence, but on Monday last several cases before the Magistrate were concluded in the main adversely to The Army. . . .

" . . . I am of course making all the necessary arrangements for promoting the Bill to repeal the Clause and I have no doubt that in the end the thing will work out well. In the meantime however, it takes up a great deal of attention which could very well be placed elsewhere to greater advantage. I hope that you will approve the course which we have taken. . . . " *

It was a slow business, and the passage of the Bill was by no means smooth.

" . . . I have just returned from having spent five long hours in this Eastbourne Committee. In great part we have been going over the same ground as before. . . . I think on the whole that we have done very well, although it is quite evident that the Committee started without any sort of sympathy, with the exception of Lord Dudley, a young fellow who appears to me to be in our favour. . . .

" As the day wore on and witness followed witness, we clearly gained ground. . . . The Counsel for the other side tried this morning with much show of forensic ability to get the Committee to throw out the Bill at once on the ground of my evidence before the Commons, in which I graciously consented—as Littler puts it—to obey the law in the event of certain little matters being arranged to my liking, and that there was some sort of improper arrangement. The Committee however at once decided that we had a perfect right to promote the Bill.

" Pember made a fine speech this morning, much better than in the other House in my judgment, but I question very much whether he cares a fig for anything but his fees." †

In a postscript of a letter to Emma he refers to a wire telling her the Bill was passed, adding : " this is a real victory." It had been a real fight ! Henceforth the Eastbourne soldiery have liberty to march and play their instruments, to sing and preach in the township ; and with this battle there ended any serious challenge to The Army's right to regard the streets and open spaces in this country

* 16.10.1891.

† 17.6.1892.

as part of its fighting ground. These events all helped to maintain the pressure on time and nervous force. All Nights of work were the order of the day, as well as All Nights of prayer !

In 1883 Bramwell Booth's first child was born. There was perhaps some degree of disappointment in his family that this was a girl, but her father was too immersed in work to be anything but grateful that all was well, and boy or girl of his would surely be of some help to the "Concern" one day. Mrs. Catherine Booth, sensing the mother's unspoken thoughts, gave the child a special blessing in words which are still treasured.

A few months later a young Salvationist, an infant in her arms, might have been seen threading her way through the narrow streets at the back of the Whitechapel Road, shouted at by roughs, a target for cabbage stalks and other refuse. A well-aimed potato caught her on the side of the head, but such was her spirit that this was interpreted by her as a seal to her venture ; "God is going to make this work a blessing, and the Devil is stirred up in opposition," she said to herself. And she was right on both counts.

How Florence Booth came to be on the way to Hanbury Street must be briefly told, for her husband's appearance in the dock at the Old Bailey was one of the results. The Booths had been deeply stirred by Mrs. Josephine Butler's brave fight for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Mrs. Catherine Booth apprehended how difficult it was for any outcast woman to return to normal life, and Bramwell Booth gave a sympathetic hearing to Mrs. Cottrill when she told him of her efforts to help friendless girls of this class who had come to the penitent form at Whitechapel. Mrs. Cottrill, who was converts' sergeant at the Whitechapel corps, made the front room of her little home in Hanbury Street a place of temporary shelter for these worse than homeless girls, but it was soon apparent that the demand for help quite swamped the means available. Something must be done, and though William Booth at first hesitated to increase his financial commitments, it was finally decided that the Cottrills should move and their house was taken over as a refuge for these needy sisters from the streets. By whom should the work of caring for them be undertaken ? William Booth said, "Why not by Bramwell's wife ?" She says she felt afraid to attempt a task of the nature of which she knew so little, but she was still more afraid to say "no" ! The work was embarked upon at Bramwell's instigation, and he gave it special oversight, but even so it strikes one as rather quaint that it should be officially stated that The Salvation Army's "first rescue home in England was commenced under the direction of Mr. Bramwell Booth."*

Florence Booth had learned much of life and its hidden wounds in the two years since she had left the schoolroom, but now she was to uncover a sore so hideous that it made her heart shudder. To whom could she speak of it but to her husband ? At first he

*"Twenty-one Years," by George Scott Railton, page 208.

thought perhaps the accounts she heard were coloured, but her distress and insistence grew. There were often tears. Sometimes the young mother came home from that other Whitechapel home and its pitiful family and cried herself to sleep. Sometimes she talked to her husband all night, literally all night. It was more possible to speak of the things of which she had to tell under the friendly shelter of darkness.

These two young hearts were deeply and strangely moved by those horrors ; perhaps the more that the knowledge of them broke in on the pure serenity of their own happiness. His wife importuned her husband to find out for himself the facts of which she was assured. He did. His first step, as he puts it, was to go "*incog.* and wander about some neighbourhoods and see things for myself. This was before I said a word to anybody." How his discoveries affected him may be perceived in this letter to his wife, which will also yield to the reader discoveries about the writer :

" This last three weeks I have been wading through a sea of sin and defilement in others. What I have seen, and what I have been compelled to hear has filled me with horror as well as astonishment and pity. It has seemed, many a time, a sin to *think* even of my precious one at all—but my heart when sickened and appalled has turned to you and worshipped, in gratitude to God, the spotless purity and tender love which are yours and yet are mine also. I think I have learned some things out of all this weltering woe ; I believe I can see in a way I have not seen it before, that a man and a woman who love God and love each other, can and do glorify Him in the happiness of that very closest union and oneness of flesh as well as spirit. I have sometimes had questionings I could not quite answer to myself and have left them : I think I see now—how it is pure love that makes all pure and beautiful and lovely before Him and to each other—and that its absence makes all impure and dark and a gateway to the depths. I say this chiefly because I feel you will have wondered whether this dreadful familiarity with things of which I knew nearly nothing may not have hurt the pureness of mind which you love in me as I love it in you. I think not—I have been *kept*. And you have kept me—my heart and reins and longings are all in your dear hands—and all women are lovable, no matter how defaced and destroyed they may be, because you are a woman and because I have come into your inner heart and treasury and I know you and see the image of God in love and purity of body and soul and spirit. I am sure that without you I could not have gone through this. I don't see how I could—I should have been shaken and torn in pieces and cast down.

" And I see, therefore, one clear good which could come no other way, from the oneness of two who love—in being able to descend into the very pit and look at *that* sin in its nakedness

and shamelessness and face it without one single doubt about its supposed necessity, and without one moment's loss of faith in God's plans and arrangements for the world. Without you I could not have answered properly the question, 'Is not all this the mere extreme of a necessity of human nature.' You have taught me, and made it possible with the energy of hope linked to the power of experience to grapple with the monster and come out unhurt.

"I have many things to tell you. Some I want to tell you, which, though they will grieve your soul for the sins of the people, yet it will rest my mind to tell you. Many things I must not tell you—you need never, I hope, know all—the world is too dreadful to go on very long—I hope I shall not very greatly burden you with what I feel burdened about; but I think I would like you to know what I know for we are one, and I believe you will believe that I am the same—only that I love you more."*

He wrote to his sister Emma :

"This last fortnight I have been suffering a great deal in my mind over the wickedness of London and I have discovered abominations too bad to describe. I have been giving a lot of time to trying to get them exposed and I think I shall succeed, but I am not sure. It takes so much time and I have so many things to do. But the cry of these lost ones has come up into my ears and I have heard it in my heart."†

Having satisfied himself of the ghastly state of affairs, he consulted friends, among whom were Mrs. Josephine Butler and Mr. Benjamin Scott, then City Chamberlain; later William Stead was approached. He had already shown himself a courageous friend of the new Army. Bramwell Booth tells :

"Finally, he [Stead] came to Headquarters; I introduced him to Benjamin Scott, who explained the legal situation and also the Continental traffic, a branch of the iniquity with the history and detail of which he was specially familiar.

"After Scott had gone I told Stead that I had three or four women in the next room, together with a converted brothel-keeper, whom he might interview himself. These women were brought in one by one, and Stead put them through their stories. Women I call them, but, with the exception of Rebecca Jarrett, they were all under sixteen.

"When the interrogatories were ended and the girls had withdrawn, there was a pause, and I looked at Stead. He was evidently deeply moved by what he had heard. It had shaken his vehement nature, and presently his feelings found vent. Raising his fist, he brought it down on my table with a mighty bang, so that the very ink-pots shivered, and he uttered one word, the word 'DAMN.' This explosion over, I said, 'Yes, that is all

*11.6.1885.

†31.5.1885.

very well, but it will not help us. The first thing to do is to get the facts in such a form that we can publish them.' Stead agreed ; we not only took counsel together, we prayed together and then he went away."*

The praying, in fact, that evening lasted an hour and a half. A plan of campaign was agreed upon. Salvation Army officers were allotted various duties. The story is fully told elsewhere.* For weeks the two ardent souls, Bramwell Booth and William Stead, met daily for prayer, half an hour to an hour, usually in Stead's rooms. At night Stead generally came over to Bramwell's room at Queen Victoria Street, whence they sometimes sallied forth together to conduct further investigation. At times Stead needed comfort, his companion-in-arms says :

" I have seen him on my office floor sobbing, partly no doubt owing to the extreme tension and horror of the inquiry, but in a large measure also because of the human grief of his fervent spirit at the heart-rending cruelty which stood disclosed. Some earnest prayer, a cup of coffee, and he was braced for further efforts."*

Stead's letters give an idea of the strain to those concerned in the investigations. By the aid of Salvation Army officers and the converted brothel-keeper, he was discovering what was being done :

" Dear Bramwell,

" Hell, damnation—and all the foul fiends. O man, it is a sore sight. . . . To have a child of fourteen, beautiful and innocent as the day, to be brought to you to be ruined—willingly—yes, for she wants money for her mother who is lying ill and in sore trouble. Poor thing, poor thing, it made my heart bleed. £10—for the price of her shame, selling it as she might for mother's sake.

" She nerved herself up to it—poor child, but when I left the room she broke down in tears.

" Would you have half and not be seduced, or all and be seduced ? " " Half, yes, half."

" And she shall have it. . . . Ask Mrs. Reynolds [an officer helping Mrs. Bramwell Booth with the rescue work] to call on me as soon as possible in the morning. I want her to go to the address the child gave me, to use it to take some nourishing food to her mother, and make enquiries, of course knowing nothing about this.

" O Bramwell, it is killing me—the Devil's work.

" But courage ! I must now hasten to the Café—in — Street, to eat a supper—infernal sacrament of the Devil—with one of the worst procuresses in London. Good Lord, help me.

*" Echoes and Memories."

"They also brought me a maiden, a healthy, motherless country lass just up to town, apprenticed to —."

"Oh, these she-fiends! I was at the Lock Hospital to-day. Good Matron—very; hates C.D. Acts and doctors and police like the very Devil. God help us all."

"Dear Bramwell,

"See *P.M.G.* [*Pall Mall Gazette*] to-night.

"Your good sister wrestled with me prayerfully to leave the *P.M.G.* to join *The War Cry*.

"Better, is it not, to make the *P.M.G.* more of a *War Cry*?

"Begin to-day.

"So glad and grateful for the General's appeal.

"When is Mrs. B. coming down?"*

Mrs. Bramwell Booth's discoveries were fully corroborated in the course of enquiries. The *Pall Mall Gazette* lifted up its voice, the words were Stead's. Indignation and horror were soon at white heat; the country was roused; letters poured in, mostly encouraging. A note from F. W. Crossley is representative, save that they did not all by any means contain a donation.

"My dear Friend,

"Enclosed is a cheque for £50, towards the expenses you may have incurred in this recent awful work in connection with Mr. Stead, or may have yet to incur. . . . The agitation must be kept up, and it is only Xtians who will keep it up, or it will fall off in public interest very quickly, and the last state will be worse than the first, for it will be impossible ever to stir in the subject again for many a year. In haste, Affectionately."†

A Bill which had been talked out in the House of Commons on the second reading was revived, debated, and on the motion of the Home Secretary, after a monster petition had been deposited on the floor of the House by eight Salvationists, was passed. In this Bill the age of consent was raised from thirteen to sixteen. Children up to that age were henceforth to be protected so far as law could protect.

The two chivalrous young men rejoiced together; though both had suffered a nightmare of horror and paid heavily in nervous and physical strain there was elation in the knowledge that something had actually been *done*, things could never again be as *they* had found them.

Then officialdom acted with colossal folly! It is difficult for those of the present generation to realise the seriousness of the actual happening. Looking at it from this distance of time it seems impossible that sober-minded men and women, who had lately been stirred to mass enthusiasm in the cause of the helpless victims, should now be prepared to believe that the very men who had

*15.4.1885.

†17.7.1885.

stirred them were guilty of participation in the crimes they were exposing ! It seems incredible that judge and jury should for days (the trial at the Old Bailey lasted twelve days) weigh the evidence and solemnly pronounce the actors in the drama " guilty " as though the drama had in fact been " real " ! The prosecution was real enough. H.M.'s Attorney General showed a zeal as prosecutor worthy of something really heinous. It was whispered abroad this would end The Salvation Army !

This is what had happened. In order to prove above all doubt that it could be done, Stead, assisted by Salvationists, had actually purchased two children, one of whom was taken to Paris ; now he must be suitably punished ! The following is typical of the feeling amongst many.

" My dear Mr. Booth,

" Just a line to offer you and your colleagues in this Bow Street trouble my continued ardent sympathy. After reading Mr. Stead's defence, I rejoice to be able to agree most heartily in every step there disclosed and grieve to have to condemn with equal decisiveness and unparalleled disgust the course adopted by the Government. If the people don't demand a stoppage of proceedings, which they certainly ought to do instantly if there is any soul or conscience in them, it will nevertheless be the Government who will be on their trial at the Old Bailey and not yourselves."*

The fury of a mob of roughs during the trial was such that " Black Maria " was a welcome shelter to and from the Court. Bramwell Booth was more than once dragged out of a cab, and not rescued by the police until he had received well-aimed blows. His wife's Diary for September 12th, 1885, records :

" Darling one came home with bad blow on the nose. Been wretchedly mobbed coming out of Court by the Magistrates' door."

The War Cry reported :—

" The British Government has not taken as much trouble to protect the accused from violence during the trial as poor Louis Riel took to preserve his prisoners uninjured during the Canadian rebellion !

" Within a mile of the very centre of British Government, Mr. Bramwell Booth is requested by the British police not to go to trial in his ordinary daily dress, but in disguise, and he has been violently assaulted a few yards from the Court."

" . . . The judge is summing up in a *very* hostile way—far more so than Webster," wrote Bramwell to his father from the dock. " I can see that he already made a great impression on the jury. And Stead has informed me that he is convinced

that we shall be convicted. He thinks we shall go to prison. I do not think so. But if we do, you know my heart and soul will be out with you. I will rest and take advantage of every possible opportunity for getting good treatment and will sleep all I can. Do not let Mamma worry. This may be God's way for preparing me to do great things hereafter. I feel in good spirits about it and shall not fret. Right must triumph in the end.

"*Whatever* may be done to get me out, I do beg that it may also be done for Stead and Rebecca. Stead is frightfully worn, he and I at any rate ought to rise or fall together. . . .

"But after what Stonehill said to me yesterday I am half afraid that a conviction will do The Army a lot of harm. I hope not.

"But I am convinced God is over all. He drove me against my own notions to go into this thing and I am sure He will bring good out of the prosecution for us all—in the end.

"Carleton must have some money. It is very serious. I have sent him word to see you.

"Love to dearest Mother ; I shall not hurt. Don't let her run any risk of being insulted by going to X or anywhere else."*

To his wife :

" . . . I have yours and it has done me good. Of course I cannot hear the judge, but I know from Stead what he is saying. Very bad for us all. I can only stay my soul on God and hope in *Him*. Stead says he feels sure he and Jarrett will be convicted, and I suppose that humanly speaking that looks likely. But then have we not left it all to the Lord—will He not do what is best ?

"I fancy the judge has made a great impression against us on the jury. It is therefore quite possible we may be found guilty, and in that case I should be sentenced at once, I believe.

"However, I am not in bad spirits. I do not think Stead is. If we have to suffer we will. God keep you, my own love, in safety and confidence and joy.

"Ever yours only, for ever."

Again :

"Another line, while we are waiting for the coming of the jury. I love you more than ever I did in my life—your whole-hearted bravery in this thing all through has been more to me than words can tell. Keep believing."

Bramwell Booth was acquitted from lack of evidence. Stead was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The London roughs were not all hostile. One Salvationist had the first news of the result from

*November, 1885.

a Cockney loafing about the West End who spotting the uniform shouted, "'Ere, old cove, I'll tell yer wat'll cheer yer 'eart. Bramwell ain't guilty ! "

This note from Bramwell to his mother may well be our last word on this episode :

" My dearest Mother,

" I have your two letters and telegram. I fancy now that no one will get a chance to speak but Stead ! I met him this a.m., as soon as he came out. He was *very nice indeed*. In his letters, chiefly those to others rather than to me, I had seen traces of a good deal of the cock-a-hoop style, but to-day I could find *nothing* of that sort. He was full of nice tender soul talk—says he has got blessing and a great deal of light. I believe he has. He said he was sick of Christians—now we must go in for some Christs."*

The Army's work for unhappy women has grown to amazing proportions : tens of thousands have been blessed and loved and restored to right living. In all the lands into which The Army has penetrated this " casualty station " for the world's wounded is established. The fact that for twenty-eight years the organisation, indeed the creation of this work of rescue was directed and inspired by his wife, would have given Bramwell Booth a reason for devoting special attention to the sorrows and needs of those she was helping, but he did not need that incentive. As he wrote to Emma, he had " heard their cry " in his heart.

And to the close of his days he thought of and helped these needy ones. When leading public meetings in the vicinity he sometimes went to The Army's homes for women to take a meal, and often found time to speak to those gathered there. Years before his death an officer told me she would never forget an occasion when to a home where she was stationed the household was hastily summoned and the General spoke to them. He was preaching to enormous congregations on that day, but he talked, she said, to that handful of girls, as eagerly, as earnestly, as to the thousands. And he talked in such a fashion as held them spell-bound. Years afterwards, when from time to time some among those present visited the home, they still spoke of " the day the General talked at us " and of what he said.

The Army went on growing at a pace embarrassing to its leaders, yet never quickly enough to satisfy them. New brooms, in the shape of new schemes and men to work them, did not by any means always sweep clean ! There were failures, disappointed hopes, and worries in every conceivable guise. The Army began doing part of its own trading, uniform-making, and so on. Sanguine as always, the General expected to make money for the extension of the work, and was bitterly disappointed at the amount of capital

the operations were capable of devouring, not to mention the fact that the garments produced did not always fit to the satisfaction of the purchaser ! Bramwell was called to book.

" . . . Here is a statement which fills me with despair about the future, and you say if you can get £2,000 trade you are *all right*, and don't fear about the future. I must go into the whole question on my return. What seems to me the only explanation is, that by having these credits with buyers and the *loans*, we have been going to the *bad* . . . and as my hopes from the trade *break down* I see nothing but a reduction in expenditure and I am sure I don't see how this is to be done.

" However, I will know for myself and stop these wretched disappointing surprises. . . . *I am set fast at last*. What hope is there ? *Only God*. But our God may say and does seem to say, Why don't you ascertain the *facts* ? However, I shall want a thorough analysis . . .

" 1. I must have all the liabilities.

" 2. Cost value of stocks.

" 3. Amount of debts (to us).

" 4. Amount of loans outstanding.

" 5. When falling due.

" 6. What amount invested in property, etc., etc.

" From matters of less importance you *must* get free and be able to attend to these weightier things.

" Here's Fry has had a jacket and cannot get into it. I bought a vest for myself at Liverpool which fits me better than any garment made me by the department."*

Herbert had suffered a serious nervous break-down and went on a voyage round the world, visiting Army stations on the way. In a letter to him from Bramwell we feel the pulse at the centre.

" My dear fellow,

" I am afraid we shall not be able to write you officially this week. We are sitting on a Majors' Council. The most important we have ever had, I think, and it will not conclude until Friday night. We are doing an enormous amount of business of all sorts, and making arrangements of a most delicate nature which will I think help to relieve Headquarters of much work and burden that now falls upon us. . . . The men improve. It is *the* encouraging feature of the outlook that these superior men improve as they do."†

In 1886 the General paid his first visit to the forces in the United States and Canada. He did not relish the long absence, the thought of it made him dwell with anxiety on his overworked son. See this to his wife :

*28.7.1884.

†4.2.1885.

"My dearest Love,

"I do hope you are not overdone with Regent Hall. What can be done to take more care of you?

"I have been very low spirited the last forty-eight hours. I don't know how I shall stand the separation of three months. Specially if I have to leave Bramwell in his usual miserable condition."*

But, as ever, actual warfare on the field revived the General. His apprehensions were but passing, zeal for the Concern was the lasting condition of heart and mind. For example, from Toronto he wrote to Mrs. Booth :

"... We must have some more Divisional officers here. Push it on Bramwell. Look them up. Let them get here before I leave the States. You are the General for the old Country for the time being. Four good, common-sense young fellows should come away at once."†

"Push it on Bramwell." These four words almost tell the story of Bramwell's life. With incredible energy he must plan, fight, work, work, fight and plan! One is forced to smile at the General when he writes so deliciously inconsequent a letter as the following. His spare time! And the juxtaposition of the last two sentences so accurately illustrates the warring elements of his lion heart, the father and the General! We note the last word was, as usual, the General's.

"... I will devote my spare time to the completion of my orders for Headquarters and *have them carried out*.

"Take care of yourself. You looked very ill indeed.

"I shall return D.V. by train arriving 7.45 Euston, will breakfast at 8 with you and Railton and do business. . ."‡

Means must be devised for keeping Headquarters better informed of the position of the fighting forces. The question is : How shall this be done? Better intelligence forms may help. To which the Chief replies :

"Forms. Quite agree. This is going to be a gigantic affair and that very soon indeed. We want a new lot of forms, as you say, from the *beginning*."§

It was during the eighties that to save the General trouble Bramwell tried a new dodge with his letters. They look queer, with the statement of the case carefully written on one half of each sheet, leaving the blank space opposite for the General's replies. These are often monosyllabic, always laconic ; such as when, in

*20.8.1886.

†3.10.1886.

‡3.6.1887.

§8.9.1887.

reply to Bramwell's full discussion of proposed programme of Mrs. Booth's meetings, he scrawls the words—"Have no opinion." This plan, no doubt, saved the General time and effort, and the letters thus set out in the handwriting of father and son are interesting relics of those crowded days.

To Bramwell Booth's home came on April 22nd, 1885, another little girl to smile her way into her father's heart. Had he a favourite among his seven? No, but if he had had one, that one would have been this little daughter, winsome from her babyhood. "I like her little head," he wrote, announcing her birth to his father, who replied :

" . . . Name for the new *Baby*. . . . I gave my opinion. But I have no particular feeling about it. For the interests of the Kingdom I think I should have *Booth* in, but I had my choice with Kittens [Catherine]. I would not have any high-sounding name. God bless the dear child."

And we agree there was nothing "high sounding" about the name given, just Mary.

CHAPTER XIII

HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, AND WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE ARMY

ON October 4th of 1890 Catherine Booth, Mother of The Salvation Army, went home to God. Spiritually she was the strongest human influence in Bramwell Booth's life. Her faith in his destiny, in his powers, never wavered. She knew her son to be called and chosen of God before he had himself recognised the call, and before his own faith reached up in answer to it. Her own quick perceptions, and his likeness to herself, made her able to understand him at a time when he hardly understood himself. There was a bond between their souls which made him her son after the spirit as truly as he was her son after the flesh.

She has been spoken of as "mothering" William Booth. Certainly she mothered her eldest son! She knew both these men, and by the illuminating prescience of her love foresaw their importance to each other, and consistently used all the influence of her love for them and of their love for her, to strengthen their understanding and love each of the other. This she did not only for their own sakes, but because, looking with undimmed confidence to their future, she saw them necessary to one another in the conflict they were to face together, saw them the complement one of the other in their great task of making a people.

In the years of childhood, when those qualities of character are moulded which will dominate the years of manhood, hers were the fingers that fashioned the malleable medium of the boy's heart. Her trust in him was complete. Even when he was still a boy and she was still teaching him many things, she trusted him, instinctively understanding that to such a nature as his, trust was the stimulus he needed. Bramwell proved a responsive subject, and in later years she had the comfort of finding support and guidance from the soul she had herself trained. A faded pencilled letter was found among his papers, written in 1875 (Bramwell was then nineteen years old) when his mother was then attacked by heart trouble which threatened to be of a serious nature.

"My dearest Boy,

"I have been thinking very much about you the last day or two. I think since my heart has been bad I have thought and felt more about you than ever before. I am so troubled because I know your work is very trying even *with* the greatest care and the most favourable conditions, but I know you do not take this care nor enjoy these conditions. . . ."

The letter goes on to give him her wishes concerning his father and all the members of the family. Every line shows not only her perfect assurance of his devotion to her and them, but also her restful reliance on his judgment, on his capacity to manage them all. In some respects it would be easier to imagine the lines written to a husband than to a son. This amazing letter concludes :

“Mind, I have no supernatural impression that I shall not get better and I may soon be better again and this will all prove unnecessary, but . . . I wanted you to know my wishes on these points and it will do no harm. . . . Forgive me for all my defects and shortcomings as a mother. I have always had too much on me of care and work or I should have been more helpful to you all than I have been. . . . Pray for me and ever take comfort in remembering that you have given me unmingled pleasure and satisfaction (except on the one point of not taking sufficient care of your health) and that you have my tenderest and never-dying love now and ever.”

Very few of Bramwell's letters to his mother have been preserved, but those we have show him devoted to her. He wrote to her on New Year's Day, 1888 :

“I do hope you will have a good year. It must be a joy reserved for the noblest natures to see their sons and daughters laying down their lives for the truths they have themselves exemplified—and in our very sufferings you may see the substance of what you, in other days gone past, have prayed and toiled and hoped for. In 1888 I hope you will be able to look at it all in that light ! Then Emma's breakdowns and my half nights will have a stratum of wonderful satisfaction in them ! I see *very* few parents who can point to their children as living out and over again their own lives and examples, and you ought to be happier in us all than you are, in despite of the follies and the misfortunes that overtake us ! For myself I intend to eat more grain and to have more faith in God. I need it !

“Believe that I love and honour you, more than I have ever done, and although I am not half what I ought to be, all the little good and use there *is* I owe alone to you.”

And she wrote :

“My very dear Boy,

“I appreciate your kind wishes, and the more so because I know what an effort it is to you to *speak* of your love.

“I have much that I ponder in my heart concerning you, which can be spoken to none save to Him Who loves you better than I do. I would just say, however, watch against becoming misanthropic, don't magnify misfortunes, but try to estimate the

good you *have*, and make the best of it, and God will give you more than you now deem possible."

Purely personal letters are comparatively rare. For the most part her letters to him deal with the affairs of the moment, family and Army, and with world spiritual conditions. For example, there had been difficulty with one of the women officers whose desire to marry was not favoured by Headquarters. Mrs. Booth wrote to Bramwell, then twenty-one :

"I forgot to name Miss S. in my letter to ——. Tell him I think he is hard upon her after all. . . . If she loves the man, and she does, it was no joke to let him go for twelve months without seeing him.

"I do not say it was *wise* or expedient for her to go to *him*, but after all it was only human and *not wicked*. You see, she does not consider that the office stands in the stead of God to her, and she has suffered over the affair. You men folks don't know the strength of a woman's love, nor what an iron will it takes to curb it. And she, poor little thing, has not *such a will*. Deal gently with her. . . . We must deal with children *as* children, and the mass of people are only children *morally* and *intellectually*, swayed any way by their *interests* and their *feelings*. A lollypop or a whirligig !"

It is easy to understand how such letters taught him to look at things from more than the official point of view.

She passed at one time through a period of spiritual darkness, and it was to Bramwell that she confided her experiences. And he helped her. Their relationship of mother and son was no barrier to the perfect freedom between soul and soul on a basis of equality. The last ten years of her life gave them the most intimate spiritual intercourse. She came to lean more and more upon the son who was in so many ways herself over again. Her increasing ill-health brought depression in its train and no one understood better than Bramwell how to comfort her at those times. She taxed her brave heart to cheer William, her husband, and allowed it to tell its weariness to her son.

Her joy in his marriage was a lasting happiness to him. That his mother approved his choice and valued his wife meant that his marriage brought no sense of separation between mother and son. Studying his nature one sees how disastrous it would have been for him had any shadow of restraint been imposed by the new love upon the old. Happily there is no reason to contemplate the effect, for if one thing is written plainly on those early years of his married life it is that his wife's love for him led her to share unquestioningly his path of uttermost devotion to those he loved. His mother's wish was law to her new daughter. The furniture in their home, the clothing of the children, all was lovingly and gladly ordered as "Mamma" wanted. To Florence Soper, Mrs. Booth

had already become mother in God ; to Florence Booth she became mother in all the beauty and authority of the human relationship, as interpreted by the adoring son.

During the suffering and difficult months of his mother's last illness Bramwell was her consoler. He brought her support and quietness of spirit when none other could. Craving, from the very strength of her love for him, to spare her husband who was in an agony of grief, she called for her son, when her distress seemed beyond endurance. The long-drawn-out drama of heroism and suffering at Clacton, where she died, was a terrible strain upon him. Physically it taxed him, because to his already overcrowded life was added the constant journeying to and fro with the consequent encroachment upon sleep to make up for the time lost to business, and because after frequent night watchings, he would leave by train for Headquarters in the early morning. Spiritually her illness was a costly experience. The mystery of apparently fruitless suffering tormented him as it has men of his type in all ages.

He longed to be within call, yet could not be. Emma was with her mother during those last months, and one of his notes to her concludes : " Kiss Mamma for me once every hour till I come again." Just before her death he records his experience :

" Walking home on Tuesday night last my road passed for about a mile through a dense wood, always deserted on a dark night such as was this, and, as I was very tired, I did not hasten. An intense consciousness of the immediate nearness of God came over me, leaving my mind free, so to speak, to receive any impression. . . . Satan drew near, saying, ' Why should *she* be taken ? Why, of all you know, should *she* suffer and go down to the grave when you so *much* need her ? Is not God careless of His interests, and might He not have spared you all this, and spared her to see the greater fruit of her life-work ? '

" Ah, ' *Why* ? ' that is one of the Devil's fatalist shots—if you try to answer it. I do not know ' why ' . . . He worketh His own *will* : yea and will work."

After her death he wrote an account, eloquent in its simplicity, of the last months of her life. The little book was made of much blessing. This is how he tells of her home-going :

" The storm outside is raging still, the dark and howling tempest on land and sea serves as a sort of background for the picture of peace and rest within. True, our loved one is on the waters, and they are stormy waters, too ; but her Lord is walking there with her, and the Harbour is in sight ; . . . Courage ! The battle is nearly done. . . . In the days that cannot return to us we have sung together :

' 'Tis Jordan's river and I must go across,
But Jesus will be there,'

and now it is coming true. *He is here.*

"We sang :

'My mistakes His free grace doth cover,
My sins He doth wash away :
These feet which shrink and falter
Shall enter the Gates of Day,'

and holding her hand, the General gave her up to God."

Bramwell never lost the sense of his mother's nearness. To his wife and children and others he talked of her constantly, as though her words and looks were fresh in his imagination. He measured things by her standards, and often said, "Your grandmother would have been pleased," or "It reminds me of dear Mamma." During his own illness he talked much of her ; she truly dwelt with him to the end. He always noted the day of her death. Here is a letter to Emma :

"To-morrow will be the 4th. I shall join with you on this day of great mystery in renewing every covenant we have taken in the past, of faithfulness to God and that one we loved and love. I know you keep her memory in some things a most living green . . . the guiding principles of her life and the great steadfast aim, I try to exalt and follow.

"We pledged our words and hearts to abide faithful to the end in the face of every event—and we will—I will. God knows our need of her and He can supply it in some way—let us trust Him more—I mourn my little faith—it is my great sin. . . . Thank God she is much more than a fragrant memory . . . more than a great example, more than a glorious witness—she is even now a present daily fact and inspiration."*

From his Journal :

"To-day twenty-four years my dear mother died. Her memory is more fragrant and more powerful to me than ever. If I only could be worthy of her ! I should think it is given to very few men to be worthy of the mothers who bore them ! Shall I prove to be one of the few ? I cannot think of her now without the deepest gratitude, not only for her fine example, and the inspiration and influence of her whole life, but also for her self-denials and sacrifices and the thousand and one renunciations which she gladly made for me and for us, her children."†

Catherine Booth's death was an incalculable loss to The Army, but what she had given had already enriched it beyond telling, perhaps most of all by the impress of her spirit on the two men who were moulding it. They who had listened to her masterly utterances, needed no convincing on the question of a woman's right to take her place as a leader and preacher in the realm of religion.

*3.10.1895.

†4.10.1914.

To consult her on matters of policy and administration was a natural sequence to her ability to give counsel worth having.

"In the early days of the Salvation Army movement," says her son, "her hand was upon many matters to an extent unknown to anyone outside the inner circle. Conferences on anxious or difficult questions, especially when those questions seemed likely to raise doubts outside, were arranged so that she might be present. Often, indeed, such gatherings took place in her bedroom, and many decisions, which later proved to be of the utmost importance to the work, were arrived at beside her sick-bed. Her insight, and what I have sometimes called her unfolding power, were really wonderful. While others, discussing some new development or some specially attractive project, would be occupied by the immediate and surface aspects of a proposal, she would at once discern and fasten on the potentialities of a situation and carry us all to the future outcome of the thing proposed."*

And it was not that William and Bramwell Booth were worshippers at a shrine which their own love had idealised. Catherine Booth's charm and force fell upon all who came in contact with her; rough untutored hearts were smitten. Cadman† said, speaking of his first sight of her in her home, "A sweet lady, rose colour in her cheeks, gentle voice . . . a mother. I saw her on the platform afterwards. She was very sedate in speaking, but mightily convincing." Convincing indeed. Husband and son found her so, as did all the thinking men who knew her. William and Bramwell Booth were right to give Catherine Booth her share in the management of The Army. Others felt it. See this characteristic note from W. T. Stead :

"Dear Bramwell,

"I was with your mother last night and had a very good time. . . . I would like to go back. One thing I am quite sure of and that is that it is a sin and a shame and an offence against the Holy Ghost for you not to have an intelligent and sympathetic stenographer or a person with a long memory constantly within call of your mother. If I had no other work I would volunteer for the post in order to secure for the benefit of The Army her reflections upon all things. . . . Pray pardon my vehemence. I told her that as the General is not saved from tea, neither have you been saved from the great vice of spoiling a ship for a ½d. of tar."‡

Had Catherine Booth been of another calibre, one cannot but admit that William Booth's views about women's place in The Salvation Army might have been very different. He was blessed

*"These Fifty Years," p. 22.

†A chimney-sweep who became a Commissioner.

‡29.12.1888.

in her, but she too was blessed in him, for he was high-minded enough to recognise her great gifts, and generous-spirited enough to call her to his side in the guiding of his work. On the public platform he readily gave her precedence.

Bramwell proved himself a loyal adherent to the principle laid down by his parents, and all his life worked to preserve for women their rightful place in the movement. Opinion on the matter has moved so far in advance of what it was fifty years ago that it is difficult to appreciate the temerity of the men who sent women, many of them quite young, to take full charge of mission stations. That women should preach, perform the marriage service and bury the dead was staggering to the average man and woman of that day. The part women have played and do play in the work of The Army is to their credit, but far more is it to the credit of the two men, father and son, who gave the opportunity.

They were reviled for it, but have they not been justified? Who would venture to predict what The Salvation Army would have been without its women officers? Is not the Army "lassie" Captain, preaching at the street corner, visiting the slums and public-houses, ministering to lepers and beggars, everywhere typical of the spirit which is The Salvation Army? And has she not had a lion's share in making that spirit manifest to those whom The Army serves and to the world? Eliminate the women and The Salvation Army would be less than half what it is; far less, not merely because women officers out-number the men, but because to eliminate them would mean not alone the loss of their influence and work, but the loss of the influence resulting from the combination of men *and* women, which is different from, and more potent than, the influence of either sex by itself. "Male and female created He them." And no institution for the governing and teaching of mankind in what concerns the moral and spiritual nature will reach its full stature, nor exercise its highest powers, unless the qualities of human nature as represented in man and woman, the mother and the father, share in its creation. Men and women go to the making of men and women, and the soul of the race cannot be inspired to its most Godlike ideals, nor developed to the full extent of its capacity, without the ministration of both men and women. Plato knew this. "The genius then of the woman and of the man for the guardianship of the city is the same," says Socrates. And later in the discussion Glauco says, "You have, Socrates, like a statuary made our governors in every way perfect. And our governesses likewise, Glauco, said I. For do not imagine that I have spoken what I have said any more concerning the men, than concerning the women." Strange that the Christian Church, whose Divine Founder raised woman to her rightful place, should have been so slow to recognise this truth.

Bramwell's reverence for womanhood, his innate chivalry, strengthened by his contact with the three noble women who were

his friends, made him to a special degree the champion of woman's cause in The Army. Its women owe him much, not only in his insistence that their opportunity for service should be preserved, but also in such practical matters as the recognition of the successful work of women, and the establishment of the principle that women in important executive posts should have the assistance of a congenial companion, especially when such commands involve charges abroad or where continuous travelling is necessary. Bramwell Booth recognised a woman leader's need for companionship in her home. Many women have reason to bless him for his consideration on these lines. He understood the loneliness of unmarried women in public life, and laid it down as a maxim that a woman was not to be appointed alone in charge of a corps. His Journal for February 25th, 1926, records :

“ Conference with F. and Chief *re* single officers who are working alone and the great problem all over the world of their loneliness, especially the women. The remedy is, of course, to raise more officers. How shall it be done ? ”

He watched over the development of Salvationist women in Eastern lands with a constant care. Few things delighted him more than to see how the women officers, both married and single, of India, Japan, China and other lands responded to The Army's teaching and training. He set a higher value than did anyone else upon The Army's married women officers : he noted their influence and service and counted the women's share an integral part of married officers' potential worth to The Army. It was no rare happening for him to appoint an officer to a certain post because of the character and ability of his wife. And not infrequently advancement in rank or to some more onerous post was delayed or abandoned because a man's wife was not thought capable of giving her husband the assistance he would need.

“ I am very sorry you have formed so poor an opinion of L—,” he wrote to his Father. “ I believe that up to her measure, and it is not a mean measure, she has done well and is a faithful soul. Z— does not think much of her, mainly because in C— she can talk and sing his head off and draw a bigger audience than he can. I do like her. She is a woman and they are down on her. She has faults, but she has fought a brave fight, and *done as much as any of them* to pull C— out of the hole and bog it was in.”*

And again :

“ I agree entirely in your remarks about the —s, especially about her. I regard her as infinitely superior to her husband

in everything but some educational technicalities, and as to leadership it is a case of the lion and the lamb. I have been trying, since I was there last, to push her into certain responsibilities, but he does not care for it and it is, of course, extremely difficult, virtually impossible to make a woman do what she feels diffident about doing when her husband does not wish her to undertake it.”*

Of his gentleness to women in sorrow how shall one speak? From the maids in his own home to the great ladies whose passing guest he was, the troubled heart intuitively recognised his sympathy and insight.

Women's place in The Army in the future was an anxiety to him. No one knew better than he how much of prejudice still remained to be overcome. He deplored the tendency to give men precedence in leading positions and to relegate women to posts where their services were more economical than men's.† While he repeatedly dealt with the matter in his instructions to leaders, he also plainly told the women they must themselves fit themselves for posts of responsibility. I think he was disappointed that the proportion of women of outstanding ability in the ranks was not greater. How to develop and push on the women was a question he often debated.

His letters to Army leaders after he became General reveal his watchfulness in the interests of the women and their opportunities for work. As typical here are one or two extracts :

“ You do not say much about Mrs. —. I would like to see a little more with reference to our women generally in Australia in the *Cry*. We have led the world in the matter of woman's powers and ministry and we must not fall behind now when all mankind is following.”‡

“ I am exceedingly anxious that you should set up some sort of definite organisation for the better employment of the staff women in public work. In this connection I would mention again Mrs. — and Mrs. — though, of course, there are others. Mrs. — promised me that she would do anything that you asked her to do. I fancy she does not like pushing herself in, and no doubt opportunities will have to be made for some of them, but they could be a power.”§

“ Do not fail me with the women. I look anxiously for the *War Cry* reports about their work. Much that you do is canvassed by other Territories. Bear in mind that it is not only a principle with us, but it is a very strong personal desire on my own part that the women of The Army should be kept to the front ; and that the *married* women should be made to feel that their responsibilities are not all dissolved in those of their husbands when they marry.”**

*3.3.1909. †Allowance to single men and women is less than to married men.

‡6.9.1918.

§3.5.1924.

**3.9.1924.

In 1878 there is a brief entry in his journal, "We are sending women to Sheffield and Coventry. Women of inferior mental ability, but women of God. Women who don't know enough English grammar to put half a dozen words correctly together, who murder the 'h's' and forget the 'g's'—but women who can pray and believe and talk, who can walk backwards at the head of the street procession—who can sing and visit—women of God, of one idea, women who will succeed." He was right. They did succeed.

But all Bramwell Booth's life there were battles to be fought in a conflict not yet won. Few things are more difficult than imposing on the average man a standard which is in advance of his own convictions. It must be admitted that many Salvation Army officers have accepted the Booths' ruling as to the position of women in the movement rather because it *was* their ruling than because the principle had been either understood or approved. Whether the position of women in The Army in future is to be in practice what it is in theory, will depend upon the attitude of The Army's leaders towards the question. Ground won may easily be lost. In a sense Bramwell Booth himself suffered as the result of contrary views on this very question ; for it may with truth be said that the sorrow which overwhelmed this champion of women's rights in the last months of his life, came upon him in part because it was thought he had appointed a woman to succeed him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MYSTIC

TEMPERAMENTALLY, Bramwell Booth was a mystic. A little less energy; opportunity, in the shape of congenial surroundings: and instead of a man of action, earth would have counted one more dreamer among her sons, a dreamer whose dreams would have been worth recording. As it was, necessity drove him on to a battle-field, and the mystic was almost lost in the soldier. Almost, but not quite, for the two can survive side by side: and any who listened with the ear of the initiated might, from time to time, hear from his lips the voice of the lover whose love reveals to him the Presence of the Beloved outshining all His works, as Moses saw the Flame in the desert scrub.

This strain in him was at variance with the man of affairs he was obliged to be. He hungered for the wilderness when duty kept him in the market-place. He yearned for quietness, for reflection, when leadership claimed his presence in attacks on the enemy, involving, as real fighting always must, excitement, swift decision, loss. This striving, venturing life asked of him a service which must often be a sacrifice all the more costly that the bent of his spirit was contemplative.

Yet this seemingly incongruous element enriched him, refreshing his spirit as a quiet, almost hidden stream, whose springs are sure, waters the pastures through which it flows. His Master's promise was fulfilled for him. In this life he received a hundredfold the visions he had longed for and renounced when he sacrificed solitude and leisure to the call of the hour. The "business" was never dry to him, nor the meetings monotonous, nor men "ordinary": all were transfigured! To this man who would have withdrawn from men that he might the more clearly see the Christ, it was given to discern Him "in the midst." He spoke out of his heart's experience when he said, "Do not let us make the mistake of looking for Jesus in the empty sepulchre, and missing Him in the common earth-marked garb of the gardener."

Bramwell Booth's life was one of turmoil, of anxiety, of bondage to work: there were times when he quailed under it.

"... I have just written a Battle Axe.* A most poor thing . . . This feeling that you are a poor sinner loaded with guilt if you stop work for ten minutes, even in a railway train, is really dreadful."†

*A series of articles published under this title. Now in book form.

†To William Booth, 19.1.1901.

“ . . . Oh, for time to *think things out*, instead of being rushed or driven from one large question to another at breathless speed ! Oh, Lord—Thy wisdom—needs no thinking out—impart it even to me. Well, this also is by *faith*—He is made unto us *wisdom*. Lord, I believe.”*

And yet the work held and claimed him even when he had a moment's respite. He knew it ; he felt there was no real escape, as when on his way to Devonshire for a short furlough he wrote to his father :

“ I feel like a run-away—perhaps a run-away slave ! but a run-away all the same. I must overcome it ! Some part of one's nature seems to be always called on to stifle another ! Life is a stream, they say—the cross-currents play a large part ! I am going to try to *rest*, while all the time there will be an undertone, like the rumble of the traffic at I.H.Q., reminding me without ceasing that this is not a place for rest—calling me all the day back to work.”†

But within this outward activity was a hidden life of the spirit, a walled-in garden of the soul, where the prophet, priest and king became a little child and talked to God with a child's abandon ; a place to which he knew the entrance, where, as he put it himself, “ there is only room for two to walk side by side,” and where the secret of the Lord was unfolded to him. Here is the clue to his humility, to his patience and love. But the “ mystic ” is shy ; by inference rather than by any direct word he may here and there be descried ; in letters and writings there are illuminating flashes which show him to the discerning. In the diary intermittently kept in the 'seventies when he was in his teens, for example :

“ Oh, for more of God *with me*, in me, round and about, underneath and above. Oh, to be swallowed up in Him . . . in Him who is infinite strength, wisdom, Love.”

“ We were saying yesterday, Papa, Mamma and I, it is not by might nor by power, not by noise or strength or bodily presence and oratory or thought, but by the Spirit. . . . Oh, for more of this holy, livening, killing, baptising, *moving*, *saving Power*. Lord deluge, cover, swallow up, inundate *this* Thy servant with Thy presence. . . . Lord, teach me how to pray.”

“ I wish the enjoyment of God's own light and presence had not the natural effect on me of making me conserve more and more. Communion and joyful presence seem to draw me *to God from* the world and fighting and speaking and everything but my Bible and prayer and silence and quiet rest.”

“ I must say I am getting to fear talk. . . . My joy in God always shuts me up. It seems to me what I want is peace : not

*Journal, 20.1.1914.

†22.6.1903.

words—even nice words ; not success, even in God's work ; not communion, even with saints ; but I want peace."

" In my soul God is to me waters in a thirsty land, sunshine and warmth amidst the storm, rest and peace amidst weariness and conflict."

In a letter written by Bramwell Booth in 1878 this passage occurs :

" Jesus . . . His love is above a father's, more than a brother's, stronger and sweeter than a mother's, it is the love of an only beloved. . . . Someone is supposed to ask that easy common question of the Lord's child, What is thy beloved more than any other beloved, and the answer is given about His locks and His eyes, His cheeks, a bed of spices, His lips like lilies, His hands, His mouth ' is most sweet.' Yes, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, this is my Friend."

To a friend in 1880 he writes :

" I have found great help lately in turning my whole thoughts and consciousness *in on God*. Not His word merely, but on *Him*. I begin to see how He is the Bread—the Meat—the Life : Oh, Lord, teach us, dull and slow as we are, oh, teach us."

To his Mother in 1881 :

" My feelings will right themselves sometime if I keep marching on and *bow*. Why should a living man or the thing formed say to Him Who formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus ? . . . A broken neck is included in *God's* notion of a broken heart."

Nearly fifty years later he was called upon to offer up a broken heart as a last token of submission : for him, at life's close, a broken heart was included in " God's notion " of a broken neck. But his faith in the unseen world, upon the confines of which his spirit was already at home, did not waver. He accepted the proffered cup ; " this will break my heart, but if it be God's will we must be willing, you must be willing," he said a few days before he died to one he loved.

" Precious heart," he writes in 1893 to his sister Emma, " look not on the things of the present hour. You live for the future. Except the corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. And it is in different forms the dying has to be done—some are quite speedy—some are very slow, weary processes. But if it die—it bringeth forth much fruit."

In his writings he unconsciously reveals something of the secrets his heart has learned. And the mystic speaks to his fellows. As when he says :

"Know then, beloved, that to possess Him [Christ] in saving, cleansing, healing power, you must needs, practically, be no longer your own, but His."

"In the meanest duty, in the smallest trifle, yes, even in those failures and forgetfulnesses which are like the dust and ashes of life, the pure in heart see God's lessons and hear their Shepherd's voice."

"It was His love and not the nails that really bound Him to the Tree."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is love suffering for love's sake."

"This is the leaven that must be hid in the life of man till the whole be leavened—Love. This is the salt without which everything else in human life will lose its savour. Love. Love. Love. Nothing without Love. . . . Not in words or tongues, neither of men nor angels; not in understanding; not in giving or suffering; not even in faith that could move mountains, lies the soul of Christ's service—but in Love."

"The eye must become the servant of the soul . . . then the soul develops an *inner* vision, and learns 'to see what worldly eyes cannot behold.' Then we can discern everywhere marks of the goodness of God. We see His power and beauty reflected in the daisy of the field, in the fruit on the table, in the worlds that star the heavens."

"Oh, *do* believe that by every blow of disappointment and sorrow He permits to fall upon you, He is striving to bring you to the measure of the stature of a man in Jesus Christ. *Do* work with Him in the full knowledge that He will not forsake you. He, the Man Who has penetrated to the heart of every form of sorrow, and left a blessing there; He Who has watched in silence by every kind of earthly grief and found its antidote; the Man Who trod the winepress alone—He will be with you. And, since He is with you, see to it you acquit yourself well in His Presence."

In the journals of his later years such passages as the following show the soul having found, yet still eagerly seeking; satisfied yet still hungry: paradoxes of the spiritual experience which can be fully understood only by those who have partaken of the same spiritual meat. A man in intellect, Bramwell Booth remained to the end a child in heart, and it is the voice of the child above the voice of the General that one hears in such words as these:

"How can a poor sinner do anything for God that is worthy? I feel so unworthy of all He permits me to do that I am in a continual surprise that things go as they do."

"God will not fail me. I come to Him hourly with the beggar's only plea—my needs."

"How good God is! How far from His likeness I am! Is this not but the end of all His dealings with us, of His relations to us—the recovery of a perfection like unto His own? It will take long in me! Is this a reason for the endless life? That gives hope!! At *length* we *may* awake in His likeness and be *satisfied*!"

"Walked alone—a glorious day. Something in the fields and trees and skies calls to me—the deeps without to the deeps within! . . . Praised God and longed to be more worthy of Him and His service."

"In wakefulness early this morning, as I lay traversing a tangled path of anxious thought, there suddenly came upon me a deep and rare consciousness of God's *love* for the poor, harassed, storm-tossed world, and of the sorrow which that love must involve for *Him*. It was a time of mingled gladness and grief such as I only rarely experience."

"Walked to Broad—cold wind, but absolutely perfect spring day. Blue skies—gentle sea—bold and friendly birds—a sense of unity in the mighty forces surrounding us. These things speak to me in certain moments—call to me and appear to have a language I can interpret to myself—if I cannot speak them to others."

"Been reading that during the eclipse on April 17th, when I was on the sea, there was a drop in the temperature in London in one hour of seventeen degrees. Yes, my Sun! how cold my soul can quickly become without Thy rays! Thou hast called me out of darkness—let me walk in Thy marvellous light. *Hide not Thy face from me!*"

"For the future I am, I think, to do more waiting for God. I want the harmony, the equilibrium of *union with Him*. Union, ceaseless—indissoluble union."

"I see more and more that for me and for those who are toiling with me in our dear Army, we can exist only as we exist, or in so far as we exist, in God. He is life, and life is will, and will is love."

"A wonderful display of light and colour this evening. The double event seen in every sunset impresses me sometimes very profoundly. To-night I am seeing so much that belongs to life as a whole in this one declining day that I am sad. There is always 'the vision of glory,' but there is always the 'dying pain!'"

"More and more I see and feel that the Divine origin of Christianity carries us only a little way, unless our own part in it, the Christianity we are making and acting day by day, is the outcome of the Holy Ghost moving and working in us. In reality the great question about all we do is this: Is it human or Divine?—Is it of man and the will of man, or is it of God and the Will of God?"

This life of the spirit, hidden with God, was the sap which vitalised all the outward manifestations of his existence. It spared him the sadness of finding the flavour fled from life. Every touch with souls was vital and new to him because his own relationship with His Lord was new every day. His sense of the reality of the spiritual world enriched every experience and brought him many unexpected joys ; it brought also a keenness to many of the disappointments he suffered. He grieved when men failed, could relinquish only with reluctance the hopes he had treasured about them. One reads a sense of personal sorrow into the following letter, written to one who had lately left the ranks :

“ My dear X—,

“ I duly received your letter. It touches chords broken so little while ago, with such pain and sorrow, that I am not sure what reply I ought to make. How can I consistently respond to the evident desire it manifests that our relations should be placed on a happier footing ? I have not changed since first you knew me, in thought and in purpose of heart, in humble desire to do my little all in the service of my God. I believe I am much the same as when we often knelt together at our Master’s feet. . . .

“ From the beginning I have loved you. In times of burden and sorrow, when I have remembered words you have spoken and written, and seen that you might have helped me in influencing one of the greatest attempts God has ever initiated for the salvation of the world, I have sometimes reproached you in my heart, but even then I have accorded you your own place there. I love some who have never vowed—and some I love who vowed and did not pay, and I think I am consistent.”*

From his journal years later :

“ . . . I understand better than ever I did the meaning of the words that Jesus Christ ‘ endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself.’ The truth is that the whole business of saving men is a work of suffering. He so began it. He so continued it. We must so carry it forward. How bitter it is to see men who set out to be saviours draw back. How bitter.”†

And writing of his own feelings :

“ I can conceive of nothing which could have better helped me to enter into the heart of Jesus . . . than the cup of bitterness I have been made to drink by unfaithful officers : people, I mean, whom I have loved and trusted, with whom I have enjoyed the closest union of spirit and purpose—people to whom my very soul has been knit in a way possible only to those who have come through desperate struggles together. When such comrades in an hour of trial have given way . . . God only

*10.8.1895.

†2.10.1910.

knows what it has meant to me of the most acute personal grief. I can truly say that such experiences have often turned my food to ashes in my mouth, and made the common blessings of life seem like wormwood and gall. . . .”

Generously attributing to them the same standards of action as were his own, until he had proof to the contrary, he trusted men, accepting their yea as yea. Did this trustfulness sometimes mislead him? Yes, undoubtedly. Speaking from the purely human standpoint he might wholly have avoided, at least have greatly minimised, some of the heaviest sorrows and disappointments of his life had he been able to bring himself to doubt some whom he had trusted and to believe the ill men told him of their fellows. Even when he had been disappointed, all his care was set to help and to go out of his way to show thoughtfulness and kindness, especially if any element of personal pain intruded.

When on one of his journeys and greatly pressed with “affairs,” he wrote to his wife :

“My dearest,

“I have been thinking about the —s. We have not a copy of *The War Cry* here ! and I cannot therefore tell when they leave for the Continent. But if this should be in time I would like you to see *her* before they go. I would like them to feel that no matter what we may think of their outburst, we do not bear any malice. One of the dangers is that they have no safety valve ! Anyway, if you could impress *her* that we are in no way bitter about things, and speak about — and about —’s baby and his health. The fact that she may not be entirely sincere need not prevent our being *kind*. That need not, as we are the injured parties, prevent us being considerate.”*

The marks of sainthood were upon him. His patience with people who disappointed him, and his pitiful tenderness to souls who fell, revealed the Master’s touch upon his spirit. *They* knew him as did but few others. There was nothing about him of a “holiness” which separates a man from his fellows, but instead an inexhaustible charity which claimed kinship with all. He believed that nearness to Christ must involve nearness to sinners. It did for him. He believed in that mystery, Christ tempted as man, Christ touched with the feelings of man’s infirmities. And he believed that this faith not only brought Christ near to men, but also brought those who had received Christ’s spirit near to each other, near in love to every soul they reached. The wells of sympathy and hope in his own heart were fed by the realisation of Christ’s presence with him. It may truly be said of him that he was biased in men’s favour. Seeing them always in the light of his faith in what Christ could make of them tended to exalt his view of them. He was an incurable optimist in all that con-

cerned human nature if it were but brought into touch with Christ. There were no limits set in his thoughts to what grace could accomplish in a man's heart. This, and his own high conception of what a soldier of Christ should be, no doubt led him sometimes to assume men better than they were and caused him to expend what seemed to others undue attention and anxiety on some "undeserving case." The time and pains he took going into the details of their difficulty when officers appealed to him against the decision of their superiors was, on occasion, something of a trial to those superiors ! He constantly affirmed that the fact that a man had made a mistake, or yielded to a temptation, erred in some matter of conduct or discipline, ought not to be a reason for expending less time and trouble on him, but rather the reverse, for it was already clear that he stood in need of the best that love and care and justice could do.

On March 19th, 1915, his journal records :

" . . . Saw Higgins [at that time Commissioner in charge of the British Field] on better system of dealing with officers—feeling grieved, and perhaps angry also at the neglect and callousness shown by some N.H.Q. officials towards officers in difficulty. How difficult is that supreme combination—the saviour of the erring and the judge of the rebellious.

" Communities, at any rate such as our own (if there ever have been such communities before), are not held together and managed by force of law or high standards of rectitude alone, but rather by the wise and earnest influence which love teaches."

So also with the forlorn creatures with whom he came in contact in his meetings. Men's misery clothed them with a kind of glowing attractiveness which drew his soul to them ; he was, as it were, half-blinded to what they were by his vision of what they might become. And he longed that those about him should share this faith.

Hear him when speaking about helping officers :

" . . . Dwell on the value of souls. Try and show them how to study the people. The souls of men are like books in a library, of which the outsides only are visible ; to be understood they must be studied. . . . Help them to see that to these people belongs an eternal future ; that even the worst and lowest and most degraded of them has powers which point to another life and another world—powers of the spirit—a capacity for worship, for God ; power to think, to reason ; above all, power to love. Sometimes it seems to me that failure—even ruin—helps to prove the immortality of the soul. A blighted soul is like a plant which, in an unfavourable climate, cannot flower, or, if it flower, cannot bring its seed to perfection. The plant lives, struggles,

and comes to maturity of a kind, but is never perfected. When we look at it we say that there must be a clime somewhere where that plant can blossom, where that seed can be perfected and fall fertile into the soil. . . . Let them be inspired with love and hope so that they will still hope for the uttermost failures, so that they will never despair of drawing the worst and vilest into the Kingdom.

“ . . . When I look at saved people who do not become what one had hoped, who wobble and shirk, who do not know their own minds and get astray in their devotion, I often say to myself, ‘ They are only in their childhood ; there is going to be another life ; they will be better by and by—there is a better day coming.’ ”

Bramwell Booth had looked upon the Christ, and of a truth it might be said of him : he saw the lost image of Christ in every soul. His was a mysticism not concerned alone with God, but also with man. He “ endured as seeing Him who is invisible,” and loved and served the “ invisible ” in the men and women he sought to help. By the aid of memory and imagination—he was rich in both—he could instantly clothe an incident, a spot, with holy garments. After inspecting a new property in Whitechapel with Commissioner Laurie, he said : “ Fine property, but much of it in a very bad state. Looked in on the site of the old theatre, nearly opposite [a building used in Christian Mission days]. My heart bowed before God in praise, the bare land seemed a sacred place, and my soul magnified the Lord.”

Music moved him. He had a perfect ear for tune and time. During singing he frequently experienced exaltation of spirit. His choice of words and tunes played an important part in the devotional meetings he led. Few who participated but must carry some recollection of moments of extraordinary spiritual power when following words of exposition by him he called for a repetition of some verse or refrain. The association of certain words with certain airs will for some be for ever reminiscent of such moments and of his presence. In his journal, of his own emotion during singing at an officers’ meeting he says :

“ I was touched and blessed in singing :

‘ Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from Thy side remove ;
In the mighty arms embraced
Of Thine everlasting love.’

A deep sense of my unworthiness and of God’s gift of unmerited mercy quite *overcame* me.”

And of a meeting of quite different type :

"March of two thousand officers and soldiers to City Hall, New York, for civic reception, Mayor a Roman Catholic. Very kind . . . quite ten thousand people. To hear them sing—*at that spot*—and a much larger crowd looking on from every vantage ground in the distance—

‘And though we’re sinners everyone,
Jesus died!’—

was very precious to my heart.”

Precious also to his heart was prayer. He lived in His Lord’s Presence, and had learned the language of prayer. He prayed. He talked about prayer. He wrote about prayer.

“Prayer,” he said, “is the guardian of the soul. . . . The life of prayer, the spirit of prayer, the love of prayer, the act of prayer. . . . Real waiting on God in everything ; your spirit joined to His Spirit ; your heart depending on His heart ; your will united with His will. . . . your whole being looking up in every tempting hour and leaning on Him.”

And he tells the secret of the life of prayer when he says, “The love of prayer is more important than prayer.”

Of devotional books as aids to prayer he made small use, though in his early years he carried a prayer book. A letter, written when he was twenty years old, mentions this and breathes the love of prayer already kindled in his youthful heart :

“I cannot quite agree with you on the subject of church prayers. It is *not* offering up other people’s prayers instead of your own, as you say—just because you happen to say the same words that someone else has said, and I am sure I think they are among the most *beautiful* and *touching* and heart-searching and *heart-moving* words that were ever spoken or put together. *I use a prayer book myself every day* and delight my soul in the glorious requests that are made. Try, and then you will find how much you have mistaken the whole question. I used to feel just the same till I tried.”

Almost the last time his voice was heard, he was praying. During the weary journey of his illness with its sleepless nights, he prayed again and again when he thought himself alone, speaking to his Lord as had been his life-long habit ; praying, often by name, for those whose need for one reason or another lay heavy upon his heart, praying for The Army. To hear him pray was to know at once that there existed an intimate relationship, a worshipful familiarity between him and his God. How many have felt it when he and they have knelt together, just he and that other,

perhaps in his office at Headquarters, or in the cabin of a ship or in the room of an hotel. The place might be mundane enough : it was instantly made holy by a Divine Presence. He was at home with God—everywhere. Hear him :

“ . . . Prayer is to lead us to God, no matter what our particular feelings may be. Prayer is to unite us with Him not only in the intense moments of our lives and in the great excitements, but to draw us near Him in calm confidence, in firm dependence on His goodness, and in settled conviction that He is always there working for us. Prayer is to aid us to subordinate everything in our being to His holy will, and to reveal in our minds day by day what that will is. There is no condition of our *feelings* laid down in that most wonderful command and promise of the Apostle ; ‘ Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you ’ . . . The fact of the Presence of God has no relation to this place or that. The place is nothing to Him ; *the person He comes to meet with is everything.*”

Bramwell Booth found comfort in prayer with men, and sought out opportunities to pray. An account of those with whom he prayed would fill a book. Of the great of the earth he asked permission with such simple directness it was impossible to deny him. “ I should like to pray with you. I hope you do not mind ? ”

On one of his journeys he prayed as was his custom with the captain of the ship, who at the conclusion said, “ No one has prayed with me, General, since your father did fifteen years ago.” Is there not something touching in the picture—this father and son going about the world, unexpectedly praying with people !

There is a great company of men and women of many nations who will cherish as long as memory lasts the recollection of his intercession for them and with them, and others who will remember the prayer though not knowing with whom they had prayed. As :

“ . . . Travelling 10 a.m., Sassnitz boat . . . conferring with Lawley about my campaign. . . . A man spoke to us on deck in broken English mixed with German : been saved at Hamburg. ‘ I haf been safed from all sin, but not smoke.’ We prayed with him on deck. He was stirred.”*

His humility of heart shows itself in the natural simplicity with which he says to men, “ pray for me.” In the late years of his Generalship he wrote to the officer who was to translate for him in a forthcoming campaign in a European country :

“ I understand that you are principally concerned with the translation work during my coming visit. I send this private note to ask you if you will pray not only for me, but that a special

*15.7.1913.

visitation of the Spirit of Wisdom, and Love and Tenderness may descend upon you.

"I ask this for myself and I ask it for you. Let us claim it and believe for it together, and then I shall say the right things and you will say them in the right way. If there is any special point you would like me to touch upon when I am with you, let me know.

"Yours affectionately,"

Of his own experience in prayer he said :

" . . . Prayer has made me conscious of the new life unexpectedly emerging within the life I am living. It is in such moments as though I come to a rift in the great wall of circumstance and look out upon a free and boundless sea. . .

" But there stand out in my life now various occasions when, in praying for help for myself or for the souls of men, there has been this same deep consciousness of something new added to me, some awakening of a new spiritual faculty, or, shall I say, a new spiritual sense, with which to realise the Divine. I have had many remarkable answers to prayer in the way of material gifts and signs and leadings. Those, however, appear quite small in retrospect, so far as their permanent value is concerned, compared with *these inward* uprisings of my spirit—which have often had little or nothing to do with requests for any particular thing—to meet, I humbly believe, *to know and to meet the Spirit of God.*"

CHAPTER XV

FATHER AND SON

HAS history on any of her pages a father and son to show us knit together in friendship and purpose as were William and Bramwell Booth? Unless one turn to the realm of commerce, hardly a field for comparison, I think not. It was not only that they worked together for the same ends nor that faith and affection united them; but also that a combination of facts and circumstances made their relation unique.

They discovered each other early in life. Even in his infancy there was a something about the child that charmed and drew his father and which after every allowance has been made for the natural tendency of fathers in favour of their first-born still evidences a special attraction between the two. The child was merry-hearted, demonstratively affectionate; before his first year was out he had won from his father the pet-name of "Sunshine," and when with the years shyness and reserve cut him off from others, he retained a freedom, when he and his father were alone, that almost belonged to the abandonment of childhood. Bramwell, the shyest of the family, was never shy of his father, nor afraid of him, and remained to the last, in a very literal sense, the "Sunshine" of his heart. "I love you. I may say I live in you," writes the old man, life's journey for him nearly finished. In spite of the dissemblance between the two, there was unmistakably an affinity which never waned, and which retained the characteristics of the unquestioning attachment of children.

By the time the boy was twelve father and son were on the footing of friends: by the time he was fourteen they were partners in the firm which might have been labelled, aptly enough, "William Booth and Son." They discussed everything together. "Willie knows my mind," writes William the elder to his wife before Willie was out of his 'teens. "We will say no more about the question until we meet again. You know my mind," writes the eighty-year-old General to his Chief-of-Staff son. Interchange of thought related not only to the affairs of the work, but ranged from the phases of their personal religious experience to polemics, ancient and modern, from world politics to the trivialities of diet and clothing. This intercourse continued over a long period. When his father died in his eighty-fourth year, Bramwell Booth was fifty-six; and it may be said of William Booth that, for more than forty years, he shared his whole heart and mind with his son, without reserve or consideration. Time brought no diminution

of their mutual confidence, rather the contrary. The course of their lives drew them together, and the two went on enjoying each other to the last days of their earthly companionship.

Temperamentally they were in sharp contrast one to the other. Each was, to a remarkable degree, the complement of and in some respects the antidote to the other ! William Booth, vehement, impulsive, moody, impatient, a talker, a man who must express himself, full of enthusiasms and prejudices, was the antithesis of his son, who was calm, cautious, steadfast, tenacious, silent, always feeling more than he expressed, always ready to argue a matter from the "other side," impelled to adopt the rôle of Devil's advocate from constitutional necessity ! The older man by disposition hopeful, though given to discouragement, the younger by disposition anxious, yet given to believing. The father revelling in crowds and cities ; the son a solitary, shrinking from strangers—yet they understood each other ; and by the time Bramwell reached maturity there was no ground left between them for misunderstanding.

They produced the right effect upon one another. To William Booth's storm-tossed spirit his son was as a harbour where he was always sure of shelter. To Bramwell, his father was an incentive, a match that kindled the fires of his creative powers. In a certain sense each found rest in the other, but they always acted on each other as a stimulus. It was not only that they influenced each other, but also that they drew forth what would otherwise have remained hidden. It has been written that in the presence of his friend a man is "refreshed, inspired, doubled, and more than doubled" and the writer* goes on, "with some persons, men live on the ground floor of their natures, and for the time being are neither conscious of the higher floors nor of the inner apartments. With other persons they ascend a storey and look out at other windows and see another class of objects ; with a *very few*, they ascend to higher storeys where the windows open inwards and upwards, whence the outlook is to high heaven and deep eternities. It is impossible for me to think or to feel or to say, what I should instantly think, feel and say if such a person were to stand before me." These two lived together in the "higher storeys," and that is one reason why it is impossible to consider their lives apart. Neither would have been what he was but for the other, and deprived of either The Salvation Army would certainly not have been what it was. They were one as it is seldom given two men to be, and the fruit of their unity of heart and action was, by God's blessing, The Salvation Army.

They were united in love for a woman. The strength of this affection had possibly more to do with their love for one another in the early years than either realised. Catherine Booth dominated them both. Her death gave them to each other in a fuller sense than before. When the grace of her presence was withdrawn, Bramwell Booth's likeness to his mother undoubtedly bound him

*John Pulsford.

afresh to his father's heart ; and the son's love for his father took on a new tenderness, born of his love for the mother he had lost. The day after her death father writes to son :

" *I love you very much. You bring your darling mother back to me, perhaps more than any. You were her first-born and on you she lavished unmeasured and unwavering toil and about you she cherished her strongest and most beautiful ambition. She has known all along how much I loved you.*"*

Yes, she knew, and loved to have such words from her husband as,

"Bramwell went away last night in very good spirits. He is eccentric in some things, but in others, and those are they which go to make up the fundamentals of character, I am sure he is very beautiful and as rare as beautiful. There are very few Bramwells in this world."

How often in after years, when both were engrossed in a discussion, the General would suddenly ejaculate, "You are like her, Bramwell—your mother," and then Bramwell's eyes would hold his father's and a silence would fall between them for a moment. They talked of her continually. Life remained full of memories of her presence because that presence was living to them both. In his eightieth year, when on one of the motor campaigns, his father writes to Bramwell from East Hartlepool, "This place is full of memories of darling Mamma"† ; and nearly twenty years before, from Copenhagen :

"I don't speculate on any estimate of your nearness and dearness to me. It will go unexpressed for this life anyway. When we meet darling Mamma again . . . we will not only sing of His love but talk of *ours*."‡

Circumstances made them indispensable to each other. Not that circumstances produced them, they were produced to meet the circumstances ; for these two men and their history make it very hard not to believe in Divine interposition. If ever any two were fitted to meet the demands their day and opportunity imposed, these were ; and it would seem that God meant they should need each other, and fulfilled that need. No picture of William Booth can be complete which does not include his son ; none of the son which does not include his father. Wherever, in years to come, men remember William Booth, they will say he had a son, and wherever that son is spoken of men will think of his father. The Salvation Army bears, as it were, their monogram. The honour of one is the honour of the other too, and if there were flaws in their work, the two stand or fall together.

William and Bramwell Booth were under the sway of Christ. He was the Key-note to which both their lives were attuned ;

*5.10.1890. †4.7.1908. ‡28.1.1897.

such harmony not only of purpose, but of method, as prevailed between them, could hardly have been achieved by two minds each so strong and yet differing so fundamentally, had not both been subject to the one Authority. Love to Christ and submission to His law of life brought that humility, forbearance and generosity which enabled them to yield to each other. Theirs was not the unity resulting from the ascendancy of one mind over another, rather the harmony of both under the dominance of Another. They were men of faith, each consistently seeking in all things the guidance of the Holy Spirit. To believers it is not difficult to see in the oneness of thought existing between them an evidence of that guidance. Thus their hearts were bound together by a trinity of loves, to Catherine Booth, to each other, and to the Person and Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

As early as 1877 their conception of Christ's Kingdom embodied itself in the Mission. To make this in *fact* what they saw it to be in *vision*, a vision which grew marvellously clearer as time went on, became the all-absorbing passionate longing of their lives. They spent themselves for this end to the very dregs of their strength, disdaining any and every distraction, laughing at risks, becoming veritable mules if failure threatened, planning as though they were to live for ever, and working as though each day were their last. Through all their correspondence this theme predominates. Their letters to each other, whether dictated or handwritten, are manifestly unpremeditated, hurriedly-expressed outpourings, telling the thoughts, anxieties or hopes of the moment. Reading them one cannot escape the sense of "drive" under which the writers laboured. How hungry each is for leisure, just a little leisure. Why? That they may have time to talk to each other! When Bramwell is but twenty his father writes to him,

"Your talk makes years of week-days into Sundays. I would rather have an hour or two with you than a new suit—ragged and greasy as my attire is!!"

Writes William Booth from Clacton, where he was resting in 1888 :

"Could you not get here for one week-day? The horse is better, and we could spend it very much in the country. . . . You could see Frinton . . . and have a little quiet time with Mamma. It will be a very long time perhaps before we have the chance of a day together. . . . A day together away from business would be a luxury."*

And from a train in South Africa :

"How I wish, or rather how I should wish had wishing any virtue in it, to see you this morning, and have an hour's, two hours', a day's talk, about a world of different things."†

*6.9.1888.

†11.9.1895.

And from Omaha, U.S.A. :

"My dear, dear Bramwell,

"My passionate love for everything that blesses and favours The Army and the high position you occupy in its direction and control, no less than my heart's tenderest yearnings over *you personally*, makes me long to be ever talking to you."*

And from Essen in Germany :

"I suppose it was my proposal to go to Headquarters, but I cling to the idea of meeting you there *with whom I have always so many things to discuss.*"†

And from mid-ocean in 1908 the old man writes :

"My dear Bramwell,

"In what a hurried fashion we parted. No matter how we contrive and arrange we never seem to have time to say what we want to say."‡

In his eighty-first year he writes :

"I always have a heap of things to discuss and have information upon from you when I cannot get at you. . . . I should think that among the earliest thoughts that will dart through my mind when I wake up in the next world will be : 'Why didn't I say that to the Chief?' and 'Why didn't I hear his judgment on the other?' and if there is no means of wireless telegraphy or some other method of communication, the first hours of the new Life will be spoilt with regrets."§

At eighty-two :

"I have a world to say to you, but I shall never have the chance . . . in this life."

Bramwell's letters are in like vein :

"I regret very much I had no time alone with you on Tuesday. After all is said and done we see precious little of each other except in the presence of others."**

"I hope you will have a good day on Sunday and be sustained and cheered. Can't we have a day's holiday when I get back just to talk to each other?"††

And their talk when they did meet always came back, and sooner rather than later, to that one theme, The Army. It is so with the letters. There are thousands of them, for these two rarely missed writing to each other daily when apart. Bramwell's are long, sometimes almost technical, often reasoned letters, from

*7.1.1903. †2.10.1903. ‡10.8.1908. §25.3.1910. **13.9.1894. ††25.10.1901.

the Chief of Staff to his General. There may be three or four on the same day ; they range the world and constantly run to eight and ten and more pages. The General was kept in touch with every phase of the Salvation war, its progress, problems, personalities. But this was not enough. Enclosed with the " official " typescript went pages of handwritten letters from son to father. These are almost as entirely " Salvation Army " as the Chief's letters. Reading them shows clearly enough that this making The Army what they felt it ought to be was their chief concern in life. Hear William Booth to his son :

" How much I value your love and devotion I cannot say and shall not, I suppose, ever attempt to do. The assistance you have given me in the establishment and continuance of this great enterprise cannot be measured. God will remember and reward your sacrifices and devotion. Now I want you to come to the front and help me to grapple with and defeat the working of what seems to me an awful danger to The Army. . . . it is quite common to organisations and individuals in our circumstances. It has been said of us by our enemies and feared for us by our friends—I mean the awful extent to which the Army has become *secularised*. . . .

" Everywhere do we not measure ourselves by the amount of *work* we do—the machinery we make or set going or control or repair . . . rather than the actual spiritual results we *personally see*, the spiritual inspiration and awakening and endowment we impart—the living *waters that go through us* ! . . .

" I write you my *heart* . . . *Tell me your heart* . . . God help us. Our responsibilities are awfully great, but *He is mighty to save*."*

" The war feeling will require very grave attention. From what I saw of the spirit of some of the staff in that respect, they can easily run us into difficulties we shall never get out of as long as we live, and shut our way up in — . . . I am prepared to shed the last drop of my blood in defence of the cosmopolitan idea, and you had better tell — this. Put that very sentence into your letter, and say I shall come down on the very first officer I hear of doing any blathering in the war spirit.

" What you say with respect to the cost of staff is very important, but I hope you understand that the Constitution I have given to Australia I intend to give to the States, which will mean several *War Crys* and a great division of authority. . . . The leading men themselves will welcome it."†

" Have faith in God ! All new movements have their rickety rackety, jagged periods when, unless there is some strong hand and wise head to control them, they go to pieces, but with these very scarce qualities you are likely to leave something that will *last* ! "‡

*28.1.1893.

†11.1.1896.

‡25.4.1904.

"I am longing now to be able to do the open-air. I believe I could have preached twice to 20,000 people each time in the open-air with less fatigue than I did in St. Andrew's Hall yesterday. . . . I wonder whether I could do it. We will see. I shall *experiment*."*

He is seventy-five, but it is as natural as ever that he should be "experimenting" !

"I see after being in this country twelve hours only, that we must have Travelling Commissioners whose rank *equals* the Commissioners themselves and who, for the fact of being my direct agents, can command respect. It has to be done !

"I have a world of things I would like to discuss with you."†

And after referring to the attitude of the people toward the work he goes on :

"Our Staff Officers don't seem to appreciate its value or the possibilities it indicates. Let us do that Staff Magazine—whatever else we do—and try to ding something into their heads and hearts. . . . But, oh, what are we to do unless some better men can be found. . . . *Men and money* we must have—how to get them is the question."‡

"Oh, what an opportunity we have in these parts. Officers ! Officers ! Officers of the right stamp are our great necessity."§

Eighty-two ! And his yearning to see The Army what he wants it to be has not abated, as witness this :

"I feel as if I had a call from Heaven to make my officers and soldiers understand what I want in The S.A. and make them feel that they have got to work to *my plans* and not to —'s or their own *conceits*."**

Now hear son to father :

"I must have a talk with you on other matters some time when we are a little less burdened. It is not to be surprised at that some things should appear inextricably difficult in the future, and we must face them without over-estimating their importance."††

"I am so sorry you are so much alone. I think we might have a little more time together on the quiet. I love you and in a sense I live for you more than ever I have done, and you are destined to shake all the earth in a way not dreamed of. But we must pay more attention to the officers and the common people."‡‡

*6.1.1905.

§21.3.1909.

†Cape Town, 27.8.1905.

**21.7.1911.

††12.12.1892.

‡4.7.1908.

‡‡10.7.1893.

"I will meet you on Thursday morning to breakfast. My programme is as follows: take first urgent foreign things, including your movements on the Continent and afterwards; work on up to three o'clock when I suggest you go to Hadley [Hadley Wood, where William Booth and his son went to live in 1889]; get a few hours' quiet, and then be ready for us in the evening.

"There is a mass of things from abroad. . . . On the whole it is very good. The continent of Europe presents the most extraordinary opportunity the world has ever seen. Oh, for men and faith and zeal to seize it!"*

"Improvements are needed in — in the following matters:

"Cost of Territorial Headquarters Staff. This is especially important just now. The Staff seems too numerous—in proportion to the number of Corps. They cost too much—but that they can't help if they are there. . . . The duplication of work—tendency of untrained minds to think that because they are fully occupied they are usefully and remuneratively occupied. . . .

"The Divisional Staff wants more regular change. Present appointments seem too long. It may be necessary. I doubt it. The chief D.O's. ought to have Chancellors or A.D.C's. who know the detail and finance and have a *position* and need not change when the D.O. does. The D.O's. are often much more separate from their F.O's. than they ought to be. Class and caste grows with the growth of the military idea. Needs watching.

"The number of Local officers is very trifling. May not this have some connection with the small soldiery? To *use* men (also talents) is the only way to keep and get. Should we not get more money if Treasurer and Secretary everywhere handled it?"†

"I should say that *if* the idea of doing a big thing for the world is impossible without sacrificing its quality—we had better drop the idea of a big thing!!! All the past goes to show that the *few* out and outs in any cause have done the most."‡

"Let us allow scope for the personal element—this is a one-man affair—let the one man at the top show the other 'one man' how to do it! Do not be put off meeting the officers so far as it may be possible. They are the spinal column of the affair and their tone and spirit its spinal marrow. I see it as I never have done and I mean to devote myself to them for a year or two first and foremost."§

"I have had rather a trying week in some respects. The great stream of influence seems so opposed to our making *new* people and yet without it we are not doing much. I wonder if we could not come out a little stronger now and then in *The Officer* [monthly magazine for officers] about the churches—with a view merely to showing where we differ from them. . . . The officers are

*20.3.1893.

†October, 1894.

‡8.5.1897.

§24.2.1899.

not at all well informed about our differences. . . . They wobble in the presence both of criticism and flattery on the part of the parsons and church friends. . . . The mere fact that so large a proportion of officers are our own converts is against us in this matter.”*

“Salvation is the need of our people. Red-hot religion. The *zeal* of the electioneering in the working of the Corps.”†

“What we are to do with men like —, who cannot keep up, maintain their position—I am unable to imagine. I suppose the *old* man who could not do full work must have been a great difficulty to other concerns? Have they got over it? How are we to grapple with it I see not.”‡

“I wish we could do more for the happiness of our people. The acts which tend to maintain and perpetuate any organism ought to be pleasant acts if you are to be sure of its continuance. So much of our work is very far from pleasant. It is so monotonous. I have heaps to say but I shall see you now soon.”§

“I wish we *could* make some people feel that we appreciated them, even though we have to find fault.”**

“The S.A. is born for a go-ahead people and for big things. Why not? If only we can keep to our own proper strong line, and have confidence in what is specially ours.

“I want to write you some of my inner thoughts about the religion of the Concern. I have had some strong temptations. The world seems to be in an awful state.”††

“I am not happy about the doctrine, widely spread, that makes so much depend on our keeping up certain outward things. Jesus Christ and the Cross of Calvary are just as worth while when losing ground as when winning. The gospel of success has gone far enough with us—perhaps! *Perhaps we shall learn.*‡‡

“I am convinced that we ought to give urgent attention to the *employment* of the soldiers. With the young people something to do is all-in-all. The lack of it leads them into all kinds of messes. . . . I was wondering whether anything could be done in the way of canvassers, soldiers who call every so often at a certain number of houses simply to enquire, ‘Is there anything we can do for you?’ It might lead to something, and its extreme simplicity would perhaps entice people to help who would not undertake a more serious-looking affair. Anyway it would put the S.A. in evidence in many homes and streets where now little is known of it. Women could work at it as well as men, and all sorts of first-hand information about what was actually taking place in a town would filter through to the officers and locals of a Corps, now, often alas! sadly oblivious to what is going on.”§§

*14.4.1899.

†26.1.1900.

‡2.8.1901.

§11.11.1901.

**17.10.1902.

††12.1.1903.

‡‡17.4.1911.

§§24.10.1903.

"My F.O.'s Councils. I am going to *attempt* a classification. . . I want to help the F.O. to make better meetings. We are neither Catholic nor Protestant. The former was all for *worship* and adoration—the latter relied on the Message—the word—the *speech*. We neglect the former and despise the latter! As a consequence we lack interest even where we are alive—and when things go flat spiritually the whole thing is *tame* and *same* and *lame*! We ought to introduce the element of worship into one or two meetings as the leading feature."*

"We are neither Catholic nor Protestant," writes Bramwell Booth. No! The Salvation Army was a new creation. Here was no split from a parent body. William Booth had been a Methodist minister, but there was a hiatus between that ministry and the leadership of the East London Mission. It was not the Methodist minister who founded The Salvation Army, and The Army borrowed little from Methodism, or indeed from any Church of the day, unless in the form of its doctrines, which are substantially those adopted by Wesley, who drew them in turn from the Church of England. But with at least equal truth it may be said The Army's doctrines are on a purely Scriptural basis, being a simple statement of the faith of the New Testament. The Army was not a growth out of any religious body, nor was it a new creation within the ambit of any Church, as were the Jesuits within the Church of Rome. There had been nothing comparable in Christian history since George Fox founded the Society of Friends. Bramwell Booth says :

"We had no precedent to go upon, very little experience to guide us. Much that we did had to be done literally as an act of faith. We were often in such complete and balanced uncertainty as seemed to make any given course highly speculative.

"We had to build the ship while we were at sea, and not only build the ship, but master the laws of navigation, and not only master the laws of navigation, but hammer sense into a strangely-assorted crew!

"The character of much of the work was so new in religious history that many decisions, even though they seemed at the time to involve only minor points of policy and method, proved to be of great importance. If we 'rolled the old chariot along,' as our song runs, it was never on a rutted road. It was often on tracks that were scarcely a road at all."†

They were, in fact, exploring. Impossible then to discern at the time which were the vital turns in the road and which merely detours to obviate some difficulty or a short cut to some point of vantage. Looking back, and having in mind the condition of the Churches and the standards of public opinion at the time, even if Divine inspiration be denied, one is yet forced to acknowledge

*12.3.1905.

†"Echoes and Memories," pp. 10, 11.

the audacity of the creative genius by which these two men established a militant Church in which :

Sacraments and all set forms of worship were absent.

Ministers were not ordained.

The laity were given the right to preach.

Women were accorded equal rights with men to preach, to hold any office, and to carry all the responsibilities included in the leadership of men and women subordinate.

Every member was pledged to renounce intoxicating drinks, drugs, except by doctor's orders, and gambling in all forms.

Readiness to testify for Christ in public, *the wearing of uniform*, and *abstinence* from the use of tobacco and worldly amusements was enjoined upon all bearing office, whether paid or voluntary.

Social and business enterprises became an integral part of the organisation, not merely an adjunct to some Church or Mission within it.

Internationalism was established, whilst control was retained at one centre.

The close association of the son with his father throughout the creative period gave The Army the benefit of a young and exceptionally versatile mind, capable of translating into action the flashes of inspiration born of the older man's experience. By the light of those flashes the son often saw a whole vista of possibilities, lighted at their flame as it were the torch of his own inventive faculty, which went on burning after the original flash had faded, and by the light of which plans were laid for the conquering of fresh territory by The Army, or for the supply of ammunition of one sort or another ; for an Army has many needs which cannot be ignored if its march is to be victorious. This partnership of father and son brought another advantage the results of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. It gave The Army continuity of policy, not only in the formative stage, but, and hardly less important, during the period of consolidation and growth. The day will come when someone will arise capable of demonstrating something of what The Army owes to the fact that during the whole of William Booth's Generalship, and for sixteen years after his death, The Army was served by a man who was absolutely loyal to the principles and aims of its originator.

Speculations about the past are for the most part fruitless, but one wonders whether if the great Francis had had a son, one with him as Bramwell was one with William Booth, the saint might not have seen a body established which would have approximated more nearly to his ideal, instead of being thrust aside by men of worldly wisdom who could neither see what he saw nor reverence the seer by carrying out his commands. Certain it is the world would not have known The Salvation Army of the first quarter of this century, had not such a father as was William Booth been

given such a son as was Bramwell. William Booth was blessed in having at his side a man of the next generation, whose vision was wide as his own, and who was capable of understanding and appreciating him.

“ I send you my tender love,” writes son to father. “ We all do. But above all I do. You will never know how I regard you, and perhaps some time in some other sphere of existence you will find me to be of soul and mind big enough to have appreciated you. I sometimes fear you do not—owing to my stupidities—feel so now ! ”*

How often has not the work of the kingly among men been frustrated and stunted because the pigmies about him have been incapable of recognising his greatness and, instead of being ready to honour and obey, have hampered him by piecemeal criticism of a picture their limited vision could never see as a whole ; or have quarrelled with him because his methods were different from their own, and, the moment the master was taken, have hastened to “ correct ” and “ improve ” the immortal conception. There is a sense in which the great in the moral and spiritual realm never live to see their work completed : always they must trust to those who shall come after. Happy he who, having received a revelation from above, is given an Elisha, one on whom has fallen a “ double portion ” of his master’s spirit. It would be invidious, even if it were possible, to distinguish to which of the two, father or son, The Salvation Army owes most. In their lives they were one, in their labours let them be undivided.

None can understand Bramwell Booth who does not recognise the preponderating part which veneration played in his mental outlook. This was still further emphasised by self-depreciation in early manhood, and in some degree through all his life. He was naturally predisposed to esteem others better than himself. This instinct to revere fed the unstinting love and admiration he lavished upon his father and helped to keep his devotion to him at white heat. Writes Bramwell to Emma,

“ The General is very tender. His is a fathomless heart as well as a great mind. I am not worthy to be his servant. Mamma and he were the most wonderful couple the world has seen.”

The fact that a project was his father’s inclined the son in its favour.

“ God keep you, my precious father and General. You are the pride and joy of *my* heart any hour—every hour—and I am proud to have a share in moulding what I’m doing for the poor world to your ideas and wishes.”†

“ I send you all our love. For myself my very heart’s core is

*8.8.1897.

†18.12.1891.

bound to you by a myriad cords. I find myself planning for you even my dreams, and I long perhaps more intensely than ever I have done to deserve your approval and love. For all our sakes take care. The burden of life is in its apprehensions.”*

“My dear General,

“To-morrow will be your birthday. What can I say? That I love you is an old song and yet it is the best I have to sing. If I say I serve you, you know too well with how many imperfections! If I say I trust you—you can justly reply that you have by your life and influence compelled me to do so! If I say that I am ready to follow you, you may reasonably ask—‘To whom else can I go?’ And if I say I am eternally grateful to you—it is obvious that you have given me such good ground for gratitude that to be anything else would be to prove unworthy of the name of a man. And so, after all, I can only say—what in a way never grows old—*I love you*—more and more and with a higher and deeper consciousness of your *worth* and strength and with, I hope, a truer desire to carry forward your spirit and reach your hopes.”†

“I shall do all I can to give effect to your wishes. God will help me. We must *dare* a little more in this country. We have a chance and no mistake.”‡

This attitude of mind and heart gave special significance to all William Booth’s expressed wishes about the future. They were in the eyes of his son and successor something more than merely human advices: they were William Booth’s wishes, but wishes influenced by the help and guidance of the Holy Spirit. All the association of father and son strengthened this view: all the miracles of their past confirmed it. Because of their intrinsic importance and even more because of the place they held in his son’s judgment, I think the instructions and counsel William Booth left to his successor should be given here almost in full. Let them be read with at least a modicum of deference to the spirit of the opening paragraph. Imagine with what added weight the messages must have been received by his son when William Booth writes:

“I lay them upon you with all the authority of my last commands . . . accept them as my dying wishes.”

The full significance of these injunctions from father to son must not be ignored by anyone who desires to enter into Bramwell Booth’s feelings when he was met with the demand to change The Army’s Constitution and to provide for the appointment of his successor by election. The documents are in William Booth’s handwriting, and on the envelope which contained them Commissioner Kitching has written:

*18.10.1895.

†9.4.1897.

‡3.3.1905.

"This envelope was opened and the document herein contained read by me to The General at Hadley Wood on the morning of May 23rd, 1912, a few hours before the operation. The General instructed me to hold it and hand it to the Chief in the event of his decease. I believe that apart from the General no one has seen it but myself.

THEO. H. KITCHING."

"R.M.S. 'Dunottar Castle.'

"August 16th, 1895.

"*Some Counsels for the guidance of my successor in the Generalship of The Salvation Army. To be read and considered after my death.*

"My dear Bramwell,

"I write the following in view of the possibility of my being taken away by some sudden stroke, which will not give me an opportunity for giving any parting advice in view of the position for which I have chosen you. These counsels are roughly set down and hurriedly put together, but they will suffice to make you acquainted with my feelings on the matters referred to. They contain my mature convictions on the subject treated of, and I lay them upon you with all the authority of my last commands. Of course, should God in His great goodness continue me here a little longer, I shall have the opportunity of overhauling them, and making any changes that time and experience and conditions may have suggested,* but meanwhile if you find them after my decease accept them as my dying wishes. I begin with a few general directions as to his selection of a successor.

"The first duty of a General will be to name his Successor according to the requirements of the Deed Poll.

"(a) In attending to this important duty he must seek help from God and make his choice as in His very Presence. No single task as important ever engaged his attention before.

"(b) He should most seriously consider, that in view of the uncertainty of life, and the great loss, trouble and inconvenience that would be caused to The Army should he die without having named a successor, he must name the person who in his mind at the moment appears most likely to efficiently fill the position; if *not quite satisfied* with his choice, he should consider further, until quite satisfied that he has selected the best qualified officer within his knowledge.

"(c) If the officer he has chosen is not altogether what he desires and deems suitable, he must content himself, if he be the best that he can find.

"(d) In making the selection let him consider the qualification required in an officer who shall profitably occupy the position of General and effectively discharge the duties connected therewith. In doing so let him note the following :

*The text gives indication of subsequent amendment.

" 1. He should be an Army officer in good and full standing with unblemished reputation and whose actual experience appears to promise the possession of the gifts necessary for the position.

" 2. *He should if possible be of mature age.* While it is impossible to lay down a rigid rule in this particular, seeing that the properties required which usually come with experience are occasionally found combined with all the enthusiasm and energy of comparative youth, still it is difficult to imagine many instances where an officer would be found suited to so important a position under thirty years of age.

" 3. He must above all things be a godly man. That is, he must profess and experience the doctrine of holiness as explained in the Orders and Regulations and have a personal realisation of the indwelling of God by the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

" 4. He should be a good and hearty believer in our doctrines.

" 5. He should be an enthusiastic Salvationist.

" 6. He should be possessed of a measure of health and vigour.

" 7. He should possess the capacity necessary for the occupancy of such a post and to command the esteem, confidence and devotion of so vast a body of intelligent and capable people as he will have to command. This will mean that he should have the necessary ability :

" (a) For the public duties that devolve upon him—such as a certain amount of platform ability necessary for the conducting of great meetings and festivals and other demonstrations.

" (b) For the transaction of the multitudinous forms of business of which he should have some practical understanding.

" (c) For the continuous aggression which is the life of The Army, on which its continued existence largely depends ; *a General must be a fighting man.*

" (d) *For prudence.* This is indispensable. A rash and heedless General might do irreparable injury before he has been in office many months. Indeed the most important duty that will lie before any succeeding General will be the wise guidance and control of the mighty force which will be at his disposal.

" 8. Now it will be good if these qualities, or any considerable number of them, meet in the direct heir of the General for the time being. That is : if the best man for the position happens to be the son or daughter of the General himself, or should they meet in any prominent member of the family.

" But the General, in making his choice of any member of his own family, must beware of passing over any other officer who

he has reason to believe would be more suitable for the position and more acceptable to the holiest, the wisest and the most energetic officers and soldiers in the Army. *He must be impartial.*

"9. A woman if otherwise qualified is equally eligible with a man.

"10. Under no circumstances should a General divulge the name of the Officer on whom his choice has fallen. Nothing can be gained by such a course, and very grave evils may and all but certainly would be the result.

"11. If at any time after a General has made his choice he is convinced that he has been mistaken in some important particular, or should a more likely officer for the post be presented to his mind, he must at once change his selection and do so in due form."

Personal Counsels.

"My dear Bramwell,

"Believing that you will conscientiously discharge the duties of General in the face of God, the interests of The Army and the Salvation of the world, and in such a manner as would be likely to command my approval, *I have chosen you to fill this important post.*

"I acknowledge the importance of the command. This will be evident to anyone having the most superficial acquaintance with the character of the position and the duties you will have to fill and the fact that you are called to take my place in view of the great influence which my position as the founder of The Army gave me. But all positions of honour and power have their corresponding difficulties, and to have the opportunity of effecting so much for the world and helping so greatly the honour of the Master which will be yours must be worth a great price of labour and sacrifice. I am sure you will regard it with such feelings. I therefore give you the following counsels.

"You will follow the general directions just given as to the selection of your successor.

"So far as I at present know The Army, I think in the first instance your choice should fall upon Herbert . . .

"If God should spare you for many years from the date at which I write this, as I trust He may, other officers even more capable may rise up, or officers who may, from the fact of their being younger and more vigorous, be better adapted for the position. I must leave the choice in such circumstances entirely to your judgment, in which case the responsibility of the selection will rest entirely upon you. It may be that God may raise up a member of your family duly qualified for the command.

"Let me now notice some general rules which I think you should observe towards the family.

"My first consideration with respect to your relation to the family is the desire that you should take my place to them. It

is very improbable whether the same circumstances with regard to a General's family can be repeated in the future history of The Army. As the sons and daughters of the Founders of The Army they will feel that they occupy a relation to it and its leaders, which the other officers can never do, and naturally they will expect and feel that they have a rightful claim to a certain amount of consideration on that account."

[Here follows advice of a personal nature.]

"You must bear in mind that, in case of any serious revolt against the principles and government of The Army or against your authority, they would be likely, nay certain, to be your most reliable hope and strength.

"In the case of brothers and sisters or of family relationships in general, one of the common dangers will be found to consist in the elder or stronger members of the family being tempted to presume on the relationships to impose burdens, or to seek to exact more difficult services than would be the case if the relationships did not exist. . . .

"Indeed, the relationship will bear in the opposite direction, for they will naturally be likely to expect from you forbearance, consideration and patience which other officers could not have any right to, from the fact that you are their brother. Now I want you to consider this ; and I pray God to grant you grace and strength to act in harmony with the rule I have been laying down. . . .

"The foregoing will refer to all the other arrangements referring to the temporal comfort and well-being of the family. In some respects they cannot fight for their own hand either by speaking of any hardships they may be called to suffer or by seeking some advance or advantage which they may see before them, and feel that they desire, as can other officers, so much the more need will there be for their General and brother to charge himself with their interests and fight their battles for them. I charge you to care for their interests even as you know their father has done, and would do if he were in your place. . . .

"With respect to the grandchildren I cannot say more than ask that they may be dealt with in the spirit of what I have asked for their parents, that is, that impartiality may govern all their appointments. They will however have largely to take the same chance as the children of other superior officers.

"*I want to caution you against the influence of the praise of men.* Although when deserved, so far as human approval can be, a great danger to the soul's humility and integrity ever lurks beneath it. But specially do I warn you to beware of flattery and flatterers. I am pleased and proud to know that you have not been prone to be carried away with this evil in the past, but oh, flattery is an insidious and dangerous and devilish thing. Beware of it.

“Be impartial in all your appointments. Persevere in following the example I have endeavoured to set you in seeking out the best, the most devoted, the most talented officers for the most important positions. . . .

“Persevere on the lines of *aggression*. Beware of *stagnation*. Set a watch against the natural conservatism of your character—you must go forward on the lines of conquest or you must perish.

“I am not able to write more at this moment or I would gladly urge upon you the importance of:—

“(a) *Prudence*. Specially in all operations which concern finance.

“(b) *The maintenance of first principles*, specially holiness, liveliness in meetings, seeking the poorest and worst and red-hot religion.

“(c) *The avoidance of controversy and strife*. And as far as possible theoretical defence in the press or on the platform, the law-courts or elsewhere.

“(d) *Watching against the foe of all earnest religion*, respectability—worldliness.

“In closing I can only commend you to the Lord Whose wisdom and grace must and will uphold you in the heavy task that He, I believe, has devolved upon you.

“I shall pray for you in view of this coming burden—this important command—until I lay it down and leave it in your hands.

“My *best blessing* will come with it and I shall hope to meet you in the morning and review with satisfaction the wonderful things God does through your leadership and to learn that you have been faithful to the trust that I lay upon you.

“Believe me while I write and for ever to be your affectionate father,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

“For my dear son William Bramwell.”

With the pages addressed to his son was the following letter :

“R.M.S. ‘Dunottar Castle.’

Off the Coast of Africa.

August 15th, 1895.

“My very dear Children,

“. . . In looking forward to the hour when I shall have to bid you all farewell from this world, I cannot refrain from giving expression to the love I have borne you. Although that love has been very imperfect and far short of the beautiful, pure, unselfish passion which dwelt in the heart of dear Mamma, still, I can say, that in my soul, there has ever been and is at the present moment, a deep and tender affection for you each and all, which does and has ever constrained me to seek your highest welfare and which

fills me with unspeakable joy when you are happy and prosperous in body and soul. . . .

"Perhaps I may remark here that I do hope that you will continue to be careful to maintain that sobriety and plainness (unworldliness I might say) in your houses, furniture, apparel, food and all else that appertains to your home life, which I have ever advocated and which is in harmony with the practice and principles of The Army.

"In contemplating my departure, I cannot but be anxious about some things with which you as a family are more particularly concerned and on which I want to give you some further counsel.

"First and foremost comes up the desire that you should continue to seek and above all other things to maintain, holiness of heart and life. A clear and constant sense of the Divine favour, together with the unreserved consecration of yourselves and of all you possess to His service, will have more to do with your happiness and usefulness than all other things beside. . . .

"If I were dying this very night and knew it, I would try to put on record as my last words a message beseeching you as I do now to live to the glory of God and for the welfare of others. Beware of selfishness, cultivate charity. All religion is vain the fruit of which does not consist of love.

"With respect to your relations to each other I would like to say a word or two. You occupy, as you will know full well, a unique position. The eyes of all the world will be upon you at this juncture. Perhaps few families have ever had such an experience as has fallen to you, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the successful progress of the greatest religious movement of the century largely depends upon your rightly, wisely and forbearingly apprehending and discharging the duties you owe to each other.

"Let me beg of you to keep your love alive and tender. Make up for any loss of care and sympathy and attention you may suffer in my death by supplying it as far as possible yourselves. This should extend to temporalities, that is : to the wants, weaknesses, difficulties and necessities that relate to this life. Assist one another in hardships and losses, comfort one another in afflictions and bereavements and all the other sorrows which you may be called to endure.

"Care for each other spiritually . . . be mindful of each other's truth and honour and faithfulness to God and The Army and the world. Strive by any and all means that in you lies to keep the fire of 'Perfect Love' burning in each other's hearts.

"Endeavour by all lawful means to maintain the influence of our family throughout and upon every department of The Army . . . God from you, and by you, and of your very sons and daughters can make a new nation. I don't say this by way of

revelation. Still, I do see wonderful possibilities for the poor world that lie in the idea—anyway the family should be a great force for maintaining the integrity of The Army in every respect. To this end labour to keep that spirit pure, and pass it on from generation to generation until it is felt throughout the world, everywhere blessed by the friends of God and everywhere feared by His foes.

“Remember the purpose for which your mother and father lived and to which they consecrated their lives. Let it be perpetuated in you, so that in this respect it may be truly said that they live over again in their children and in their children’s children.

“To this end I charge you to indoctrinate your children as I believe you are doing from their infancy with the spirit which dwelt in your dear mother and which has I hope been the ruling passion of my own life. Compel them to give themselves up to seek the Salvation of the world.

“I want to say a few words bearing on your relation to the officer who will succeed me in the position of General.

“You will, I feel sure, cordially accept him. Although I have never in so many words said as much, still the selection has been an open secret. Hence the appointment will not come upon you as a surprise in any way. And about your assent to it there will be no question. *But what you do I want to be done heartily.* You will do this.

“Because he is my deliberate choice. There must be a General. The General is not The Army, but there would be no Army without a General. It is impossible for all to occupy the position. There must be one individual. Here is that one. You will, I say again, I am sure transfer to him the loving obedience you have so cheerfully given to me.

“He will, I believe, be generally accepted ; if the entire Army were polled I have no doubt his selection would be unanimously approved.

“Having accepted him heartily, support his authority. You will do that I am sure without any urging on my part. To do otherwise would be simple folly and ruinous to the interests we have toiled so long to create and conserve.

“Every officer and soldier around you will be observing your action in this respect. You will set an example, I hope, not only now, but in the future, worthy of being imitated.

“Cordially second the efforts of the new General. They will not all meet your highest approval. They may not always be such as you would put in action if you were in his place. Nevertheless you must give him credit for the best motives and support him with your influence and co-operation.

“Have patience with him—he will be sensitive to your criticisms, therefore don’t make unfavourable remarks on his actions,

or exaggerated repetitions may reach his ears signifying far more than you intended, thereby not only inflicting pain on him, but leading to other mischief.

"Don't neglect the duty you owe to the memory of darling Mamma and myself after I have passed away.

"I think you should regard it as a sacred duty to The Army and to our Lord to keep us in remembrance before The Army and before the world. So that, although being dead, we may continue to speak to our comrades, to Christians generally, and to the ungodly world. I have no personal care about the matter although not indifferent to the feeling, natural to all right-minded men, which makes the thought of being remembered after death agreeable. Still, only on the ground of its beneficent influence to The Army do I express the wish that you should in some general manner endeavour to preserve our memory before our comrades of this and coming generations.

"I shall expect that you will sacredly keep the promises you made when I was with you : of fealty to God, loyalty to The Army and of consecration to seek at all times and under all circumstances the highest interest of mankind by spreading its principles and influence throughout the world.

"I shall certainly expect my dear children that you will inspire your own children, as I have said before, with these sentiments and convictions. . . .

"I beg of you to accept these counsels as coming from my heart. As the days or years pass before the event transpires for which they are prepared, I shall have the opportunity of making a change in them should any change in my view or feeling take place.

"If not, and if these should be as it were my last words to you, I give with them my blessing, and wait for my happiness being completed by meeting you all again with your dear, dear mother before the Throne.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Farewell !*

"Your affectionate father,
"WILLIAM BOOTH."

With what scrupulous care Bramwell carried out both the letter and the spirit of these last commands ! Undoubtedly the love of father and son for each other and for The Army had bound their two hearts together indissolubly : of the son's exquisite tenderness and humble forbearance a multitude could speak. It is not too much to say that no one could see them together without perceiving something of the younger man's adoring love.

After William Booth's death Bramwell Booth could not speak of his father without betraying his love for him. There are thousands of officers who can testify they never heard him speak in a meeting,

public or private, but that he mentioned his father. The love between them was recognised when both were alive—it was not a love that gathered any lustre from death. When Bramwell was nineteen he was taking a few days' rest and his mother tells him :

"Papa is at Plaistow to-night. He was talking about you last night much in the fashion of an absent lover ! I don't see how he could think much more of you anyway. Do get all the good you can for *his* sake. Get out of doors as much as possible. I wish you had a pony. I should think you might hire one an hour a day for riding. Try."

And in 1884 she writes to his father :

"Bramwell is very low. Don't say I mentioned it, but cheer him up. He *loves you* very tenderly and hangs on you as none of them do."

And Eva writes to her brother :

"I have had some precious words with Papa about *you*. You will never know what you have been to him, and what you have saved him, and what you have brought into his life ! There are many senses in which you are all he has. So many officers remarked on the way the General's face lit as if by a thousand lights when I was talking about you at the close of the officers' councils. . . . He looks for your letters as a girl would for the letters of a sweetheart. I tell you these little things because I think nobody else may remember to, or may be able to do so, and I think your dear, self-sacrificing heart ought to know."*

His sister Emma writes to her father :

"There still remains much to thank God for. If only *you* are spared to us in anything like your present health and capacity. We must not make *too serious a trouble of anything* ! It would be wrong. This is Bramwell's feeling as well as mine. . . . His soul which is bigger than the combined souls of the *average seven sons* is yours to the uttermost."

When writing to each other, father and son seldom succeeded in keeping out a love word of some sort. How often one finds a sentence at the end of a long business dispatch, written in love's language from heart to heart. From all the corners of the world come these expressions of a father's love and longing for his son and friend, and the answering message of love and devotion from the son to his father and hero. Here is a little sheaf of such extracts, first from father to son :

From Leamington :

"I am very sorry not to see you. I love you more than ever and the sight of you for an hour or two would have been a joy to me."*

From Africa :

"I love you very much. You know it, and I suppose that it is because I hold you so dear that my heart, all alone here, so far as *hearts* go, is hungering."†

From India :

"God bless you. If spared and all goes well, what a meeting we shall have. I mean you and me."‡

From the ocean :

"It seems an age since we parted, and yet it is only four short days. I have nothing to write about and yet I must write."§

From Euston station :

"I hope you got through all right. You little know how near and dear you are to me—how I live on your health and happiness and usefulness and *love for me*."**

On a motor tour :

"Goodbye. You know how you have lived in the innermost core of my heart for all these years—how I have trusted and loved you in hours of loneliness and darkness the density of which you will never know."††

And these from son to father :

"*I long to see you again.* I am like a man with half his heart gone when you are far away."‡‡

"I am praying constantly for you. I send you my tenderest love. Every word in your little private note goes to my soul—and *warms it*. I feel God has got you in His arms. This place is awfully like a desert without you. Do take care of yourself for our sakes—my sake.—Everlastingly yours . . ."

P.S. "I am looking after all your private and personal wishes."§§

"It seems an age since you went away. However shall I do when it becomes necessary, if it should, to live for still longer periods without you. I thought yesterday that I ought to do more for your health and comfort with my own hands than in the past."***

"I can only pray for you and love you and watch for your wishes and long for you to return. All this I am doing with my

*November, 1879. †11.9.1895. ‡22.1.1896. §11.1.1898.

4.11.1905. ††15.8.1909. ‡‡14.4.1891. §§11.9.1891. *9.2.1891.

might. . . . I do assure you I am thinking of you, next to God Himself. Interpret all I say liberally and give me credit for meaning good measure in all my service of the heart towards you, in all things.”*

“I wish I could help you more. I believe millions wish the same. Perhaps we are slow to learn. But I mean it from my heart when I say : teach me. I love you more every day. We all do.

“Yours ever in unchangeable devotion.

“BRAMWELL,

“For self and Flo and ‘we are seven.’”†

“I love you unutterably. All my heart flows out to you all the time as the rivers to the sea. You have been more than a father and a leader to me. You have been like a centre of gravity.”‡

“Rest *when* and *where* and as *much* as you can ! The Pope is 93 to-day ! God be with you till you are 93, and for ever.”

In what concerned their soul life these two men helped each other, confiding temptations and resolves ; William Booth said his son knew his trials more intimately than anyone after his wife’s death.

“Your letter goes deep into my soul,” writes Bramwell, and he goes on to confess, “I do want to walk by faith and I have a real longing to help others also. My life has been such a rush and I have been wanting in the inward recollectedness which is a great strength. God has blessed me more than a million and I ought to be something for Him far ahead of anything I have yet known. I take your words from Him. Don’t let us chafe at our difficulties. I have done it and grieved God in the past. I love you unutterably and I wish I were more sure of helping and cheering you. I always have to be on the dark questions.”§

The old man of eighty writes :

“Don’t let the thousand and one worries that one after another will come knocking at your heart have a moment’s admission. Don’t speak to them. Say to yourself—‘Peace, doubting heart, my God’s I am.’”***

William Booth was constantly torn by two conflicting longings, one that Bramwell should do more !

“— spoke ecstatically of your Officers’ Councils. Oh that you could be made into two Chiefs of the Staff ! Then one could stay at Headquarters and the other could wander about the world.”††

But more often he was anxious Bramwell should not do so much !

“You have too much to do, I turn my head away from you

*16.1.1895. †31.12.1896. ‡7.4.1899. §11.12.1893. **1.6.1909. ††24.2.1909.

when you tell me you are not well. . . . I have a feeling you are really not equal to the extra strain of 'All Nights' and such week-ends as you make them."

" 'Nine meetings on Sunday' has been ringing in my ears all through the week. I don't like to say anything that would reflect on your ability to manage yourself, but at the same time I must say that it sounds very risky to me with what I know of the tax of the week's labour that follows and goes before. . . . I feel I must say something in the way of warning."

There were often tea parties for the children at one or other of the two homes, to celebrate a birthday or the General's arrival from a journey. These functions nearly always ended in the complete absorption of father and son in each other. The elder young folk listened spell-bound, the smaller fry were kept from fidgeting by admonitory glances until the General would suddenly remember them with a laughing, "Here you children, be off!" and then fall to talking again. What a picture they made! All animation. The conversations strode over the universe. There was often laughter, always argument, sometimes invective, sudden gesture on the part of the General that put the cups and saucers in jeopardy, and now and then a shadow of inexpressible sadness. The miseries of the people, disappointments within The Army, were always with them. These two hardly ever met, and they met every day when they were within reach of each other, but there was some anxiety looming up, or some sorrow the wounds of which were not yet healed. And however widely the discussions might range, they always came back to the "Concern," the wholly-loved, the wholly-engrossing Army.

Sometimes, and particularly in his latter years, the General would seem down and wearied, and would greet his son with, "Well, Bramwell, have you brought anything to cheer me?" And then how deftly his son would lure him on to some theme he could not resist, or coax him on to some disputed problem, and after a good argument the old man would say, with a humorous look, "Well, you've done me good, or something has!" Bramwell's letters often contained a line intended to have the same effect. As:

"This telegram cheers me and I hope it will you. I take it as a good sign that they are more confident *re* money. We must not be thin-skinned about their being thin-skinned! You can't have war without blood and fire and vapour of smoke! We shall survive."*

"*Don't be down.* Bloodshed and anguish are always at the root of great and lasting works among men, and God will help us."†

"Don't worry. Keep your nervous energy. Have a little more faith in me! Don't suppose I have got the 'blues' because

*29.6.1896.

†22.10.1901.

and if I come to you for advice in a difficulty. I will do the very best I can to spare you. You must *live*. . . .

"God will carry you through. I shall try to help Him and so will Flo and Kath and Co. We all love you out and out."*

"Why not take *The Times*. It has more *readable rubbish* than three-fourths of the books printed ! aye than five-sixths of them. Don't be hard on yourself. Look at what you are doing.

"I am struggling hard also—a piece of *prose* after the great *poem* I know."†

Sometimes the father strove to comfort his son. He wrote from Australia, on hearing of Commissioner Pollard's breakdown in health—he was at the time the Chief's right-hand man :

"I should like to write to the dear fellow but I don't know how. Can you tell him so ? For you I feel unutterably, and yet when I get into the depths about it, something seems to say to me you shall have the help that you have lost. Have trust in God."‡

Bramwell felt Pollard's going, and from the other side of the world had written :

"Spirits—what a difference they make ! How strange it is that we should be such creatures of forces we cannot define and control. I have been doing pretty well, though the sense that Pollard is really gone has made me feel very *alone* at times the last fortnight. I suppose it was inevitable. I am made in a certain mould. I fight against the feelings of isolation and the sense of shrinking from the future they sometimes bring as well as I can. I must trust in God more. I pray for you continually and love you with a full and faithful heart."

Occasionally the father championed his son's cause, as when he wrote to Eva in 1911 :

"You must be merciful to Bramwell. He has a frightful weight on his shoulders. Just think of the multitude of anxious incidents that must of necessity be continually occurring which require his personal attention, and the arranging of such vast operations as are at the present moment under our care, and for which everybody looks to him more or less for guidance, encouragement and decision.

"The fact of my invalidism, which has taken me more or less out of the headship of the thing, and which, out of compassion for me, he feels that I ought to be spared as far as possible, makes his position ten times more difficult. He wants me to live. . . .

"Then in addition to all this, his anxiety for the salvationism of the Movement compels him to dig down into the practical working of its varied operations by holding Councils for its

*1902.

†8.12.1905.

‡13.5.1905.

Young People, its Local Officers, its Bandsmen, its Field Officers, its Staff. . . . All of which calls for a large amount of thought and toil. The Social Council, that has been the admiration of all who have had a hand in it, and of which I have no doubt you have independent reports, was an example of this. It was largely, if not entirely, his conception, and although Flo helped him on the women's side very materially, still, the most of its workings came out of his own brain, in fact I was too ill to do more than just what was set me.

"But you know all this ! But I don't want you for a moment to think that he is otherwise than duly concerned for the United States and for yourself."

Bramwell lived near his father, and when the General was at home invariably went over to say good-night, whether they had met during the day or not. The only exceptions were when Bramwell did not himself reach home until midnight or after, but even then if there were a light in his father's window it was a sign that he was not "settled" and would be expecting his son to call. Often they talked into the early hours of the morning. They did not always agree. How could they ? Writes Bramwell :

"Education Bill—very well. But how can you educate children without bringing in God ? When would you begin, for instance, to teach them about the world they live in ? . . .

"I am against the *secular* Education party. You are not. There it is. The question would divide The Army."

But they never quarrelled. Bramwell says :

"The differences, which were those of method rather than of principle, were quickly adjusted. Every day brought to us some mountain to lift, some gulf to bridge, but we worked together in true love for God and man, and for each other, and somehow the crooked bits in the road were made straight and the rough places plain."*

What dreams—what plans—what prayers they shared ! They had no thoughts apart, and all their dreams and plans and prayers were of making the people better. Just as in Bramwell's boyhood the two had gone hand in hand into the Whitechapel gin palace and looked upon wretchedness there, so they went through life peering together into the haunts of evil, fishing up the submerged, penetrating into prisons, looking upon the lost of all the nations, the wasters, the criminals, the unfortunate, the forgotten, the godless, and saying always to each other, "This is our business, these are our people—we must bring Salvation here—bring them to God !" This was the craving that inspired all their striving to make The Army.

*"Echoes and Memories," p.15.

"I am anxious about the *spiritual*, soul-saving, soul-sanctifying power of The Army. The fear that has haunted me all along is lest we should lose the *inner life*, and descend like the organisations around us to be a mere *machine*,"* writes the General.

Four years later his son writes :

"I have had three Officers' Councils since I wrote you. . . . My heart is full of projects and desires for them. There is a very grand spirit of desire for higher things. But *zeal* is their *great* need. I have gone in with all my might in these Councils and think that some have caught the flame. But oh ! what might not be done. Officialism is a great difficulty. I have been studying it as to its origin in its present form. We must try to kill it. The early days of this Concern contain lessons for its continued triumph ; one of the greatest evils of the present day is the unwillingness to do the *best* in small opportunities. We have *overdone* the idea of conquering the *world*—or worlds—this and all others.

"The soldiers are neglected because the F.O. never realises that the conquest of the world means the conquest of to-night's meeting of fifteen persons. . . . Individualism is the need of the hour. . . . The old idea of making a Corps a fiery furnace by keeping its soldiers at white heat has dropped. . . . But we shall improve.

"The Bands are a great difficulty everywhere. But it is the composers who are largely to blame. They ought to be burned with fire ! "†

After 1890 the General was constantly travelling. To organise The Army, create and develop its financial and administrative machinery, was the son's task. The father decided upon the general line of action, and criticised freely when things were not up to his expectations.

"My dear Bramwell,

"I do want to say to you that I appreciate and esteem all your labour and anxiety to carry out my wishes and all the affection which I know you feel towards me. I have criticised and am aware, and you will be aware also, that I have criticised many things with which you have had to do, *very freely*, but that you will have expected—no love that I feel for you or anyone else can prevent my seeing imperfections in work, where they exist.

"I am full of plans and resolutions for the future and most of all I am full of determination to labour night and day more than ever to get The S.A worked out and to continue the system of supervision and report which tell *us* what is going on in every part of the world where the flag flies."‡

*Melbourne, 26.11.1895.

†19.5.1899.

‡Allahabad, 29.1.1896.

This letter carries a postscript so characteristic of the writer :

“ My best father’s love to dear Florrie and kisses for the children. We must have a tea meeting with all present including the *baby* on my return. Tell Cath she must plan a nice little go.”

And here follows one with some of criticism :

“ I was terribly done up last night, and the place insufferably hot, and the arrangements wretched. After I had struggled for an hour or more with all my might, and wanted some choruses, — coolly informed me that ‘ *The band could not play any Salvation choruses.*’ The collection was made in caps, etc. — said there were six boxes, he saw them himself. Six boxes for a thousand people jammed together upstairs and down !! We must have a Staff training, and some of these Foreign Staff people must go through it. . . .

“ Our methods of correspondence want systematising. If people would send us facts, what has been, what is, and what is going to be, which is of any moment, and then put the moralising and sentimental parts in a separate form, it would be very good, and save an immense amount of trouble.

“ It is the officers. I felt last night that if I was the Lord I would send them all to hell for *a little bit*—I was so vexed with the cold-blooded way in which they dealt with the opportunity.

“ However, we must go forward.”*

Both were over-burdened men ; they faced more than a fair share of disappointment, and went far on their way before there was much understanding or appreciation of their work. As Bramwell puts it, speaking of his father :

“ I should think that more cold water and more square miles of wet blanket have been spread over him and his schemes, than have afflicted any other mortal who has essayed to lift a hand to bless mankind.”

But they refused to be damped ! They were not a melancholy pair, and far too full of excitement of battle to spend time on commiseration. Life was so swift, so crowded, and to a wonderful extent they both saw results which outshone their hopes. There were defeats and losses, especially losses of men they had chosen and relied on to share the “ campaign,” but there was always a new attack in prospect and wounds were quickest healed by risking new ones. Undoubtedly they were a joy to each other personally. Love rejoices in the presence of the beloved, and their fellowship was an ever-live delight. They never wearied of each other. Bramwell loved his hero’s every mood, and William Booth felt a

happy security in his brilliant son's judgment. Beneath all the General's restless anxiety and sometimes impatient criticism, there dwelt a comforting and joyful certainty that Bramwell would get things right. William Booth went on proving, as he had affirmed in the 1870's, "Bramwell knows."

And above and beyond all, they believed in God. Though they were constantly saying to each other, "we must have more faith," it was not because they lacked it, rather that they needed an inordinate supply. The financial position alone was enough to have crushed the life out of them. Talk about living by faith, yes, in their case it might be said to have been imposing on faith! The appearance of a millionaire who should set the Concern on its feet and free them from financial worry was one of the dreams, a recurring one, that never came to pass.

William Booth often looked for help in his public work to his wife, and after her death he turned increasingly to his son. Whenever preparation for an important meeting was in progress the two spent long spells together. One or other pacing to and fro, generally William Booth though not always, the main ground of forthcoming addresses was gone over, drafts altered and added to. These confabulations were usually evening functions at William Booth's house, and after an interval of one or more days' "business," they would be resumed and the ideas gathered in the interval put forward and incorporated or rejected. William Booth was a despot with himself; his son would often come in at 8 or 9 p.m. expecting to help "polish off" a subject, to find that, after toiling at it all day, its author had consigned it to the waste-paper basket. Sometimes Bramwell succeeded in restoring it to the General's favour, but sometimes a new subject had to be found. They rather enjoyed this collaboration, their method of thought being sufficiently diverse to come with a provocative freshness to each. One gathers too that the old man relished the hours this preparation work gave him in his son's company.

"Council Notes," he writes. "I hope I did not disturb your equanimity by my telegram. I felt I must get through the skin somehow and I succeeded. It is not details or illustrations apart from fact that I want help for so much, as the outline that will *grip*. I want the thing to be made to bite. . . . Slaughtering your own innocents is not an easy task."*

"I must peg away. But having got pledged to Australia I must now stick to *my pledge to myself*—that is *to have my matter ready*—if I don't the journey *will kill me* and you are not quite ready for that as yet I fancy, if it can be avoided. . . .

"And I must have some help, and *no one can help me but you*. That is perhaps a misfortune but it is a fact, and *you can only help me by giving me time and helping me to work out my own propositions*. Do you see—and *Do you agree ? ? ?*"

Bramwell took the drafts with him and worked at them, and writes such notes as this one from Berlin, for an officers' meeting, which is scrawled over by W. B.'s elaborations.

"These notes are all in order. Could you conclude with a stronger word as to their responsibility?"

"*What shall we do with it?*"

"Use it to make a stage on which we may become great or famous?"

"Use it to secure to ourselves or our families a position of ease or honour—to *get a living?*"

"Use it to secure the honour of men for its good works—and so to have a *popular* system of Religion or Philanthropy—or—Shall we use it?"

"To win the crown he has lost for Jesus Christ? He is looked on as a Usurper.

"To snatch men from the *Burning?*"

"To make a *Force* for Holiness—and

"To do all this

"In spite of our own losses and *risks* and *disadvantages*—for our children—and poverty—and the living-sacrifice of a career of *fighting*—shall we?"

Or as this, when preparing for the International Congress of 1904:

"I am sitting close on the points for the *Commissioners* at the I.C.C.* There is a great deal that wants saying. I am addressing myself chiefly to the most practical side of things. You will have about 110 persons, 60 to 70 men and the others mainly their wives—some of whom are very important indeed. *They will be the people who have this concern in their hands.* You will I hope be able to get *close* to them.

"... I have had some further time on the other matter, and I think perhaps we should get through the final revise proposed in mind yesterday in less time than I then indicated. Of course I do not know how long we should spend on 'The Seven Spirits,' but assuming that to need very little work from me, we might finish the whole by Monday night—that would be five days' work—with some breaks for the *inevitable* interruptions."†

The same kind of service was given for the books. Probably no one but his son could have persuaded William Booth to bother with the writing of books. But Bramwell had a way of insisting and, when it came to the actual writing, was an adept at encouraging and helping.

"Now I have written to Kitching that I want if possible the entire MS. of E. D. R. ('Everyday Religion') at my house to-

*International Congress Council.

†5.5.1904.

morrow night. I want to put in suggestions for the heads of Chapters. . . .

"You will remember there are some points I have yet to discuss with you—such as *work*. I also wish to suggest a few additions, *e.g.*, something more about *quackery*, also fresh air, also over-crowding, also *education*, also *reading*, also recreations—I fancy there is *room*."*

Love is love. And to the lover there is no distinction of service between this and that, the one is not more precious to him than the other. The beauty in his eyes lies in serving the beloved. I do not think any can say of Bramwell Booth's service to his father : here or there he gave most. After all, who is competent to judge whether the unstinting loyalty and submission of the young man's vigour and independence was not in its way as beautiful an expression of love as the tender solicitude and unmeasured devotion and veneration of the middle-aged Chief? Love was shining on all the son's relation to his father, and where love shines the most commonplace duties are embalmed in beauty, and the most onerous light-heartedly carried.

"A thousand thanks for your kind note ! Don't say anything about trouble. Nothing is a trouble to me which concerns you ! "† he writes.

And it was literally true. Nothing in all their toiling life together ever brought him a tithe of the trouble that came of missing the beloved companion in the years when the son stood in his father's place.

To his journal he confides :

"I always feel the General's death at the beginning and end of events. I am going *home*—but—he will not be there."

The son is seventy when on his father's birthday he writes :

"To-day . . . he has been very real to me as my friend and companion—so human, so lovable, so winning. Well—I cannot bring him back again, but I am on my way to Zion. I shall find him there."‡

The circumstances of their lives were a fitting frame for the picture of their love, the delicate and sustained beauty of which is enhanced by its surround of conflict and effort, of battle and wounds and darkness. Father and son, son and father, the "Concern" for which they poured out their lives may pass away or change beyond recognition, but the love of these two for each other and for Christ's Army of their dreams will remain beautiful for ever.

*8.11.1901.

†27.3.1911.

‡Journal, 10.4.1926.

CHAPTER XVI

HIS CHILDREN

TO judge my father's love for his home by the amount of time he spent in it would be farcical. To one of his temperament the domesticities were not merely among the adjuncts of life, they were a vital part of life itself. From his earliest boyhood he evinced a mothering instinct. Is the word allowable? "Maternal" will not do because it is distinct from "paternal." Paternal instinct may or may not be strong in some men, maternal in some women, but there is a quality which may be possessed by either man or woman, for which there seems to be no word. Moses speaks of the "nursing father," and does not Christ recognise it when He likens Himself to a bird brooding its young? It is not necessarily associated with parenthood nor always found in conjunction with it, is in fact often highly developed in those who have no children of their own. Paul possessed it, and noble-hearted men and women of all ages have been "motherers" in their day.

My father was a "motherer" long before he was out of his 'teens; before he was married he "mothered" his own father and mother, and he continued to do so until their death. Read his letters to his sisters and brothers, to officers of The Salvation Army, to the troubled everywhere, and you will know that here was a man whose very life it was to gather to his heart and shelter there the "little ones" among men, the sorrowful, the oppressed, the aspiring and the despairing. To spend themselves for others is the luxury of such souls.

Now to one of this company the claims of his own children were trebled in strength, and in his sacrifice of those claims he suffered a denying of his own nature quite incomprehensible to the majority of men. He bowed his heart to the mystery and truth of Christ's hard saying, "He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me."

It is quite possible he was mistaken in the extreme line he took. Did Christ require of him such an abandonment of the reasonable enjoyment of what were, after all, God-given opportunities for happiness? Did The Army usurp too large a share of what he was and what he possessed? He would have argued, "Have not men given as much for their country, for science, even for mere gain?" To which one might reply, "Yes, but was it right?" I never heard this discussed at home. I do not think he ever questioned himself about it. The Army came first and the position was accepted by us all as part of the existing order, and undoubtedly he was satisfied of the rightness of the course he took.

There were seven of us. The order of our coming being three daughters and a son, and two daughters and a son. The youngest, William Wycliffe, was born on December 7th, 1895. I was twelve years old and my mother had shared with me the beautiful mystery of the babe's advent. I learned then something new about love, my mother's delight had taught me. After the child's birth she did not rally; and though we children knew nothing of it there was much anxiety about her. On Christmas Eve she was taken suddenly worse. I clearly remember that evening. My father was at Headquarters. Since the baby's arrival we had hardly seen him; he had only returned home after we were in bed, and was gone before we were out of the nursery in the morning. I shall never forget going to meet him after he had been summoned by telegram—telephones were not in general use in those days. I see the cold, deserted station, I see him leap from the carriage, a look upon his face which makes him seem almost a stranger to me. He takes me by the hand and we run together up the station steps into the darkness of the winter night and home without word or pause. That night I learned something new about love, the marks of suffering on my father's face had taught me.

Our mother's life was despaired of; for weeks she lay very near death. We were all packed off into the General's house near by; he was in India. Mercifully my Aunt Emma was within reach when this anguish came upon my father. She comforted him. On New Year's Eve she wrote:

"My most beloved Bramwell,

"It is late, but I want to spend the last moments of the Old Year and the first moments of the New Year with the Lord before trying to sleep. And somehow I *must* send you a *few* words. Now I did feel it so good, so gentle and considerate of you to run round and see me this afternoon. I *know* what is on you, I know what *must be*, more than you have told me, more than I am supposed to be able to with my limited knowledge of things. I entered within the veil and shared with you these days of suffering and suspense! And to-day I could read the *marks* of the long-drawn-out anxiety and agony in your dear sensitive face!

"Yet when you were here I seemed such a fool, so dumb and almost heartless. But I think it was the suddenness of your coming startled me a bit, and the very intense desire I had to make the most of the short time presented me.

"After you had *gone*, I could have flown after you, and kissed you before all the people in the station again and again. *And dear Florrie*—she must live, she will, and we shall all love her more and value her *more* because she has been *given back to us*, and because she has struggled so bravely, with the little laddie on her bosom! Bless her, and God bless the child: surely he shall grow up to be and do something remarkable for God and souls! I

feel as if he were a very special child somehow. Oh for men and women of might, power, who can defy the storms of hell and the fiery darts of demons. I believe he will be such a one. . . .

"Eternally yours till years are no more and after ! EMMA."

What my father suffered could not be described. He said in a letter to the General :

"God has helped me or I should have collapsed. . . . I have consecrated myself again in the face of this possible catastrophe."

Of the devotion of Miss Asdell, a lady who lived in our home, and who, whilst working as an officer in the Women's Social Work, helped to superintend the care of us when our parents were away, he wrote :

"Miss Asdell has placed us under life-long obligation by her toil and patience and skill."

This was the only occasion since her childhood when my mother was seriously ill, and my father never ceased to look upon her recovery as a particular token of God's mercy to him and to us all, for she was our sun and his : what darkness for us had her light gone down !

As with each of us, our grandfather had a deciding voice in naming this child. Father had sent a list of names in code that the General might telegraph his preference. He wrote :

"I am pleased, more than I can say that it is a boy. I had *greatly desired it*."*

Of his elder son's birth, my father wrote to his mother, who was already stricken with her last illness :

"The baby seems all right, though I can't say I thought him at all handsome ! He is dark and looks in splendid condition. Fat and round and comfortable and gazed at me in the most affectionate way twenty minutes after he was born—probably he has some wit therefore.

"I am glad it is a boy, for Florrie's sake. . . . We will try to train him as you would wish and make him seek what you have sought."†

It was a remembered happiness that his mother lived to see and bless his son ; she had been taken when the next child was born, and the General had begun his travels. My father writes to him :

"I think of you without ceasing. Flo sends her love. The child is well. *We have already chosen one of the names you suggest ! Olive—Emma.*"

*12.12.1895.

†11.10.1889.

And the letter goes on :

" I am in fairly good spirits. . . . I had a very good *All Night last night*—seven hundred, men only. Got forty or fifty new candidates [for officership], some good ones, and a blessed time to my own heart in talking on ' Except a corn of wheat,' etc.

" God keep you, my dearest father, and strengthen you. I am doing all I can to hold the fort and drive the chariot on in your absence. All is very happy and tender amongst ourselves."*

" Very happy and tender amongst ourselves." How clearly the simple words tell our family history. It is difficult to speak of it for the ear of a stranger. It may so easily sound fantastic. If it be true that we children grew up idealising a father of whom we saw very little, it is also true he never failed of the ideal. As one of my sisters said to me :

" He was always, ever since I can first remember him up to the last days, everything he seemed to be. He was never different. There were no ' good ' days, nor ' bad,' no moods with him."

An unwavering and gentlest love was part of himself. As children we felt it instinctively ; it was easy to confide in him, and as we grew to womanhood and manhood the liberty and confidence of our intercourse remained. Children, I suppose, love their parents in varying degree ; Bramwell Booth inspired in his children an affection which, looked at from the vantage of forty-five years, seems to me quite beyond the ordinary. To please him was for us all the most treasured happiness. To please God first ? Yes, but how blessed for us that there was no clash between loyalty to God and loyalty to our father. Not one but understood, from the very threshold of childhood, that his wish and hope for each was that we should know and love and serve the Lord Jesus—that in our father's view life apart from this wonderful end was not worth living. And when he talked to us about Christ, told us what He was and what He did, we understood. We felt, and in reverence I say it, that our father himself was like the Christ he loved !

He was an adept at making himself seem on an equality with the companion of the hour. At every stage of my life he appears to me as understanding me, and understood by me. Though our time with him was so scanty, he never seemed out of touch with or in any degree distant from the interests of the moment. Books, dolls or red Indians were all well known to him ! On the rare occasions, such as a birthday, when one might take breakfast with him, he could talk with them and about them with fullest comprehension and knowledge. In these questions he was one of the initiated : just as later, when he entered into every phase of

*18.9.1891.

the growing life of our souls, he seemed to know what we felt, often without being told. The people in his meetings felt that he understood, so also the children in his home.

My earliest recollection of him was when I was, my mother tells me, about three years old. The picture my mind clearly sees, like a light patch in surrounding darkness, is myself holding my father's hand, to which mine reaches up, and we two walking down the passage into his "office" and across to the window. Here I am lifted up to peep into a nest of white mice. He talks to me of the "dear little things," and I have loved mice ever since. As we grew older we kept all manner of pets and these were his special interest. What excitement when he brought home some new "person" from the city! A rat, a guinea-pig, or a dog. He advised on all matters concerning them, and we were occasionally allowed to "sit up late" to show him fresh arrivals or to be comforted for some tragic loss. He inspired in each of us an intense devotion to dumb creatures. Cruelty in every shape, but under the guise of amusement most of all, was made hateful in our eyes. I do not remember hearing him say much about it, though what he did say was said in such fashion as to make an unforgettable impression. But his persistently expressed love for all living things, his reverence for their beauty (he could make us feel that even spiders and fleas had their good points), somehow linked all creatures with himself. If on our walks we met an over-loaded horse, beaten by the hill (and by its driver!), it was for his, our father's sake as much as for the horse, that we persuaded the man to let us help unload some of the bricks or swedes and push. Three or four of us at one wheel and the man at the other started many a load. There were ruts and mud in those days. "Tell Papa," would be the cry when the adventure had been recounted to our mother, or to Miss Asdell, for he was seldom home before our bedtime.

He came downstairs with me once in the middle of the night because I had heard a strange sound from the "animal" shed. We found the hedgehog had got in and was eating our favourite and oldest guinea-pig, queen of all the guinea-pigs! The queer part was that, although she paused to make, for a guinea-pig, horribly loud cries, she then resumed the eating of a lettuce leaf! How tenderly my father cared for the little creature, comforted me and gave me instructions how to nurse the invalid! She recovered.

I do not remember his going anywhere with us for an outing when we were small, but once or twice he came fishing for minnows and sticklebacks in the ponds by Harris' Wood at Hadley where we lived. Looking back on those rare hours, the sun seems to have been shining all the time, or was it just his presence? He made it all so exciting. I see him stooping over Miriam, a radiant child of five, steadying her hand, his smile in contrast to her deadly seriousness as he manœuvres her net. There are dragon-flies about the pool, a lark is singing, the bullocks grazing have no disturbing

influence. *He* is with us, we are safe and happy, perfectly, thrillingly happy. The homeward procession is as gleeful as was the outward. The small members of the party are perhaps somewhat dishevelled. The edge of the ponds are trodden by cattle, and zeal in pursuit generally means that mud is carried home as well as fish. On our return he helps to fix up a zinc bath, into which the garden tap drips. Instructions to take the fish back to the pond when they begin to get sickly do not cloud the joy of possession.

The first time I can remember staying up late, apart from a meeting, was to go with him and my mother to hear the nightingales singing in Beech Hill ; this was the only kind of musical entertainment to which he ever took us ! I recall too, wonderful "patches" of life when he spent holidays at home, and he and my mother went riding nearly every day. Oh ! the delight of being hoisted on to the saddle and walked up and down, when they came home !

Almost the keenest delight of our childhood was to be read aloud to by our mother. Once I remember we were just assembled for the evening treat when my father came in unexpectedly ; he took the book and read. And how gay we were ! Laughter interrupted the proceedings again and again, he threw back his head, and we all shouted together. Was Brer Rabbit* ever so irresistible or Brer Fox so splendidly funny as that night ? I doubt it. I think on the only other occasions on which he read aloud to us as youngsters, he read poetry. *The Ancient Mariner*, Poe's *Raven*, *Paradise Lost*, Pollok's *Course of Time* ; he knew how to draw the music from the words.

He sometimes worked on Sundays with Grandfather, or was writing at home himself. On such days he would spend a little more time singing with us.

" Where is now the good Elijah ?
Safe in the Promised Land.
By and by we hope to meet him,
Safe in the Promised Land "

was one song much in request. He improvised verses and led the clapping ! " We'll roll the old chariot along," " We're marching through Emmanuel's land," and, " Storm the forts of darkness, bring them down," were all favourites. He specially liked " Though I wandered far from Jesus "—a Salvation Army song written by a converted drunkard whom my father loved ; this was always included. I can hear the tone of his voice now as he sang the chorus, " Yes, He gives me peace and pardon, Joy without alloy." " We'll cross the river of Jordan, happy, happy " was another we nearly always included. I think several of the babes made their first attempt at singing by joining in with " Happy, happy." Then he would pray with us. To hear him pray as he did on those occasions, or when, not having gone to the office so early as usual, he instead of our mother took family prayers, made us know that he knew God was near. God was a Friend, with Whom our

*" Uncle Remus," by J. C. Harris.

father talked. He taught me to pray. Family prayers were no formality. We children were allowed to bring any instrument we could play ; a drum and a triangle for the "little ones." The custom was to sing the same song for a week so that we might learn the words ; the verses were read out for the benefit of those who could not yet read. One of the younger ones sat on his knee, and he made remarks about the Bible portion as he read, which explained and applied it. Often he addressed his comments to the child on his knee, who sometimes commented too. Once, when he was talking about giving God what we most love, the four-year-old whose eyes had been fixed on him said solemnly, "Not mine dolly !"; and then he explained why we should be willing to give the best to God. After prayers she fetched the doll, a long-clothes one greatly loved. "Take it ! Jesus will like it for poor children. Papa said so." And she insisted.

He taught us too that there was one person in the world to please above all others—"Grandpa," or as we more often called him, the General. It was the rule that one of us should go over to see him every day when he was at home. In the latter years of his life he worked more at home than at Headquarters and there were often long periods of daily visits. I have more than once jumped out of a window to rush over to "Rookstone" as I heard my father coming into the house in the evening, for it was unbearable to hear him say, "I think you might remember to go, for my sake."

Our mother and father were absolutely one in our eyes. I do not remember witnessing a difference of opinion between them on any matter in our presence as children ; it became a joke that whichever you asked first about a matter would say, "What does Mamma say ?" or *vice versa*. He had a way of inspiring our best effort, "to please Mamma" : as she had her strongest plea, "it would please Papa." I never heard my father speak impatiently. I never heard him speak unkindly to or of anyone. Sweet courtesy such as his to our mother and to us his daughters is not often met with, but it was part of "his way."

There are not many letters to us when we were young. We were seldom absent from home. He writes to me when four of us were staying with our maternal Grandfather : I was about eleven.

"My daughter,

"Love to Mary and Mim and Olive. Pray with them. Tell Mary I want to hear from her. I was pleased with Mim's letter.

"In speaking to friends do not forget your Lord and Master. Put a word in for Him when you can, to both young and old.

"*I pray for you all.* My love to each and to the Aunties and Grandpapa."

And when I was fourteen and we were on a visit to Mr. Newberry he wrote :

"My dear Kath,

"I hope you are all well and doing good to each other and to those you meet. Remember you are the children of the Heavenly King. Be careful and *humble* and do not give trouble because people are kind to you.

"Pray with Bernard. Give him my love and tell him I have a surprise for him when he comes home. All is well at Hadley Wood. Kiss the others for me and pray for me and dear Mamma."

On one of his furloughs he sent seaweed spread and dried on a piece of note-paper, with lines to each of the younger half of the family. Here are two sets :

"This little weed
Brings love indeed
And over.
'Twas in the sea
But Ma with me,
Came by, you see,
At Cromer.
We found it out,
And pulled it out
For Dora."

"This is a sea flower
That grew in a sand bower
Quite close to the Church tower
At Cromer.
And after reflection
And careful inspection
I made my selection—

So now I can give
My dear, dear Olive
This strange little
Sweet little
Bud of the sea
To Olive from me !"

Some of our childish epistles to him tell a little of how we regarded him.

"Mimi's [Miriam's] birthday went off well. I gave her a dress for her doll and a pair of shoes which I put in a tiny box which was half full of pink paper shavings; in each of the shoes I put a piece of light blue stuff and in one shoe I put one of my little black and white mice and in the other one of my white ones. She was very pleased. I wish you could have been with us ; it would have been much more fun.

"We are all going to be very good while you are away. Dear Mamma has gone to Manchester, so we are all alone."

Everything at home was subordinate to The Army's interests. How easily we might have come to hate it ! It robbed us of so much, especially of those two beloved ones, and there were many things we must not do, nor have : " it would not be Army." But instead we loved it, and first at the corps, where all of us became soldiers so soon as we were old enough, and later as officers, we learned to regard it as our chief love. And it was he, our father, who inspired that love. The way he talked of the people and of helping them, the scenes he described, all made us feel we were needed ; that he was longing for the time when we could help. Things were only worth doing if they would be of some use to The Army " in the future." When for the first time he spoke as General and said to the staff officers, " I have no interest but Army interests. My wife and my children are yours in a sense that they are not my own. We want to serve you," he meant it literally. Any promise he detected in us was in his mind already pledged to The Army.

He entered into all our little attempts at work. The library for the children in the neighbourhood ; the care of converts at the corps ; the children's meetings we held there. He made us understand his joy in our efforts, and he had a wonderful way of encouraging the timid, whilst at the same time showing it was not anything we could do but only what God would do through us that was of any use.

His business letters to the General often contain a line about us :

" Flo is at Cambridge and Kath [then 17] is with her as her Lieutenant. So time is flying and some of our Harvests are gathered before our eyes."

" Bernard [then 13 years old] gave his first address at the Band of Love, 75 present this week. Kath said he did *well* and held their attention really A.I. Enclosed relates to Kath and Mary's last public Sunday."

He instituted a new departure and required each of us to enter The Army's Training College, on exactly the same footing as other cadets. The Founder's children had all begun their work in some post of responsibility ; each of us at our father's desire, and rather to the amusement of the General, came up through the ranks. " Your father's notion, nonsense I call it," he said to me, laughing. All except Miriam, who was stricken with illness on the day she was to have received her Commission, were Corps officers for terms varying up to seven years. Visiting one of Mary's corps (Newport, I.o.W.) for a meeting, my father wrote to my mother :

" My dearest Love,

" I am writing this in Mary's little quarters—very humble and all among the poor people, but so cosy and *homelike*. She seems very well. They seem to be doing well. . . .

" Mary is very sweet and bright and seems really *better* than

on either of her last visits to London. It cannot but touch my heart very nearly to be here and realise that Mary—our little Mary—is standing on her own feet and fighting and struggling to bless the people and doing it with some measure of success and with courage and wisdom and faith. God has been very good to us—to me.

“But I know, of course, how largely I owe to you what has made it possible; in fact I feel a debtor to *all*—and to you most of all.

“I am to be at I.H.Q. about 11.50 to-morrow all well, and I leave at 3.35 for St. Albans. I should get home by the 7.53 up, so dinner can be at eight or so. I shall be tired.

“The General had a good reception in Rome this morning. Praise God. Now I am going to the meeting. God be near thee.”*

The loss of Miriam, his third daughter, was a great grief. Hers was a sunny nature, and her gifts gave fair promise for the future. He wrote of her in his diary, when she left home to take her training for officership :

“Miriam left us to-day for the Training Home. She is a beautiful soul—‘a spirit set to fine issues.’ I do not think she has ever given us one moment of anxiety—except with her health. In some ways the flower of the flock. . . . God has been good and she is an out-and-out and loyal spirit and a *glowing* Salvationist. If God spares her, I have high hopes she will attain to distinction in His service. The three girls are now gone! I feel very sad amid the joy of it. But what have I most desired for them but this? Praise be to God Who alone could have tuned their hearts to accord with ours!”†

Miriam was taken ill, having completed her year’s training as a cadet and a year’s service as sergeant in the Training Garrison. Her illness lasted nearly seven years. Borne with heroic fortitude, it was for all who loved her, but especially for her father and mother, a mysterious and heart-rending sorrow. Writing to his daughter Eva, the General said :

“I might have said that poor Bramwell has had his burden increased this last few weeks by Miriam’s illness. You are quite right in saying she is a sweet girl, but that is not the way I should describe her. In my opinion she has all the promise of making one of the most powerful women The Salvation Army has got in it, and that is the main reason why I want her to live. And speaking after the manner of men, if she dies, it will break my heart.”‡

He was taken before his granddaughter, about whom hope fluctuated through the weary years of her illness.

*9.3.1911.

†2.2.1910.

‡13.7.1911.

"Good report of Mim," records my father's journal. "What a comfort it is to hope again she will be restored to us. I do not think that anyone, if even we ourselves, can know what a strain of heart and mind and body and nerves these years of anxiety with recurring hopes and despair have been to us."*

And of the end he wrote :

"At three o'clock I kissed her for the last time in this life and she smiled very sweetly. At 3.10 leaning on Cath and her Mother she quietly ceased to breathe and was gone ! So ends a seven years of patient suffering and unclouded love for God and The Army and the people, and of a most confident faith in the Divine. . . . Her gifts were not unlike her wonderful Grandmother's. Her heart was truly of the family of the greathearts of all time. Had she lived and been blessed with health I believe she would have been a great power for righteousness. . . . We have all suffered much. After all our expectings and fearings the end was much more rapid than anyone had thought probable. Only Mim herself seemed calm and fearless ! Strength to die well is God given ! It was given to her."†

"Yesterday to Clapton with F. E. B. for Miriam's memorial meeting (Sunday night) Congress Hall. Place full though a blizzard. Wonderful meeting. Flo greatly helped powerful appeal. 'The Master is come and calleth for thee.' Mary also did well . . . 142 at the p.f. [penitent form]. Many quite fresh people and especially the *younger*. It was really all very blessed."‡

But before he lost Miriam, all the children had made their choice.

"Here is our thirty-third wedding-day !" he records in the journal. "How good God has been to *give* to me and *spare* to me my blessed and devoted wife. I thank Him—in joy and sorrow we are one—and one in His love and service. Cliffe goes this week and so all our children are now in active service of The Army. We shall feel alone and yet not alone. *I am grateful.*"§

"At nine to-day Cliffe left us. He was much moved—we all were. He is the last of our young things and now the nest is *empty*, except that dear Mim is still a sufferer with us. Well, we have from the beginning *chosen* this for them. I think the boy is true and that he loves the people and The Army and God. . . . I reckon on him."**

The boy, he was nineteen, had left a note :

"My beloved Parents,

"To-day, the 14th October, I leave you to take up my sword in the Battle, and my heart is overwhelmed with my love and

*25.1.1916. †8.12.1917. ‡17.12.1917. §12.10.1915. **14.10.1915.

gratitude towards you. . . . I want to say that my life is given to God and to The Army as you would wish it to be given, and as you gave it when I was dedicated, wholly and unreservedly to Him. . . . I will follow in His footsteps as I see the way. I pray that God may use me, that He will humble me and that I may help you.

"I trust in God that He will keep me true.

"Ever your own affectionate and loving son."

Time for intercourse with our father was rare indeed after we had taken up our work, but he was so near in spirit to each that in a very real sense he seemed to be at hand. To his sons in turn came the joy of serving him personally as A.D.C. His deafness made their presence particularly comforting and helpful. Once or twice both were with him in a campaign. The journal tells us the first time this was so

"To Plumstead—Wycliffe's Corps. All through the south of London by the river. What a world! How little we seem to be in the ocean of vice and drink and misery. But we have made them all know us! That is not a little thing after all. The children, their rags, their dirt, their lack of playground, their coarseness and general appearance of neglect, gall my very soul—they afflict me with a kind of despair.

"A good day in the Town Hall—deeply stirred my heart. To-day I was with both the boys on the platform—both caring for the highest things for which I and their mother care, and both, I believe, resolved to help me to the utmost to promote God's glory and the well-being of men. I had a great overflowing of gratitude to God."*

Our book-world was largely peopled by our father. He advised, discussed, made loans and gifts. Not one of us but talks with life-long friends to whom he introduced us. Some of us early imbibed from him the notion that luxury consisted of a book, plus time. A book of a certain calibre, of course. The reading of fiction he regarded rather as a concession to the weak, well calculated to inspire a half-ashamed feeling when, coming upon the reader, he would say with his most quizzical smile, "Is it any *good*?" I certainly owe it to him that fiction was relegated to holidays and looked upon as mental lounging justifiable only on occasion. He wrote to me when I was Captain in charge of a corps :

"My dear Kath.,

"I am pleased that you like the books. You will find the volume of Froude's *Essays* very good in parts. I think the one on Teresa is suggestive. I quite agree with your view of Cæsar. It is valuable.

"I think Mamma better than she was—distinctly so. Mary seems to me to be settling in and coming out of her shell.

"I hope S.D. [Self-Denial] Week will not have prostrated you. I hear *some* places are harder this year. The enemy is still in existence. But you know it is always so—with S.D.

"I want to see you some day soon. God is helping The Army in a very wonderful fashion to mould opinion about religion and God. Oh, if we can only keep going on, and *do better with our own people*. . . . I must get some plans in order for helping the soldiers.

"God keep you. Live in to-morrow as well as to-day. He is leading you and you are learning how to deal with men and things for the future.

"I send you my tenderest greetings and assurance of my highest trust.

"Yours with all a father's love."

Mary was a cadet in training when he wrote :

"My *very dear* Mary,

"To-morrow will be your birthday ! My dear girl, I assure you of my heart's *deep and tender love for you*. You have been a comfort and a blessing to *me* and you will be more than this yet I believe. But you have been a light and joy to others also, and the word of the Lord has come to you—*What a joy that is*. I wish you, my precious girl, *many* very happy years of service for Jesus Christ and this world. *It will be so. He lives and wants you*. Begin a fresh stage of faith to-morrow. A walk in independence of all but Him ! Cast your cares overboard ! He is in the boat ! I am praying for you.

"You have never cost me a moment of real anxiety—that is not a little thing to be able to say ! Now you must give your whole nature to *rest in God*. Dear child, it is at the end of the human that the Divine appears.

"What a happy life we have had together ! God is good. I am sure you are gaining experience which will help you in days to come. I shall hope to see you during the week if I can. I go to Manchester about noon on Tuesday, D.V. Pray for me. The General is all right.

"What am I to give you ? Tell me.

"God keep you in His great Peace and Love."

When she was commissioned Captain in charge of a corps :

"My dear, dear Mary," he wrote, "Now I have *another* officer of the S.A. of my name and blood. I am grateful to God and proud of the honour and full of pleasure in you my dear brave girl. Now do not worry about to-morrow ! Live for to-day. God will lead you one day at a time as He has done.

"Fear not, only be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest. *The Lord gave me this for you.*

"This corps will help you as well as your helping it. Remember you are God's vessel. He is with you. Dare when you can do nothing else. My heart goes out to you. What must be your Lord's feeling ! All *Love, Love, Love.*

"Yours ever and ever."*

Furloughing days were perhaps the most favourable for family letters, and into these there crept the fun that was part of himself as in this screed to one of his daughters, headed "On furlough in Devon" :

"How are you getting on ? Do have a few drives or rides or swims or rows or something at my expense. I am afraid you will have spent the whole of your wee bit of a holiday in hunting lodgings and beating down enormous landladies !

"Mamma is certainly picking up ; she has slept much more quietly—and I think to-day has done her walking—though it is very warm indeed—with greater pleasure. The moor is exquisite—I have never before seen such colouring—such wonderful charm of change in tone and shade. Marvellous. The weather is very fair—to-day beautiful.

"I am trying to rest. I have so much on hand. But we have a great deal to praise God for. Among all the other mercies I have you ! I wish you were here.

"The water famine continues. If it goes on much longer we shall have to use soda water to make the tea ! and the crockery will only be washed once a week like the underclothing—and in the same water !! which will then be sprinkled over the mustard and cress."†

To which add a day or two later :

"I have, like Alice in Wonderland, acquired a kind of *telescopic action*, so that I can now get a cold bath in a positively ridiculous measure of cold water. Even then every drop of that has to be saved for various other and further uses which I need not enter into !! Some farmers have had to drive cattle long distances to get a drink, while it is said that horses, in extreme cases, have been compelled to take a *soda* ! The poor cats are now reduced to living entirely—on milk !! "‡

My father had no ambition for any of his children unconnected with the Army, which was for him an embodiment of Christ's Kingdom. He writes to one of us :

*4.11.1907.

†29.8.1913.

‡4.9.1913.

"We must all pull together our hardest seeking the Salvation of the people first and last and all the time. This is the only reason for our *existence*. *You and I* must do our part."*

And again :

"God wants to use us more, I am sure, to keep alive in the world the idea of *spiritual religion*. Hold fast to it. The poor lean and feeble thing which passes for Christianity all around us, both in Protestant and Roman Catholic countries, is no real use to enable men to *fight with evil* or to get ready for the world to come."†

"Dora at home for three days. In good spirits . . . her joy over the sinners did me good. She is appointed (Captain in charge of) Nottingham Memorial Corps. Her grandfather would have been pleased."‡

Such as this is what he deemed important enough to record in the journal. All his hopes for us belonged to that world of conflict for men's souls, and he definitely discouraged interests in any direction which might have turned us aside. To one of his sons he wrote : "The underworld is our world, push into it." He counted it one of God's best blessings that we all chose the way he had chosen for us. "I do pray for you," he writes to his son Bernard, "it is God's goodness to me, as well as to you, that you are able to go on with joy. Pray, ask the living God to come upon the people. He will hear." And nearly ten years later :

"Just go on doing the task of the hour with all your heart, not turning to the right or to the left and not looking back. You have a great chance to influence men. Use it to the utmost. Never mind whether it appears to be noticed or not. God will have all you do in His remembrance. It is a common thing in this life to go long stretches of the journey without recognition ! You are working under 'the great Taskmaster's eye.' He never misses—He neither slumbers nor sleeps.

"I fully understand that you have some experiences which are trying to love and faith and lead to depressions. But even here you gain *experiences* which in the future may prove of the highest value. God keep you. I pray for you with earnest desire and faith."

When Wycliffe was promoted to the Staff, his father wrote to him from Quebec a letter which might have been written to any one of us, for to each such words have come.

"Your promotion to the Staff. I do trust you feel yourself that the Lord's Hand is in it. It is a mark of my trust and hope for you, but it seems to me that you may also feel it to be in

*2.10.1912.

†22.4.1912.

‡4.5.1921.

the order of God's providential arrangement of your life. While it does not involve any immediate change in your responsibilities it does open the door to future work and care for God and The Army. My dear Boy, you know much that I would say already. You know *my love for you* and you know that both your precious mother and I rejoice that in heart and mind you are one with us in the great work God has entrusted to our hands. I think you have made progress the last year or two and with care and watchfulness I am sure that still greater things are before you.

"Let your heart be set on making all your work God's work—done for Him, in His spirit, with an eye to His approval. We are dreadfully in danger of being too much centred on the actual thing we are doing and not enough on Him for Whom we are doing it.

"Continue now to get some more meetings into your programme. If need be you must do less of other work. You are a public man and a Messenger to the crowd. Come out in confidence in God, and bring Renée out also, and God will own your work.

"The Army needs all the time, the force and inspiration which we, in a special way, are able to give it. . . . We shall more and more need to stand and work as *one* if we are to keep The Army free and press it on in its great work. Do not forget what I said to you about letters. In that way you can make your pen a real power for God. Many officers will be *very* glad to receive your words. Help them to seek after God and *stand the storms*.

"Now may God strengthen you to do all He wants. Remember you are nothing—He is everything! He has called you to be His representative—He must—He will—equip you. My heart's loving salutations and congratulations on this event. I receive you into closer—if that be possible—union with me than ever. You are one with me in what I long for the world. Renée is with you, the children will be before long.

"Yours in confidence and love, father and General."

At a time when we were the subject of hostile criticism he wrote to one of us :

"You will feel these renewed rumblings! But it has always been the lot of God's people, at any rate of those who do anything in His cause, to be ill-spoken of, to have their faults exaggerated and their good turned into evil by ill-minded and small-minded folk. I can only give you one word of advice—Don't let it disturb your heart and make you sorrow over-much. Wound you it will—I dare say—but remember your Lord and Master and count it a *blessing* to be in His company.

"As to why God permits such evident calumnies I cannot tell. They were permitted against Jesus Christ, no one could possibly

tell then why. Now we see that in that as in other painful parts of His experience He was learning obedience and learning to make the great sacrifice of the Cross by means of these other lesser trials on the road which led to it. Cheer up. Yours ever in love and sympathy."

From our father we learned a true respect for men, even the most degraded ; he imbued us with something of his own undying faith in man's capacity for goodness. And with what delicate consideration he helped us to note their sorrow and poverty. One evening in a meeting where there were several rows of kneeling penitents he beckoned to his daughter Mary, in whose command the meeting took place. She went to his side expecting to be told to deal with someone ; instead he said, " Mary, look at their boots. The state of a man's boots is generally a sign whether he is really hard up or not." And, pointing out one man, " His shoes are very poor, go and find out about him. He must be helped."

Whilst preparing this book it has been strangely moving to look with a daughter's eyes on my father's heart as revealed by his journals and letters. I have found nothing there out of harmony with the man I know. He was a transparent character, a single heart, wholly free from pose in any guise. His mother said he never told a lie, and even apart from religion his was one of those ingenuous natures that eschews all subterfuge. His simplicity was sometimes disconcerting, how often disarming ! And what a certainty it gave us about him in everything. His faith was a rock unmoved in any storm. His love a fire that never burned low. When my faith has wavered, when intellectual hesitancies have clouded my soul's vision, when in the darkness of inexplicable sorrow even love to Christ has fallen faint, what I knew my Father to be, the Christ my eyes have seen in him, could not, would not, be denied. The hearts of his sons and daughters were bound to him by the beautiful cords of his love : by them he drew us to God, and to serve Him in The Army. To his children, Bramwell Booth is indeed father and friend, inspiration and example.

CHAPTER XVII

WRITING AND BOOKS

THERE are masters of words who use them as a robe under which they hide the real man. Bramwell Booth is not of their company. His words, spoken or written, illumine him, for, though he seldom refers to himself, anyone with insight may get a clear enough picture of him from the few volumes he wrote.

His life is not without its tragedies, and bondage to work is one of them. This man is by nature a thinker, in some sort a poet too ; leisure, for such as he, is the best gift, next to health, life has to offer ; and of leisure Bramwell Booth has almost none. From boyhood to manhood, through the years of his prime to the verge of old age, we see him, always working against time : driven by necessity, by circumstances, by devotion, to be perpetually crowding into one day the labour of two days. All his life the mirage of " a little quiet " beautifies a not-too-distant future, but it is but a mirage, and is never reached. In later years when those about him would have protected him, would have wished to see the tension released, and to some extent it could have been, none could protect him from himself, and circumstances played into his hands. He continued to work longer hours, and at greater speed than anyone about him.

The wonder is he found time to pray ! As to writing books—the only books he wrote, as such, were produced within the spell of two or three weeks, and then not weeks free from other affairs. The writings which make up most of the published volumes, and a good remainder of like material uncollected, were prepared for The Army's publications, and not with the thought of a book in mind. During the last twenty years of his life he talked of " taking time " one day to write ; in old age he would write—a life of Paul—a life of Christ—" for our people." But at seventy-two he was still a slave to the rush of work, public and private ; and his books will never be written.

Nevertheless the lines we have tell us much, and will in the future tell those who want to know what manner of mind was his. Here and there the voice of the poet sings above the prose, as in this passage :

" The little village itself, with its straggling roadway and low flat-roofed houses, nestling in the lap of a beautiful valley and surrounded by the blue hills of Galilee, was very much like other villages of the time. . . .

"Sickness and sin and strife were mingled with the daily round of labour and weariness. Love came and went away again. Lovers clasped each other's hand and spoke the old, sweet, tender words which are ever new.

"Farewells and death were not strangers there. Quarrelling and pelf and debt and dirt and pain and praying hands and broken hearts, and night and day, were all to be found at Nazareth—just as you would have found them in a thousand other hamlets of Judea, and just as you can find them still in the villages of England. And Jesus grew up there."

Or in other strain as in this exhortation :

"We must come right down to the souls we want to save, as our Master did. Our own blessedness and peace must stand aside for the company of those on whom the curse and conflicts of sin have fallen. We must be ready to be with those who have no Christ, and know no Heaven. Our sweetest songs must be the songs we sing to those who cannot sing. Our deepest joy must be joy with the Father when the prodigal comes home from the far country of backsliding and sin.

"This means that we shall mix with the people we want to save, just as our Saviour did. We shall study them and know them. Then there will be discoveries ! The things which seemed frozen and dead in the winter of condemnation will awaken to life ! Flowers will come out of the cold clay ! Gold and precious stones will be found amongst the mud and muck ! Fire will be seen in the flints ! Beauty, as the beauty of the rainbow, will appear in the blackest pitch !"

Occasionally he jots on the back of an envelope or on an odd page of a notebook lines that have a music of their own. One night he races down the station steps and essays to board a moving train. Unfriendly occupants of the crowded carriage hold the door against him ; he fails to open it, drops back on the platform to await the next train. He feels a passing annoyance that "those fellows" should have caused him to miss the train home ; there is not another for an hour, but here is a little patch of time, and he turns it into a song.

"Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home ;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone !
Thyself to me be given,
In fullness of Thy love ;
Thyself alone will make my Heaven,
Though all Thy gifts remove.

BRAMWELL BOOTH

Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home ;
Come in and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Come in, my Lord, come in,
Show forth Thy saving power ;
Restore, renew, release from sin,
Oh, save this very hour !
Thy promise now I claim,
By faith put in my plea,
And trust in that almighty Name,
Emmanuel, and Thee.

My Lord, Thou dost come in ;
I feel it in my soul ;
I hear Thy words, my Saviour King,
' Be every whit made whole !'
Glory to God on high !
Let Heaven and earth agree
My risen Christ to magnify :
For lo ! He lives with me."

If a man be anything of a singer, he will sing in his early manhood and he will sing of the One he loves. Simple lines they may be, but they will tell you the texture of his love even when they have nothing original to say of the loved one. Bramwell Booth was a lover young ; and there are a few little songs of his heart. This one tells of his love :

" I love Thee every hour,
Thou loving One ;
Because Thou first lov'st me,
Thou suffering Son.

I love Thee every hour,
And Thee alone ;
My Love, my Life, my Lord,
My All-in-one.

I love Thee every hour,
And I am Thine ;
And I have All-in-all,
For Thou art mine.

* * *

I love Thee, oh, I love Thee,
Live to love and serve Thee ;
All I have, my Saviour,
I give to Thee."

And here are lines which speak in Job's immortal language of the heart's hunger for the sign of its Beloved's Presence :

" Oh, that I knew
Where I might view
My Lord, my Emmanuel :
That I might meet
Him at His seat
And all my burden tell.

Forward I go
 Slowly, I know—
 And weep, for He is not there;
 Backward I move,
 Seeking my Love,
 Yet I cannot my love declare.

On the left hand,
 Where He works, I stand,
 Yet I cannot the Worker see ;
 And on the right
 'Tis dark as night,
 For He hideth Himself from me.

But the way that I take
 I take for His sake,
 He knoweth I do not rebel ;
 He knoweth my fears,
 My toils and tears,
 And He knoweth my way full well.

And when He hath tried me,
 Purged and refined me,
 I shall come forth as gold,
 Tested by Him,
 Precious to Him,
 Loved with a love untold."

Christ's lovers must tell of Christ's gifts, and next to the gift of love the gift of faith was precious in this soul's experience. One feels he had tasted the bitterness of defeat and bondage before he learned that renunciation of all which prepares the heart for "faith's victory," when he says :

" Oh, this glorious poverty,
 Wherewith the Master makes me see,
 Wherewith the Master shows to me
 The riches of Faith's victory.

Oh, this glorious liberty !
 For Christ the Lord hath set me free,
 For Christ the Lord hath given to me
 The freedom of Faith's victory.

Oh, thou glorious Trinity !
 Three in One and One in Three ;
 Three in One and One in me,
 The secret of Faith's victory."

With Bramwell Booth's writings, however, as with his life, the main stream is forced through the channel of utility and must turn the wheel of some practical purpose. More than once there is no one available to write The Salvation Army yearly report. Let it be done without additional expenditure ! He writes to his father :

" *Salvation Army Report*. I am so disappointed, as I think I have already told you, with all we have had from —'s pen lately

that I have resolved to attempt something to serve as a Report myself. . . .

"I have made a start, and although the progress up to the present has been slow, I think I have now got on the line for making an interesting pamphlet, which will really tell our friends something about the inner work of the Officer and of The Army, and it may do good in other directions. On reading over late last night one or two chapters to Flo, she was much impressed (and she is not one who goes into rhapsodies) by the use it may be to Officers themselves, and she thinks it cannot but help us to get money. I hope you will approve. I do not know what to call it. My present idea is "Servants of all men" . . . I have to do it next week, or it cannot be done at all. I only wish I had a pen at all equal to my opportunity. I must do the best I can with what I have."*

And thus it comes about that he sits till the morning hours at his desk at home and writes a sketch of the life of Salvation Army officers. A little book eloquent of the writer's reverence for the subject, it will in the future serve as an ideal after which the spiritually-minded among The Army's officers will strive. It will be an Army classic, if only for the simple directness with which it tells its story. He gave the tract, for it is little more, the title *Servants of All*. In the opening pages he speaks of the call to service, and in the closing pages of the servant's death.

"The universal compulsion of the souls of men—'to subdue a rebellious world to God,' this, then, is the idea underlying The Salvation Army. Great thoughts command great sacrifices, and in this thought has appeared the attraction which has won to lives of self-denial the great majority of the men and women who have become the Officers and leaders of this movement.

"The Cross is the attraction . . . Christ gave Himself for the world. He asks that those who have given themselves to Him will do the same thing and fill up the measure of His sufferings. That is the root idea of every true Salvation Army Officer's consecration. He may or may not apprehend its moral beauty, he may be quite innocent of any plan for carrying it into effect, he may be, nay, often he is, quite unable to see whither it will lead him, but he begins there. . . .

"And from the other side—the inside—what is the dominating thought? Why this, that a common, simple man or woman, wholly devoted to the love and service of souls, may be qualified successfully to win and train them for God. . . . Such a one must be a fisher of men, in touch with them, a friend, an adviser, a shepherd of the sheep, caring for the household of faith, patient, kind, a leader of the Lord's host, the servant of all." . . .

And of the servant's death he says :

"A finishing—maybe in agony and with all the marks of physical humiliation, but a finishing none the less—of a great work already done, and the gentle yielding of life's labour and its fruits into the hands of God, amid the calm assurance of faith alone. The sense as of a great ship passing through shallow and dangerous water on her way from one wide sea to another, her master careful of the perilous present, but looking back with true gratitude, and looking forward with confidence and joy.

"Thus, it seems to me, our officers die. Life would not be complete without death. Waiting on the frontiers of the eternal world, they often do more in a few hours in the light which falls upon them there, than by years in the twilight on 'this side.' "

Much of his writing is reminiscent of his speaking. The books abound in passages which, read by those accustomed to listen to him, vividly recall the intonation of his voice, the look or gesture which would emphasise a word or phrase, indeed, his very presence. Here is one such : he might be "talking it" to some north country audience, using his "judicial" manner.

"The only really satisfactory test of any faith or system of faiths lies in its treatment of sin. Human consciousness in all ages, and in all conditions of development, bears witness to the fact of sin with universal and overwhelming conviction. Men cannot prevent the discomfort of self-accusation which ever follows wrong-doing. They cannot escape from the bitter which always lies hidden in the sweet. They cannot forget the things they wish to forget. Even when they are a law unto themselves, they are compelled to judge themselves by that law. It is as though some unerring necessity is laid upon every individual of the race to sit in judgment upon his own conduct, and to pass sentence upon himself. He is compelled to speak to his own soul of things about which he would rather be silent, and to *listen to that which he does not wish to hear.*"

Or again, and if he were preaching it would be with rising scorn ending in an outburst of indignation :

"Consider the moral and physical decay of manhood involved in the sinful sensualism of the day. See how the drinking places, the degenerate stage, the immoral press, the nasty talk of the street, combine to inflame the baser nature and make the animal in man the master of his destiny ! So that this wonderful creature, the noblest of God's works, sinks lower than the swine, and finds at last the only joys of life in the gratification of a depraved appetite and in the corruption of a filthy lust. Labour is a

necessary nuisance ! the service of his generation a sign of servitude ! The life of restraint, of temperance, of noble aspiration—why, it is all *fudge* as compared with the joys of quenching a depraved thirst, or of lascivious mirth, or of licentious indulgence !

“My God, how I detest the enemy . . . which has wrought all this havoc ! *Here is the true Gospel of hate !* THE HATE OF SIN !”

This man writes from heart to heart. One feels that experience has been his teacher, sorrow has taken him by the hand and led him in lonely paths : his own heart must have felt the astonishment of grief at man's betrayal of man, and learned the meaning of faith at the death of hope, or he could not have written some pages. Here are two examples of what I mean :

“Indeed, man himself is the most changeable thing in all man's world. It is not merely that our companions and friends and loved ones die—the wind passeth over them and they are gone, and the dear places that knew them know them no more—it is not merely this ; nor is it that their circumstances change, that wealth becomes penury, that health is changed to weakness and suffering, and youth to age and decay—it is not merely this, but it is that *they* change. The ardour of near friendship grows cold and fades away ; the trust which once knew no limitations is narrowed down, and, by and by, walled in with doubts and fears ; the comradeship which was so sweet and strong, and quickened us to great deeds, as ‘iron sharpeneth iron,’ is changed for other companionships ; the love which seemed so deep and true and was ready ‘to look on tempests’ for us, becomes but a name and a memory, even if it does not change into a well of bitter waters in our lives.

“This fact of human mutability, this inherent changeableness in man, is the key to many of the darkest chapters of the world's history. The prodigal, the traitor, the vow-breaker, these have ever been far more fruitful sources of anguish and misery than the life-long rebel and law-breaker.”

“Are there not strange events, unlooked-for catastrophes, heart-breaking bereavements, mysterious contradictions, unfathomed problems strewn along our path in which it seems as though by some sudden combination the very heavens are blotted out ? Do we not sometimes feel like the pelican in the wilderness, or the sheep among wolves, or the stranger left by the caravan in the desert to die alone in a dry and thirsty land where no water is ?

“Life's heaviest blows often come most unexpectedly. Death appears, and our astonishment is even greater than our grief. Losses arise, and we are petrified with surprise as our treasure

disappears in the most unlikely direction. Friends or comrades fail us and amazement almost chokes us. . . .

"Ah, do you expect to *understand* all God's ways with you? Do you want a *reason* for every dispensation, an explanation of every mystery before you can trust Him? Then there would be an end of Faith. It is the darkness which makes *Faith* a reality."

The second of these illustrates too what is perhaps a defect. In his writing, as in his preaching, Bramwell Booth cannot hide his eagerness to bring about some definite result. He wants his words to be more than mere words; the moral is not only given its place: in his view hardly anything else has a place! He is not really caring about the writing as such, but he cares intensely whether he can make his meaning plain and help someone to be better or to do better. Thus the pages are full of the most intimate appeals to the individual. When he writes, as when he preaches, it seems to be for the most part to *one*.

" 'Recompense to no man evil for evil,' though you know he well deserves it; 'Avenge not yourselves,' 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep.' That is, deny yourself of your own joys that you may enter into the sorrows of others; and lay aside your own sorrows and tears, and silence your own breaking heart, when you can help others by entering with joy into their joys.

"You will see, beloved, that all this is work which *no one can do for you*, and that it is in a very true sense high service to God as well as to man.

"How, then, is it with you? Are you a self-denying disciple? If not, beware, lest it should shortly appear that you are not a disciple at all."

And again:

"But amidst it all, what a great heart of passionate love was Christ's! . . . *What about you?* Can you ever be again the same since you learned that He loved you? Can you ever be again content to remain little and narrow with interests and affections that are little and narrow also? Will you not rise, as He rose, above the small ambitions of the spiritual pigmies who meet you at every turn, determined to look beyond your own tiny circle, and the low aims of those around you? Depend upon it, you ought to do so. Depend upon it, the world's great need is, 'Great Hearts.' Will you be one?"

And one more example, this time written to Army officers:

"I want to say to everyone: What do you think and dream of? What lies nearest to your heart in the silent watches of the

night, in those hours when sleep forsakes you? Where is your ambition? In what direction do your hopes lie? *Are you with the sheep which have been found, or is your heart outside with those which are lost?* One thing is certain. *You will never find them in the fold. If you want the lost sheep you must go into the wilderness.* My Comrade, where is your heart? Is it in the fold with the little flock—or is it out in the wilderness, where day by day those who might have been brought home give up and perish for ever?"

There are writings of his which are in another category and which do not bear his name. The Regulations of The Army, and in particular those governing the work of officers, are largely the product of his mind. William Booth and his son worked in such close collaboration that it would be impossible to divide their share in the early issues. Certainly Bramwell Booth revised, amplified and wrote both under William Booth's direction and approval, and after his death. Their letters bear abundant testimony to this. Some volumes emanated more distinctly from Bramwell Booth. This, and the fact that he regarded the Regulations as of supreme importance, gave them painstaking effort, and devoted time to them when other claims were most insistent, emerges clearly from letters. To Emma in 1895 :

"I am not a good judge of my own work and therefore I am troubling you again. I want you to look over the enclosed for the Staff Regulations. I wrote it—then the General revised it, and now I have done it again! Perhaps you can either approve or mend it. . . . I am pegging away, but just as I am warming up to the job I have to make a dash for the Devil at Regent Hall."

To his Father in 1903 :

"I have submerged myself with the preparation for the revised Regulations—*Staff Officer, Territorial Commissioner, Music and Bands*, which, as I have already told you, I hope to have ready for your consideration immediately on your arrival. They are of the very greatest importance to us, especially the *Staff Officer*.

"I am hard on again this week with these Regulations. *They are most important.* We are in a stronger position *than ever we were* to get Regulations carried out, and as regards the Staff and Leaders generally we are badly off for Orders to put into their hands. My recent inspections in one or two quarters lead me to value more highly than ever *organised* efforts as distinct from merely good-natured hard work. It comes out at every turn in looking into the relations between the F.O. and his corps, that many of his sins and failures have a sort of root in the weakness of his leaders, or their want of attention, or their *ignorance* how to deal with and help him. They must have their Orders brought up to date at once."*

To the close of his life he continued this work, and in 1926 and 1927 he was preparing a new edition of the *Staff Regulations*. On his way home from his last visit to New York the Journal records : "Two or three hours on *Staff Regulations*."*

The Orders and Regulations governing Salvation Army activities are a monument to William and Bramwell Booth, a reflection of their ideals and aims. Should The Salvation Army change, and change radically, it would still be possible, from these volumes, to perceive what it was originally, and what its Founders saw and intended it to be. In the Regulations, from those for soldiers, to those for Territorial Commanders and Commissioners, are to be found the architects' plans for the whole structure, from which, given the material, it might be restored or re-built. With the Regulations should be included the books of Doctrine. In 1898 Bramwell Booth began agitating for something for the instruction of the children under Army influence. To his Father he says :

"This thing is on my heart again. Will you authorise me, or —, or anybody you like, to prepare a cheap Catechism, a little on the lines of the Wesleyan Catechism. . . ? The children are not being taught anything in the definite sense of being made to learn, and the consequence is that the ignorance of many is lamentable."†

The *Directory No. I* was prepared and first published in 1900 ; *No. II*, for older children, in 1902. Father and son both gave it a great deal of attention. Any student of Army teaching should study these simple, concise questions and answers under the three headings, Revelation, Experience, Obedience.

The setting forth of Doctrines for the use of adults was also his care. From Headquarters one Sunday night (he was often at work there on Sundays), he writes :

"I have had some further thought as to the revise of the '*Doctrines*,' and it seems to me to be very important. I propose to have it made up a question to a sheet of paper, and go through it myself, making rough suggestions and such verbal alterations as occur to me ; and then if we can sit down together I think we may effect something without so great labour as seems at first sight necessary."‡

In 1922 he prepared a fresh statement of Army doctrines, a work upon which he personally spent much time and labour. This was published under the title "*Salvation Army handbook of Doctrine*" and was primarily for use in connection with Officers' Training operations. The book was revised and amplified in 1926 and a new edition issued in 1927.

Bramwell Booth did much work of this nature in the trains. His powers of concentration were marked and fortified by continual

*9.5.1926.

†10.12.1898.

‡To William Booth, 25.2.1903.

discipline. A journey was often looked upon as a fortunate necessity, enabling him to attack arrears which had accumulated simply because they could be postponed and so had to yield to what could not ! He was inclined to be critical of those who could make hours in a train a time of idleness or nearly so. This kind of activity is in evidence throughout his life, and there are constant references to it in his diaries, as :

“ To Glasgow at 2 p.m. Worked on the *Cry*. The new *Regulations for T.C.'s*, revise of ‘ *Mrs. Booth's Last Days* ’ till 8. Then had some food and talked to H. and T. my travelling companions who seemed to have very little to do ! Glasgow 10.30.”*

One of his last articles was written in the train whilst on a campaign in Germany in 1928 ; it appeared in *The Staff Review*† for April. Here is an excerpt :

“ I want to see still greater prominence given to Jesus Christ in all our work. Take our public work : have we not an opportunity here of exalting Jesus Christ's Person and Character, in presenting the truth concerning Him *in its completeness* ? If we would really lift Him up, ought we not to set forth and illuminate all sides of His teaching ? Would it not help to impress what He was upon the people, to show them not only His compassions and tenderness, but to show them also the greatness of the standards of conduct and faithfulness which He set up ?

“ Ought we not to speak of His condemnations as well as of His benedictions ? Ought we not to show Him in His solemn rebukes and awful threatenings as well as in His glorious promises of mercy and peace ?

“ Let us remember also that Jesus Christ's own rules of thought and affection must become the strength of our rule of thought and affection. This is a condition of His Kingdom on earth into which He has called us—unless our love and thought and service are centred around Him and harmonise with Him they will fail at last.

“ In these days, which have been so influenced by the late war, the Western nations seem to me to be developing a hardness of personal character which does not tend either to goodness or happiness. Many of them look, not I hope with cynicism or contempt, but with a kind of coldness on any evidence of deep feeling or strong emotion. And yet—when we turn to Jesus Christ, how mighty is His influence upon us—indeed, how mighty it has been upon the world *just because He showed His heart*. . . .”

Bramwell Booth was seventy-two, and this as one of the last of his messages to his officers has a special significance. So also has his last Christmas article in *The War Cry* of December 24th, 1927, from which this passage :

*29.10.1898.

†Quarterly magazine for S.A. Staff Officers, no longer published.

"Jesus was born in the stable because no room could be found for Him in the inn to which it belonged. Changed as many things are since that day, something of the same nature still goes on. The details are not exactly similar, of course, but the governing principles are practically the same, and the result, beyond question, is identical—Jesus Christ is still pushed out—or left out—or crowded out of the lives of men. My Friend, make room, at any cost, in spite of any loss, *make room for Jesus.*"

As a babe of three the first ordered words he learned to repeat were about Jesus, and the theme of his last words to his officers and people is still Jesus Christ.

No account of his life would be complete which did not touch upon Bramwell Booth's influence on The Army's press. From the pre-*War Cry* days, when at eighteen he wrote to Railton, "When I die there will be found engraved on my heart the three letters, M.A.G." (i.e., *The Christian Mission Magazine*), to the last year of his Generalship, he regarded The Army's periodicals as his particular care and responsibility. There were those about him who did not always agree with his policy, but none will dispute the fact that his influence was paramount, and that the standard achieved was due to his unflagging zeal and ever-watchful oversight. He inspired the officers appointed to literary work with something of his own high ideals.

"The General," says one of The Army's writers in a personal letter, "gave the inspiration to my life, and from him I took my standards of thought and method. I regard him as the maker of Army journalism, and its sustaining genius, and though I have learned many things from leading men of the craft outside The Army, I learned most from the General, who not only exercised a powerful and winsome pen, but showed us all how it could be confined within Salvation Army limits without losing any of its force or dignity."

He believed in the power of the press. No part of the page was unimportant to him. He toiled personally to inculcate a sense of responsibility in the editors. He maintained—one hardly knows how, but the fact is clear enough—a close knowledge of the contents of various issues. A copy of each of the world's *War Crys** (at the time of his death these numbered forty) came to his private address. These were scanned by him, and those in languages of which he had no knowledge were reported on. It would not be an exaggeration to say the British *War Cry* had a place in his very heart. Unless prevented by distance, he invariably passed the proofs himself. They followed him, and met him, sprawled over many a meal table :

* *The War Cry*, official gazette of The Salvation Army in each country—weekly circulation in Great Britain in 1928, 306,000.

the messenger from St. Alban's, where The Army's printing works are situated, was often waiting at Hadley Wood when the General came in late from Headquarters, and the proofs must take precedence of food, and be devoured and finally passed before he would attend to anyone or anything. He and the editor and his staff were constantly in touch, and many of the officers appointed as editors overseas received the lion's share of their training on the staff of the *London Cry*.

Here again was battle-ground. It was no bagatelle to enforce a unity of ideal and method upon the minds not only of editors of different nationality but also of leaders who had their own views of what *The War Cry* should contain. William Booth was determined *The War Cry* should conform to his idea. He looked upon his son as responsible, and some of the sharpest passages in his letters to him deal with the *War Cry*s.

"I will have this revolutionised or give up the public work and I will sit down to edit the paper myself. I think you will excuse my saying it, but I think you have been very much to blame in the matter. Other people may not have the sense to perceive that you might as well write to an Englishman in French as in phraseology and ideas that require a higher intelligence and education to understand what you do write than he possesses.

"Now it is a very serious question to me whether the people who have to do with *The War Cry* have got the ability to write in the language of the common people, because what is wanted is not merely their phraseology, but quite as good ideas as we have had."*

"Now I remark it and I don't want to be hypercritical, but I should like to make a paper that would be after my own heart, and I honestly confess that this is not, and yet it might be with a little attention. It is the *pretentiousness* of the thing that destroys it. Now I will mark this *Cry* if I can find a moment or two and send it to you, and I should like you to talk it over with Florrie: she is a practical woman and knows what the people read and feel. . . . The paper is full of sermons, preachments. . . . Whoever put that in from Lancashire ought to go and find another job, and ditto the editor who inserted it.

"Don't think I am vexed. I am only grieved."†

His son wrote :

"*The Newspapers*—of course this thing has involved us in a considerable amount of extra labour. Quite apart from the work actually done on the papers there is an immense amount of routine which takes time and strength. I must confess that I am very much disappointed in the whole of the staff, not merely as to their capacity to write a decent paragraph of English, but to *describe what they see*. The bottom fact of the situation is this,

*9.11.1896.

†13.11.1896.

that we have all these journals to run without journalists. I think I have a few ideas as to how to get hold of people, but they are in a very crude form at present.

"*The Young Soldier**.—This is decidedly improving, in fact, Duff† and Tracy‡ seem to be showing more real Salvation Army newspaper ability than anybody else we have got on the place. . . . They have sense, and the best kind of sense, namely, insight, and I think that *The Young Soldier* will be a very much greater power before long. I am glad to notice the circulation is improving."§

And again :

"I am trying to improve the system. I am trying to find out some new writers. One of the faults of the *Cry* is that it is so alike. There are no hills and valleys in it ; it is a dead level. The difficulty about the majority of the writing that we get is that it is either heavy and magaziney, or else it is empty."**

It is impossible within the limits of this book to do more than touch upon Bramwell Booth's ceaseless labour for The Army's periodicals. The actual writing he did for them, whether over his own name or anonymously, was no small item, the more when one bears in mind the pressure of other work constantly upon him. He is attacked by digestive trouble, goes to Metcalf's Hydro for treatment, and we find this line in one of the daily letters to his father :

"I have six articles to do between now and Monday night. That and the *bathing* will keep me going !!!"

The private and semi-private publications for Local officers, officers, and during his Generalship for the Staff officers of The Army, claimed a giant share of his "output." Natural that it should be so, for in these pages he spoke to those whose influence on The Army was, he considered, of paramount importance, those for whom he cared above all others. Now and then he breaks out, as in this to his father :

"Oh, that we had some help with our writing. — has again *bitterly* disappointed me with some work I wanted doing, short comments on the Bible readings sent out to officers. The *stuff* he sends is an atrocity !"††

But he is aware that the crux of the problem is to train and guide the editors. In 1903 he writes to his father :

**The Young Soldier*, weekly children's paper, weekly circulation in Great Britain in 1928, 243,000

†Afterward Commissioner Mildred Duff.

§22.1.1898.

**5.2.1898.

‡Brigadier Ruth Tracy.

††8.10.1903.

"We shall have to fix rules for the editors which the T.C. [Territorial Commander] can't touch, as we have done for the C.S. [Chief Secretary]. The editor is often quite as important and influential as the C.S.—more so in some ways."*

In addition to the careful preparation of rules for them he kept in touch with the editors at home and abroad. This was especially so during the years of his Generalship. Thoughtful, critical letters, with advice, instruction and encouragement, and always some personal word went from him to them. As for example :

"I think your *War Cry* is a live thing. I do not care for the politics which creep in sometimes, but both papers are good, and though capable of improvement please me in many matters. Give all the space you can to soul-saving. Do not feel bound to make your fronts occupy the whole page. . . . I find myself unusually burdened *owing to the extra responsibilities assumed for work in the East*. Do not forget this in *The War Cry*. The idea that the whole responsibility for our Missionary Work is discharged by a country *with its S.D. [Self-Denial Fund] is a fallacy*. . . .

"Keep the paper thoroughly alert on the question of Salvation. Hit out at the sinners—don't be afraid to speak of the devil and his devilish schemes for the damnation of the individual soul.

"And I think you might do well if you were able to introduce a little more out and out teaching on Full Salvation. Report the holiness meetings whenever you get the chance.

"Remember me kindly to your wife. I trust the union of mind and spirit between you is strong and glad as ever. Guard one another's souls. Pray for me and for the world."†

The appointment of a new editor was seized upon as an occasion to improve that particular *War Cry*. Here are extracts from a memorandum written by Bramwell Booth toward the latter years of his Generalship, which may serve as an example :

"*The War Cry* is a newspaper. Its first business is to publish news, our news, S.A. news. I am quite convinced that if only this could be done with discernment, and the necessary writing ability, the *Cry* will be much more powerful. . . .

"No one could read the news in *The War Cry* for any three consecutive months without being struck by the monotonous similarity not only of the great bulk of the items themselves, but of the phrases used, the ideas expressed, and the style of paragraph and make-up employed.

"I should think it would be wise to drop all corps reports that have *no flesh on the bones*.

"What is wanted is such *detail* as supplies new interest and supplies the reader with some idea of what is done in meetings

*5.1.1903.

†18.10.1921.

of that character, whether they are held at Corps A. which he knows, or at B.C.D. which he does not know.

"I am convinced that there is abundant news, and that with ordinary reasonable effort items of the most thrilling interest could be obtained week after week—tit-bits of Salvation Army life and love and service and fighting and adventure and living and dying. What is my own experience? I never go anywhere without hearing the most striking things. Here on a ship crawling down the Red Sea where this is written I have heard from one and another of the passengers, first-class as well as third, and from the staff and crew of the ship, incidents of the most charming nature, excellent for our papers; *but they will never be heard of* . . .

"All this supposes some *better writing* and *more trouble*. The idea that you cannot make anything specially interesting if it has to be condensed is nonsense. Apart from great speeches, the *newspaper world to-day lives by its paragraphs*.

"We want ability and brains to make every paragraph in *The War Cry* brilliant. . . . So far as possible keep the present construction so that people know where to find the different classes of matter.

"We might use photography more. There is a sense in which the camera records news. . . . Why should you not offer a standing weekly prize for the best photograph of an Army scene or Army work sent up?

"You have some very interesting material in the relation of the S.A. to the Drink and the Drink question. Photographs could be used in this direction: Drunkards' Homes, Drunkards' Funerals, and Drunkards' children. You could do a series of bottle pictures which could go on for weeks and weeks, the idea being to get something awful out of a bottle or on the principle of the poster on the hoarding on which is seen the workman taking a microbe out of his beer.

"The editor should be an editor and not bother with the writing. Let him organise and supervise and leave the pen work to others. He might reserve one line to himself. I remember that Stead told me that he never allowed anyone else to interview for the *Pall Mall* or *Review of Reviews*, always doing that himself.

"Of course, the paper should be Salvation from cover to cover, but it should also be cheerful, friendly and human, and avoid like poison mere preachifications."*

Bramwell Booth's share in book-making cannot be measured by the volumes he wrote. The value he set on books led him early to recognise The Army's responsibility for their production. At times when the struggle to raise money was half killing him, he still, with a grim obstinacy, persisted in spending money on the production and distribution of books. He was personally the originator of almost every book issued by The Army. He pushed and harassed

* 12.4.1920.

his over-wearied father to write, and toiled at the editing and finishing of his volumes. He inaugurated what he called the "Red-Hot Library," selected the subjects, instructed writers, and in close touch with them discussed, criticised, praised and often amended the MSS. His idea was to produce books, chiefly biographies, written in such fashion as to be attractive to and readable by the people, and especially by the young people of average education. Seventeen volumes were published in the "Red-Hot Library" and on similar lines the "Warriors' Library" for young people of which eighteen volumes were issued. Biographies of Salvation Army officers written at his instruction provide an important addition to Army literature, and are a means of presenting The Army's history to its people. Outsiders were employed by him to depict certain phases of The Army's activities. Some of these books really accomplished something toward making the work better understood, as for example, Arnold White's *The Great Idea*, and Harold Begbie's *Broken Earthenware*.

All writers of Army books received inspiration from him. Someone has said of him that "he used talent with pathetic eagerness"; certainly true of the writers. Almost without exception Army authors of note were "discovered" by him, many of them before they were aware of their own capacities. He knew, too, how to encourage the young who had ambition. One, who has since reached the position of Editor-in-Chief, says :

"The General laid his hand on my shoulder and told me in a few kindly words I should have the opportunity of realising my ambition to become an Army journalist. The occasion was the Bandmasters' Councils, the time, between breakfast and the morning session, the place, the General's private room at Clapton. He gave me his blessing. I can never forget the thrill; my desire to come up to his expectations was intense. From the first I set myself to apprehend the great idea which is The Army, and I learned of him, sometimes by the pain of correction, but more, much more, by example and encouragement."

It is appropriate that in this kingdom of books, his last projects for The Army were additions to the volumes on holiness. He had asked Commissioner Yamamuro of Japan to write such an one; this has since been published: and Commissioner Brengle's book, *Helps to Holiness*, originally written for the Warriors' Library, was reprinted at threepence in 1927. The General regarded this as a triumph in its way; and from the printers' and publishers' view point, it marked an advance in his scheme for making Army literature available to the poorest. Just before his death he arranged for the publication of a series of short Army biographies to be sold at twopence, and of these twelve have been issued.

The story of his own love for reading would make a volume in itself. He read anywhere, everywhere, but by no means anything and everything. In youth his reading was distinctly restricted. Fiction, "regarded with puritanical misgivings" as he says, was virtually an unknown world, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, being an outstanding exception. But he read. History held first place. As a lad, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Milman's *History of the Jews*, Pressensé's *Early Christianity* and the works of Ranke and d'Aubigné. The latter's *History of the Reformation* he had read two or three times before he was seventeen. His early predilection for history did not waver. Carlyle, Green, Hallam, Froude, and in a lesser degree Macaulay, were friends to whom he constantly returned for converse. One or another always shared his long journeys. He says :

"I cannot say that I can fix upon any particular set of books, apart from the Bible, as having been great factors in determining the course of my life. . . . Carlyle has always had a charm for me. . . . I should class Carlyle, with his immense moral earnestness and his fine sense of rightness, among the few authors who made a deep and abiding impression upon me as a young man, and with him I should bracket Milton. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that in my most impressionable years, say up to the age of twenty-one, I loved John Milton and *Paradise Lost*.

"Later on I came to enjoy Ruskin, though I never placed him on so high a level as did some. To-day I should probably find little satisfaction in any of his books except the *Seven Lamps* and the *Crown of Wild Olive*, the latter if only because of the very powerful plea against war with which the book concludes. The League of Nations ought to issue as a pamphlet in all languages what Ruskin has to say in this book on woman and war. . . ."

He read everything available touching the history of the United States, every *Life of Lincoln*, and all manner of writings dealing with the conditions and history of peoples. As one would expect, a favoured place in his reading life was devoted to theology, biography and sermons : Newman, Philips Brooks, F. W. Robertson, Donne, Lacordaire and Wesley, to name some. He read rapidly, returning to favourites again and again ; for example, Law's *Serious Call* had been read twenty times or more. He brought the freshness of his own thought to familiar pages, making them live again in some new setting. As with all imaginative minds, he "saw" what he read, supplying all manner of detail necessary to a vivid picture, or, when the writer reasoned, answering argument with argument. Books for him were not views to be enjoyed at a mental fireside, but rather maps to be studied as an aid to a journey thought was taking ; his own adventures and discoveries as he travelled providing ground for lively comment on the qualities, good or bad, of

the map. He was never a merely passive recipient of what books had to give, and that was one reason why he so often re-read them ; and it accounts at least in part for the harvest he garnered from the poorer acres of literature, as well as from its richer fields. For fiction he never acquired a taste. Such reading as he did in that line was chiefly aloud to his wife when they were furloughing. Recreative reading he found in philosophy and science. He rather enjoyed quarrelling with the author's conclusions, though he seldom found time to enter the lists of their public opponents as he did by a letter to *The Times* of December 1st, 1896, in which, as he puts it, he "confronted Herbert Spencer with Herbert Spencer." His contention then was typical of his life-long attitude towards the philosophers and scientists of a certain school. Herbert Spencer wrote :

"To the Editor of *The Times*.

"Sir,

"Energy spent in controversy is generally wasted, and I have little left to waste : but it seems needful that I should say something to prevent spread of misapprehensions.

"If Mr. Bramwell Booth will refer to the current edition of *Social Statics* published in 1892 he will fail to find the passages he quotes from the earlier edition, and will see that with the disappearance of them have disappeared the incongruities on which he comments. Further, if he will look at the preface he will perceive how it happened that those incongruities continued so long to be conspicuous.

"Thus the conflict of earlier and later beliefs which Mr. Booth insists upon was long ago publicly recognised by me. If after thirty years of life it was blameable not to see everything which forty more years of life enabled me to see, I must admit the blame. The inconsistencies emphasised are those between conclusions partially thought out and conclusions fully thought out. I believe search would enable Mr. Booth to trace other inconsistencies consequent on other changes of views. It would be strange if a writer on evolution contended that his own ideas were the only things that had undergone no evolution."

To which Bramwell Booth replied :

"To the Editor of *The Times*.

"Sir,

"I cordially acknowledge the frankness and courage of Mr. Herbert Spencer's admissions in *The Times* of to-day. I hope he will not feel it an impertinence on my part if I add that the admission of error, whether in practice or in theory, is in itself a mark, which we can all appreciate, of both a strong and noble character.

"The inconsistencies in his writings are, Mr. Spencer now argues, really evidences of the operation of the principle of evolution of which he has written so much.

"His ideas, in common with other things have 'undergone evolution.' But the processes of evolution, as Mr. Spencer himself has taught us, are unending ; and in making this singular admission he has allowed the main contention of my letter—that his ideas are changing ideas ; that what they are to-day is no possible guide to what they may be to-morrow ; that they are, in fact, transitory, uncertain, and unreliable.

"In this lax philosophy, it seems to me, there can be no security, especially on those supremely important matters of faith and morals by which men order their conduct and regulate their lives."

In his book of reminiscences, *Echoes and Memories*, Bramwell Booth says, and with very much of a twinkle in his laughing eyes :

"Even though Spencer's name to-day casts nothing like the spell it exercised a quarter of a century ago, the episode is not without its present interest. It shows us the interesting spectacle of a philosopher raising the smoke-cloud of evolution and trying to escape under its cover. How could we be sure, when Herbert Spencer deduced the materialistic explanation of all phenomena, that even he himself had said the last word on the subject, let alone those who came after him ? Evolution does not stop even when 'conclusions partially thought out' become 'conclusions fully thought out.' Where are you to put a finger on the evolutionary process and say, 'This is settled ; that other is still to be determined ?' If Spencer had lived, his 'conclusions fully thought out' would no doubt have been subject to further evolution—they might, in fact, have come round to—well, to mine, and have clothed him at last in a red guernsey !"

And with a look searching and serious enough :

"I am very far from condemning the men of science, who have constituted themselves the apologists of materialism and from whom materialism has borrowed so freely, merely because from time to time they speak with confidence of the things they know, or think they know. My quarrel with them is that they persist in setting forth their notions as though they were final. They do not only talk and write as though their facts were the only facts, but as though in the deductions they make from them—and encourage the materialists to make—are to be found the only true theories of life, of conscience, of personality. . . . And yet they know quite well that all they do propound, when they leave the sure ground of observation, is challenged. It has been well said that if experts in other spheres of thought treated them as

they treat the experts in philosophy and history and morals, they would be the first to cry out that such procedure was scarcely decent. . . .

“Materialism has nothing with which it can begin to satisfy the spiritual needs, aspirations or relations of mankind. It omits the existence of God and of the soul. It is blind to anything higher than itself or better than the temporal. Yet it is spiritual life and light and sight which are the things really worth seeking and without which, so it seems to me, we miss the very meaning of existence.”

The Bible was a collection of pictures housed in his heart. He dwelt reverently, lovingly and constantly upon its beauties : he could disclose them to others because he knew them so well himself and his words about some passages made them vivid for ever in the minds of his hearers. He always carried the New Testament in his pocket, wearing out many copies ; and that he might more conveniently carry portions, he had the Old Testament bound in several parts. The Word was spiritual meat upon which his soul fed ; his mind finding rest in the verities of the Scriptures. To him they made known the law of God no less clearly than the love of God, and by that law and in that love he lived. Everywhere he talked about the Bible, reading and expounding it. When in his meetings he would suddenly say, as he so often did, “ I love the Bible, do you ? ” his words went forth like a challenge.

After he passed the thirties he did little of verse-making, but he never ceased to find a vivid pleasure in little poems. His journals record scores that spoke to his spirit, gathered by him from every kind of source, ancient and modern, though chiefly, it must be confessed, ancient.

On his last Continental journey in March 1928 he enclosed in a letter to his wife a scrap of paper on which he had jotted down the last “ little verse ” he ever wrote. The letter accompanying it was sad and anxious. He was himself sad and unutterably burdened. In the letter he says :

“ I am every moment asking the Lord to undertake for us. I have never before been in such a difficult position. I do trust God, as you say, but that does not blind me to the appearances.”*

“ I do trust,” and the little verse is the voice of his faith singing in the night.

“ All things, He saith to me—
With countless hastening feet,
In earth and skies, on land and sea,
Or sad or bright or bitter sweet
Are working all, to meet
O’er thousand ways, at one blest goal
Of gain and good,
To those who heart and soul
Love God.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ORGANISING PERIOD

“THE Chief of the Staff, who was unusually humorous, won the hearts of the people straight away. He said he felt thankful he ever was born. He would not have missed it for anything.” Thus a *War Cry* report in 1888. From whatever aspect Bramwell Booth’s life be viewed, *it is alive*. It may be true there came into it more than the average share of burden and anxiety, but it is also true that there was altogether more action in it than ordinarily goes to make a score of lives. Has it not been said, “the end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest,”* and if life be most abundant when a man is conscious of a high purpose and of strength and opportunity to fulfil it, then Bramwell Booth had reason to be thankful he was born, for he lived life at its fullest.

One is still too near the facts to be able justly to appraise them. Watching an artist at work is not the surest way of realising either the skill of his execution or the beauty of his conception. In years to come, the curious and the thoughtful will turn back to examine the edifice reared by this father and son. Whether it stands as they left it or be altered and added to, or even be neglected and fall into ruin, the first fifty years of its organised existence—1878† to 1928 will remain unique in the history of the world up to that time. Here has been not merely the establishment of a sect, but the birth of a people ; and that within not the bounds of any race or territory, but a fusion of nations.

The barriers of racial and physical separation are steadily lessening : the world is contracting : it is now becoming more and more difficult to deny man’s universal brotherhood : but in building The Salvation Army the Booths marched ahead of their day and generation. It was a tremendous thing to have conceived the idea and more tremendous still to be allowed to work it out. A dream, as all creations must first be : it became fact. Not in every detail as perfect as the dreamers had beheld it ! Not without inherent dangers, weaknesses and limitations which were not revealed until the builders came, as it were, to the working model phase, nevertheless this making of a people went steadily on under their hands.

It is clear that Bramwell Booth was conscious in some degree, even in the earliest years, of the stupendous nature of the opportunity, as well as aware of something of its dangers. As the time passed he perceived more and more that The Army’s character and permanence must depend on its capacity to grow in harmony with

*Carlyle.

†The Salvation Army Deed of Constitution, 1878.

itself and distinct from the organisations about it. At eighteen he wrote to Railton, "I am convinced we must stick to our Concern and also that we must keep up its so-called 'extravagances.'"

And a letter to his brother Herbert, nearly twenty years later, shows his mind still working along the same line :

"God guide you. And us. Two great permanent problems lie in our path and on their solution depends, I am convinced, the future destiny of the S.A. Are we to become a little sect—a sort of cross between the Quakers and the Primitive Methodists, or are we to fulfil the high purpose we were born for—the evangelisation of the world—that is the question on which we depend, it seems to me, for an answer, on the solving of these two difficulties. (1) Can we make F.O.'s [Field officers] who will *love God* and *work hard*, and, (2) Can we use the soldiers each and every one of them, so that it shall be impossible to be a soldier of the S.A. without having a definite job. One man, one job, that is the formula."

All the organising to which went such labour and thought was the fruit of this determination to make a people, to have things done, wherever there was an Army, whether the soldiers composing it happened to be brown or white or yellow, *in the Army way*. And the Booths decided what *was* the Army way.

"You see I have very strong opinions as to what is right and wise in The Salvation Army," wrote William Booth, "I have a very definite idea of the work God has raised it up to do, and the way in which He wishes it to be done ; and while God spares me to direct it, I propose, as far as I can, to have it done that way."

He understood (and who should if not he?) that unity was essential to The Army's continuance, and father and son built for unity, establishing to this end equality of races within The Army, uniformity in certain clearly-defined rules of conduct, interchange of leaders under the direction of the central authority, the exclusion of political activity, and the preclusion of precedence in governmental control over the organisation by any nation.

The practical result has been to bring to birth a people who are at home in each other's company though they may be unable to speak a word of mutual understanding, or hardly : for all Salvationists can say Hallelujah ! A Salvation Army meeting in Germany or China or Australia could not well be mistaken for anything else. The methods, music and shibboleths of Salvationists are alike the world over, and in the aims of their activities they are *one*. But what a story has gone before this conclusion, what planning and praying, how much of man's proposing and of God's disposing?

The years between 1890 and 1900 were to an outstanding degree

the formative, organising period. How can their tale be told? William Booth spent by far the greater portion of them travelling, studying conditions on the spot, and above all preaching, calling men and women to the standard. Bramwell Booth lived most of the time in the office at Headquarters, consolidating the work, inventing new processes, raising money, taking buildings, selecting and training men. The story of one year is much the story of each year; every month and week and day is a strife with difficulties, new and old. As he says in one of his letters to his father, "My life is such a torrent, and some rapids or other either are, or seem to be, always just ahead."

In the main he enjoyed the rush and tumult, it was in his "blood and bones"; and though he suffered the inexorable reactions which torment all sensitive and highly-strung natures when they are constantly worked beyond their strength, one cannot read his letters or observe his work without recognising that his heart was established in hope and confidence. He believed The Army was called into being by the will of God, and all he did in it was done on that assumption and with a determination to set up a standard of service which should be as truly inspired and devoted when its outward form was secular as when it was spiritual.

As the vision of The Army's responsibility toward men became clearer, the need for technical work increased, the man who could "serve tables" was in demand, and Bramwell Booth's notion of him was a Stephen, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Such were hard to find, had in fact, for the most part, to be made, and in the meantime the responsibilities, risks and details of decision must rest with the Chief of the Staff.

Sitting in a cab late one night William Booth had a vision, a waking vision. He looked out of the cab window and what he saw lighted a train of thought in his compassionate heart which was to cause a whole series of explosions. Here is an account of the first, from his son.

"One morning, away back in the 'eighties, I was an early caller at his house in Clapton. Here I found him in his dressing-room, completing his toilet with ferocious energy. The hair brushes which he held in either hand were being wielded with quite eloquent vigour upon a mane that was more refractory than usual, and his braces were flying like the wings of Pegasus. No good-morning-how-do-you-do here!

"'Bramwell,' he cried, when he caught sight of me, 'did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?'

"He had arrived in London very late the night before from some town in the south of England, and had to cross the city to reach his home. What he had seen on that midnight return accounted for this morning tornado. Did I know that men slept out all night on the bridges?

" 'Well, yes,' I replied, 'a lot of poor fellows I suppose do that.'

" 'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and to have done nothing for them,' he went on, vehemently.

"I began to speak of the difficulties, burdened as we were already, of taking up all sorts of Poor Law work and so forth. My father stopped me with a peremptory wave of the brushes.

" 'Go and do something !' he said. 'We *must* do something.'

" 'What can we do ?'

" 'Get them a shelter !'

" 'That will cost money.'

" 'Well, that is your affair ! Something must be done.' " *

Bramwell got to work, and within a few months The Army had spread its wings for the shelter of all manner of derelicts. The shelters gathered a new kind of congregation. The Salvation Army was already busy going to the haunts of the lost ; under the Social Wing the lost came shuffling to The Army. Here was a call for more organisation. Means must be found for helping these homeless back to industry and honesty, and to some kind of comfort in life, spiritual as well as material.

The Chief was already in possession of facts as to the conditions under which the "submerged tenth" existed. The "confab" started that morning in the bedroom was renewed. Father and son, General and Chief, talked by the hour, argued, contradicted each other, laughed, prayed and built in imagination that way out of darkest England which came to be known as the "Darkest England Scheme," and which was but the prototype of like schemes in the dark places of all the lands in which The Army established fighting forces. In 1890 William Booth published a book in which he outlined his plan.

"Is not Stanley's new book to be entitled *Darkest Africa* ?" he wrote to Bramwell, "What do you think of my calling mine *Darkest England* ?" †

How the book was received and some of the results which followed are told elsewhere. For Bramwell Booth the immediate effect was an enormous increase of work, the very nature of which was new, and the burden of raising more money at a time when the rapid expansion of The Army's field operations at home and abroad demanded greater expenditure. In 1886 he wrote to his father, who was then in America :

"The Concern must have more oversight. How to get it I do not know. It is the *money*, quite as much as the men, which is wanting." ‡

* "Echoes and Memories," p. 2.

† 22.5.1890.

‡ 30.10.1886.

The initial £100,000 asked for in order to launch the Darkest England Scheme was subscribed, but the sum required for its maintenance was not forthcoming. Something of the grinding toil of money-raising to which Bramwell Booth was harnessed must be told ; this new weight would have crushed him but for his delight in what was being accomplished. He was a match for his father at refusing to see impossibilities when he saw what needed doing. It was perhaps in him a fairer grace, in that he was dispositionally inclined to see difficulties very clearly.

A few months after the publication of his book, William Booth went to Africa, Australia and India, and Bramwell had to prepare him for the disappointment of finding that the money was not coming in as had been hoped. A letter written on New Year's Day is marked "Official 68," a plan of Bramwell's to check receipt of their letters ; incidentally the numbers give a terse account of the volume of the correspondence between these two. This, like all his letters, gives some idea of the vividly imaginative, active mind seeking what could and ought to be done.

"My dear General,

Re Social Affairs.

"The week has been one of considerable anxiety to me. The response to the appeal for money has not been anything like as good as I expected it would have been. . . .

"Up to the present we have in cash and promises about a couple of thousand pounds and no more. It is contemptible. It is also very surprising. I have received a huge quantity of congratulatory letters and messages upon the book : newspaper notices are still going on, and even where, as in some cases, there is a hostile correspondence, it is evident the writers are impressed with what has been done.

"Among the warmest letters and messages of congratulation upon the book and upon the work accomplished have been those of . . . [here follows a list of well-known names]. None of those people whose names are mentioned has offered a penny of money, except —, and he has not said the amount. . . .

"I am of course disappointed, more because my eye is on the future than the present ! . . ."

And then, with his own consummate tact, he goes on to lead his father's mind away from the disappointment about the money, to the joy of the work itself, and to the contemplation of still further advances. He knew how to charm away William Booth's worries !

". . . All the Food Depots and Shelters in London are going ahead this week splendidly. The new penny Dosses are steadily filling up. Up to the present 60 per cent. of the men who come work for their id., and work again in the morning to get another

penny for a bit of breakfast. Both the Metropolitan and the City Police are acting well in the matter. Instructions have been circulated to the various police stations ordering constables to send men they find on the streets to these places. They are undoubtedly doing so. . . . Blackfriars, at the present rate of increase, will be full up by the middle of next week, and will then have 400 men at 1d. and 50 at 2d. The filth and vermin question is going to be a much more difficult one with regard to these poor fellows than in the other shelters, as they are so much worse off.

"*The Colony*.* We have got another fifty men down there. . . . We are moving forward. There is to be a private visit next week of Mr. Chaplin, the Minister for Agriculture and in the Cabinet. Gorst has evidently reported favourably and Chaplin is going down to make a tour of inspection, but he wishes it to be kept quiet. . . . We must do something in the way of cultivation nearer London. I am very much dissatisfied with the present arrangements of the factories [workshops for the workless]. . . . I question very much whether it would not be far better to take them right out of London or buy some old ships and rig them out in the Thames. Whitechapel is a beastly place: dirt, drink, vermin, loose women, criminals, and in short, temptations of every conceivable kind known to men abound on every hand. Why on earth must we fix people up down there if we can get them out of it without much cost?

"X. I had him with me all day on Christmas Day, which I spent in the shelters. . . . I met in different places and spoke to about a thousand men. . . . I have never been in anything more extraordinarily overwhelming in the possibilities it presented than the last meeting of the night in the Clerkenwell shelter where we had a sort of reunion of men who had passed through the shelters into better positions with the men who are in it now. It was superb and so thoroughly Salvation Army into the bargain. . . .

"That place alone is an unanswerable fact. It has not cost the funds, except for outside management, a farthing since it was opened.

"Among other questions which have arisen out of my day's experiences are the following:

"Why should the factories not go out of London? Why should we not do something at once in the way of emigration of decent honest men without waiting either for the Over-the-Sea Colony or for Government assistance except grants of land?

"Why should we not do something with land in Ireland where it is cheap, fruitful and close to the markets?

"Why should we not add to the scheme for raising the unemployed out of their present condition into a better through the agency of the Colonies a much larger plan to employ everybody and anybody who is out of work?

*Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, Essex.

"There is far too much of the *Institution* about the present factory. What we want is more of a labour exchange. . . .

"We must have at once a proper system of getting and training officers on a much larger scale than we have now. This will cost money."*

Christmas Day with the homeless became a habit with Bramwell Booth, and after he was General he usually spent the day in this way. Celebrating the Saviour's birth in the company of the outcasts for whom there was no room in the homes of the land appealed to him. "It was superb," he tells William Booth; not quite so attractive, however, as the years went by, to the growing company of boys and girls in his own home. Christmas Day could never be celebrated on Christmas Day, because father and mother were absent, and it was sometimes felt that the shelters might have been thrown over in favour of home!

But the financial difficulties were not the only kind the Chief had to combat. This attempt to help the needy was to be no exception to previous advances, and opposition sprang up first on one front, then on another. There were also "enemies" to be dealt with within the occupied area: dirt, duplicity and constitutional debility in the face of work. The tactics employed against bugs and humbugs would fill a volume! As to the former, an ingenious invention enabled any man to rid his clothes from pests by a short cremation process. Operations on this front were distinctly successful. On others the foe was not so easily disposed of. It was no part of the scheme that benefits should be available to the just and the unjust in equal proportion. The size of the portions of pudding or other viands served to the colonists on the Hadleigh farm was, by the Chief's ruling, governed by the energy with which the man had applied himself to his task; the quality of his accommodation improved in ratio to his industry and good behaviour. In the shelters, elevators and workshops, the work-shy were discouraged if not routed. The Chief paid constant visits to the institutions, directing the work, inspiring the officers and laying down the law. He interviewed experts and officials. Elijah Cadman, Commissioner for the Men's Social Work in these early years, said, "Oh the things I had to set my head to learning! The books that had to be kept! Where I should have been but for Mr. Bramwell Booth. . . I don't know!"

Attired like a tramp, and unrecognised by the officers, he tested the reception the men received and was pleased and touched when the night watchman at the gate of one institution, himself lately "rescued," informing him the place was full, offered him a seat in the watchman's shelter and a share of his ration of cocoa, with the advice, "Yus old bloke, you'll be orl right 'ere if yer willin' ter work."

Always he wrote to the General long dispatches about affairs at home and abroad. These constitute in themselves a record of the

development of the work, and will one day form part of Salvation Army history. They may also serve as a history of Bramwell Booth, for in a very literal sense his life went to the doings with which the letters are concerned. I cull a few which touch on various phases, and which help us to fill in the picture of his days. Indirectly they disclose to the observant, the ceaseless, multifarious labours of the man. To his father :

“ I have instituted the Expenditure Board with certain powers, etc., as I proposed to you. I think it will work not only to relieve me, but to economise much, and to introduce the principle of sharing the burden with us of saying what shall or *shall not* be paid. They have begun well and all the heads of Departments have cordially accepted.”*

“ I have to report progress in the organisation of the Assurance Society. You will remember that you approved our plan up to the point of taking over the Charter of the ‘ *Methodist and General*.’ The general idea was while keeping the Society legally alive to elect new Guarantee Members, who should then elect new Directors, that the change of name would immediately follow and we could proceed in due course with Annuity and other business. . . .”

“ Before taking over the Charter we, acting on the advice of Sargent,† arranged so that all the liabilities of the old Company were discharged, with the result that though having a legal it had no *business* existence. . . . We have already done some business and have in hand inquiries for further Annuities representing probably six or seven thousand pounds of purchase money.

“ The security of the Annuitants is of course their chief concern. No one comes to us, or will come to this Society, except for their faith in, and desire to help, The Salvation Army.”

After explaining fully the more technical side of the Society and its business and its relation to The Salvation Army and to the General of The Salvation Army, the letter concludes :

“ It is difficult to understand the enormous amount of mere hard work there has been in bringing the matter to a successful start.”‡

Thus simply the Chief of the Staff reports to his General two steps in development that will have far-reaching effects, the one in providing for more uniform control in expenditure by the establishment of expenditure boards in every Salvation Army department of work (this system was applied abroad as well as at home), and the other in securing a new and important addition to The Army’s equipment by means of its Life Assurance Society. The

*9.2.1891.

†Afterward Lord Justice Sargent, 15.9.1891.

‡15.9.1891.

Booths had clearly-defined ideas as to what this departure was to accomplish. First it was to be a new avenue of influencing the people. Salvationist agents were to watch for the opportunity of giving the Salvation message. Secondly, it was to augment Army funds.

In the growth of The Salvation Army Assurance Society, Bramwell Booth lived to see his hopes fulfilled in both directions. The weekly visit of the "Army man" has brought untold blessing to thousands of homes, and in spite of the long strain of the war, and financial stringency following, the Society has been in a position to render the evangelical work of The Army important financial aid. If the Society continues to develop, this should greatly increase in the near future.

"*Bradford.* I opened this shelter on Monday and was very pleased both with the place and the fitting up. The place was full the first evening. We have now got all told three thousand of these poor wretches under our care in one way and another.

"*Self Denial.* This matter is going forward satisfactorily. Owing to Herbert's* long absence he asked me to carry it out this year as I did last, and I am doing so. Everybody seems to be doing very well."†

"I went down to the Colony. Very important conference with all the principal people there upon the *Labour question*. I think I got some new light, anyway I have started some new measures right away to help in getting more work out of the men, and generally improve the supervision."‡

"*City Operations.* Cheap night shelter for men. We have been unable to get hold of any suitable property for this work. . . . I now propose to take the Great Western Hall for the winter, and in that, with the expenditure of a very small sum of money, we can accommodate a thousand men. The general feeling is that a very large number of these men will earn their penny in some way other than in our wood-chopping, which is, of course, hard work while it lasts.

"Then for the *East End* : I think that we have at last got hold of something in Whitechapel at a very reasonable charge, which will accommodate eight hundred men in the same way, but here the first outlay will be greater.

"I may mention that I am sending A. to Sweden to purchase wood. We are at the present moment using £50 worth of wood per week in the Social Work alone. Hanbury Street is turning out 150,000 bundles of firewood per week, and instead of buying timber from the middleman we shall buy it first hand. . . .

"*Salvage.* The wharf is now getting into shape, and we are already carting some stuff there. . . . The 30,000 helmets from the War Office were a great bargain. A great many of them are

*Herbert Booth was at this time in command of the Field Work in Great Britain.

†4.9.1891.

‡1.6.1892.

cork, and we shall be able to get cork soles, while the linen, brass catches, and metal-frames will all more than pay for the pulling to pieces. . . . I expect that we shall sell a great many to the bandsmen. I wish we had got a man who could take charge of this section. It is one of the most important of the whole lot.

"*Tin.* The Tin business is still rather floundering. I have just decided to put in machinery for stamping tin boxes at the Salvage Wharf. Am rather doubtful about the wisdom of it. . . . have taken the best advice we could get upon the subject."*

And in a personal note :

"The thing has been very heavy the last fortnight or so. I am anxious. . . . This Social is an immense affair and the men are not *clever* enough. . . . Cadman has too much in his hands. . . . However, we could not expect to start an enormous thing like this without some crashes and hashes. I wonder whether we might not have been wiser to have gone more slowly?

" . . . Am in good spirits.

"*I long to see you.*

"Flo sends love—and the chicks. We are marching on. *We ought to do Japan now sharp.* . . .

"Eternal unchanging love and trust.

"Loyal and obedient service."†

The wonderment about the wisdom of going "more slowly" does not modify the feeling that "we ought to do Japan now—sharp." Sometimes the letters finish with a sort of Hallelujah wind-up ! As :

" . . . I am pushing the boxes‡ and other begging—am revising property arrangements—cutting down at H.Q.—working the Foreign affairs—driving the Home Office§—directing the Social scheme—pushing the Circles and the Ward Sergeants—writing for the papers—interviews—three law-suits just now (one a losing)—eating and sleeping, looking after Flo a little—believing a little—praying for you, and sundry other matters and things. Tender love,

"Yours for ever."**

In 1892 his wife is away a few days, and he writes to her in the form of a diary, which indirectly tells us something of his days :

"*Sunday, July 31st, 1892.* At home all day. Lucy's last Sunday before embarking for India. At 9.30 went up to the General's for conference with him and Commissioner Howard, perfecting new plans announced at the Staff Council. Most important decisions arrived at. . . . Howard with me to mid-day meal. . . . Full of hope about his appointment. . . .

*11.9.1891. †4.12.1891. ‡Grace-before-Meat Boxes. §National Headquarters.

**19.6.1893.

"Writing for General—drafting regulations, long letter to Sir Tollemache Sinclair *re* his offer of £5,000 for rebuilding and enlarging some of the shelters. Corrected proofs for printers of Arnold White's article on the Social Work. . . .

"*Monday, August 1st, 1892. Bank Holiday.* Started at 9 a.m. from Hadley for the Farm Colony. Did not arrive at Rayleigh station till 12.15 ! The crowds of people in their holiday garb, full of laughter and song, were very interesting. The first hour of the journey from Liverpool Street was in a third-class compartment, in which sixteen persons and three lighted cigars contrived to exist. We kept the windows open ! . . . I occupied part of the journey on the draft of a letter for the General to poor — . . . Arrived on the Colony about one o'clock. Set out almost at once to visit the brick and tile fields. . . . Things seem to be going ahead ; 85 men are now employed in the brick-making.

"At three I met the Expenditure Board and went through the rota of business ; two hours of good and useful work.

"*Tuesday, August 2nd, 1892.* Full day. Started by 8.23 train with General for office. Consultations with him nearly all day. New proposals *re* Home affairs, Foreign matters, including Jamaica, etc. Self-Denial week, 'Committee' on Social matters were among the topics before us. Wrote to *The Times*, as on further consideration thought my former letter too strong and personal, and you thought so too, my dear censor ! It appears this morning. Up to the present *The Times* has always printed what I have sent it, except in one instance, and then I wrote under a nom-de-plume on the disadvantages of the poor in the Courts of Law of this country. I shall try them again, I think, with something on the same subject."

(He did, and was still trying, successfully so far as *The Times* was concerned, in 1921.)

"General returned at 7.40 p.m. to I.H.Q. Some business still had to be done before he started for Amsterdam. When I went to the train with him, he seemed burdened and weary. How he does brace up with superb determination and courage to the strain of these great campaigns. . . . Got home about ten o'clock.

"*Wednesday, August 3rd, 1892.* Began with Bremner at home at 8. Much perplexing business. To H.Q. by 10.23.

"Interviews. Agents say that McLure's place—that is the property east of 101—can be purchased. . . . How I should like to embark on that Young Men's Guild for London of which I have so often spoken the last three years ! . . . A hard and crowded day. Where were you ? Home at ten o'clock.

"*Thursday, August 4th, 1892.* I met Tucker on Foreign affairs at 7 a.m., worked with him until 11.30, then to H.Q."

To Emma, who with her husband is in charge of the Salvation Army "Foreign Office," he lets off a little steam.

"I spent four hours on Foreign affairs last night—7 to 11—and *half* the work ought to have been done by a permanent under secretary, instead of coming to you—or to me. That part of the race which is not heartless is *headless*! I do not wonder that somebody has conceived the idea that we descended from bats and moles and that class of creature. . . . I have had a day of exasperation with all mankind, but I love you and think of you."*

In this letter he enlists her help :

"I am up to the eyes in work. . . . I do not see yet where we shall finish, but I am praying and toiling on. The International [the first International Congress] is a most *important* event. We are not ready for it. The General is so crowded. I am so badgered about the actual fighting—money—meetings and what not, that I have no time to contemplate anything. You might try to think up lines of *talk* for the General. We want more government, more thorough-going discipline—and yet we want more *love* and personal union with our leading people and among them."†

New developments need constant watching and legislation. Leading officers find fault and need comfort and reassurance. Here is a letter typical of the spirit of the writer. Bramwell Booth is not responsible, but he is sorry and writes his subordinate humbly, asking help, and deftly sandwiching in a reproof at a leader's resenting new tactics.

"My dear Colonel,

"I have yours. I am very sorry that the handbills you enclosed were used, and I do not think I need say that I should disapprove several things upon them—and still more some of the matters you name in your letter. Moreover I am quite sure they have only to be named to be prohibited.

"As to the magic lanterns generally—as I said to you, about both them and the sales of work, the want of *Regulations* is the real cause of the trouble, as in the case of the bands at the onset and some other new things. . . . We will see that nothing is done which is opposed to the Spirit of Christ and the purpose of The Army, for the salvation of men.

"I see from yours that you feel strongly about the abuses in these matters which have come under your notice—on the other hand, your experience will show you that because a thing is new it is not therefore bad or uncontrollable. Do not therefore over-estimate the difficulty, but help us to grapple with it for God's

*1.4.1892.

†2.6.1894.

glory. Commr. Howard will tell you that I feel very strongly this misfortune of the mistake of some of the officers, but he is as ready as any of us to get them on the straight.”*

Professor Thomas Huxley wrote virulent letters to *The Times*, and father and son had to expend more precious time and energy warding off this and other blows aimed at their new instrument of mercy. But animosity dies hard. It is an appealing, and to some an appalling spectacle, to see the man whose midnight compassion had driven him to stretch out a helping hand to those ready to sink, vilified by men who did not even take the trouble to approach near enough to observe clearly what he was doing. To his son it was more than merely another attack, it was a heart hurt on his Father's behalf.

Finally the General invited a Committee of Inquiry to “satisfy all sincere persons and in the hope of removing doubt and correcting misrepresentations.” Bramwell wrote :

“My dear General,

“I have had an extra trying and perplexing day. Last night I went to see Farrar. He was very nice but apparently in a good deal of a hurry and rather gave me the impression that he really did not want to be bothered. He said, ‘Have a committee ; never mind who is on it so long as they are not pledged enemies. Let them say what they like. It will not make any difference what they say. The whole matter is too painful. I am disgusted and ashamed of the country. Good night.’ That was about the whole of it.

“This morning I went to see Denny and had a long talk with him. He was very civil ; in fact as nice and kind as he could be. He is against any Committee. . . . On the other hand he can make no suggestion as to what we are to do.

“ . . . This sounds a melancholy position. I suppose we shall get through. God lives.”†

The report of the Committee, which came to be known as the Onslow Committee (Lord Onslow was in the chair), was entirely satisfactory, and the harassed Chief of Staff, upon whom fell the brunt of the whole thing, turned with renewed effort to the management and support of his Army.

The experiments of those days in Social Work are in themselves a symbol of the multitudinous claims of the “Concern” on heart and mind. The Army itself was a venture launched on the love of God and directed to the saving of the world ! Who could tell what might prove a help ? Ever there remained the cruel curb of money-shortage, and now was added the necessity of finding work for the workless. A non-poisonous match factory was set going, cabinet works, chair-making, brick-making, paper-sorting ; London

*22.3.1894.

†10.6.1892.

refuse was to fertilise the Hadleigh Colony fields and did, yielding other treasure beside. Reports of progress on every field went to the General from the Chief. A sample empty match-box was sent to the General in Africa ; when he was in Canada a sample brick reached him from Hadleigh. Coffee made from grain was to be prepared by the submerged and sold at 6d. per tin, samples and details of costs found their way to the travelling General from his indefatigable, experimenting Chief. Tea is pushed, and pushed successfully. Someone offers a new disinfectant, a self-filling fountain pen is invented. All these and more have to be investigated, tried, and some discarded. Many serve the need of the moment and drop out. And side by side with these lesser ventures and skirmishes, the main battle-line is in action. The burden of the people, his own people, lies heavy on the Chief. What of all this activity if the main purpose of the "Concern" is not fulfilled ? What if one should fail to keep control of its far-flung front ? Read his heart's anxiety in these words to his father :

"Your idea with regard to the D.O.'s [Divisional officers] is splendid. It is the littleness of people that is going to be our great danger, I can see. What a frightful evil the theory of doing as well as your neighbour or your predecessor is. . . . The theory that if you keep up to the average you are all right is the 'deadly night-shade.'"*

"The more I think of it the more it seems obvious that we are required to make some radical change in the Corps system. . . . The Corps is in fact a combination of the idea of the fold and the idea of the fighting force. Now what we want, it seems to me, is to go a step further than we have ever gone in the direction of the fighting force, and the true method of doing this is attention to the individual fighters.

"Look at the soldier ; what definite fixed responsibility has the soldier of the S.A. ? . . . What we want is a particular object, for every single man, woman and child that comes into the Concern. All nature progresses on the one-by-one principle."†

"We get so *set*. The Organisation overshadows the personality and men don't *venture* out of its protection into the enemy's country."‡

At this period Bramwell Booth gave much time and attention to the development of Salvation Army soldiers. Those able to undertake voluntary duties were given titles, a distinguishing uniform, and required to do their work in conformity with regulations.

"What we want is a certain kind of *people* set to work where the other people *are*. The *Locals* are the key to the situation,"§ he writes to his father in 1897 and begins to hanker after a periodical for them. It is interesting to find that the Local officers had one before the staff officers, and Bramwell Booth's contributions to it

*14.6.1892.

†14.3.1893.

‡30.3.1902.

§20.2.1897.

show his zeal and faith for the soldiers who were shouldering responsibility. He began leading private meetings for Local officers with a view to instructing and leading them on spiritually. Of one of the earliest of these he says to the General :

"You would have been pleased with our meetings yesterday. They were a step in the right direction. They will form a valuable precedent. . . . What a chance we have with the *Locals*."*

And six years later of another such series of meetings :

"I have had a useful Council. *I have learned much*. Oh, if we had a man with mind and heart equipped, what might not be done. . . . The *Locals* charmed me. *They care*—and they do all their part for *love* and in spite of rebuffs without number."†

As a matter of fact neither father nor son can avoid criticising ; they love the Concern too much to tolerate faults which should be rectified, and both have ever in mind the perfect instrument of their dreams. The result is that they harp on the same string when writing to each other.

"Want of capable people is the real trouble. I am crying to God for help and for guidance. I am sure you are right about the secularisation of men and things. I will modify several existing arrangements with a view to guard against others making the men under them mere machines,"‡

writes Bramwell to his father, and a month later :

"We shall get through. But we must push this country. God must help us. We must have more *faith* in Him. And we must have more *love* among our people. There is too much rush and change and tear and we lose the weak and trembling and luke-warm."§

When leading meetings in Copenhagen he writes to his sister Emma in like strain :

"I am profoundly impressed with the greatness of our chance in these countries . . . if only we work them and watch them and keep up their spiritual condition. . . . We must do more for the *religion* of the Staff. I must. And perhaps I must begin by doing more for my own."**

The travelling General is sometimes disheartened or over-eager. He would like to see the machine perfected in a day, and his son writes :

*15.3.1897. †2.6.1903. ‡12.5.1893. §24.6.1893. **27.6.1895.

"I really don't quite understand your letter. I thought I *was* working a system—and sometimes, as needed, creating one—to a very large extent. How else is it supposed we do work the thing? Here I am with three hundred men directing the movement of ten thousand officers. We are passing through our hands £7,000 a week, besides the Trade, doing Religion—Money—Social—Farming—Rescue—Building—Newspapers—Clothing—Tea and Trade generally, buying and selling almost anything from shiploads of timber to the contents of the ashpits—making in one way and another most things, from baby-linen to bicycles—law—banking—Continental Campaigns—Jubilees—Self-Denials and Salvation—how could it be done as it is largely without friction or shindies, at any rate so far as London is concerned, if there were not both *system* and *authority* and *confidence*? . . . Really, I know you are a man with a 'hungry heart' to make things better than they are, but I don't quite see that we gain very much by not seeing what is done."*

But William Booth understands also what manner of burden his son carries ; almost regrets his strictures at times ; and in his letters one finds such sentences as :

"I am much concerned about your having so much on your shoulders. And I fear my criticism on things may make things heavier."†

The letters continue to tell their tale. The General is again away on a long campaign. Bramwell writes :

"Social affairs. . . . I regard the work here as being more satisfactory than it has ever been. The Elevator [workshop for unemployed] is still the weak point, and it seems to me that there is a missing link that we shall have at once to invent and supply. Lamb‡ is giving me a much closer insight into the difficulties than I have ever had before. He will become a valuable man, not only to the Social Scheme as it now is but to all sorts of Social Operations throughout the world, if he keeps his health and keeps right, as I believe he will.

"I propose that we make, for the next year, definite efforts as follows :—

"More shelters, and thus be able to say that there are no people on the streets of London at night who need be there.

"Extend the shelter work to any towns in the provinces which will provide the first cost of fitting up. . . .

"At once a shelter for boys. I find to my astonishment that fifty or sixty boys on an average are turned away from the Men's shelter every night, who are willing and able to pay, and

*5.3.1894.

†2.12.1895.

‡David C. Lamb, later appointed by Bramwell Booth Commissioner and International Social Secretary.

whose present lodging houses are among the stinkiest hells on earth. I have got a building in tow. . . . Anyway, we must find something.

"Something for the pauper children. . . . We might take a few down to Hadleigh. . . .

"Some improvement in the present 4d. lodging houses ; so that men need not herd together in one kitchen—classification, in short. . . . I am afraid we are really in danger of what Lockwood said would happen, the creation of a class so comfortable in our accommodation and so idle that they won't bestir themselves to improve. My idea is, give them some additional accommodation, and when a man has been so long in occupation without having availed himself of it and improved his condition, turn him out. There are always plenty to take his place, and it will act as an incentive on the others. We must also improve the meetings in all these places. The real difficulty is that the officers best for the business and management are often the most unsuitable for the meetings.

"We are opening a small shelter in Brussels ; and a wonderful development has taken place in Copenhagen. We have got a small building there, and are fitting it up for 120 men. . . . We can make the Social Work far more valuable on the Continent than even it has been in England. . . ."*

Pacifying, if not satisfying the General is not the least onerous of the tasks to be undertaken by the Chief. William Booth writes to his son laying down the law on certain matters and threatening what is to happen if others are not "revolutionised."

"I have come to the conclusion that we must either have some direct information from the man on the field of battle, or else we must have a system which compels the top man to send us the information. . . .

"— reports to me the recent change of editors in —. I very much object to this . . . is there no Regulation which says that a Commissioner shall refer a change of editors to us ? If not, I think it should go in at once. You should write and say that I object to it. I shall not recognise it in the arrangements I am making."†

"The reasons given for the wretched Profit and Loss [Trading] account for the year do not comfort me much. The fact of the matter is that except I can be made to believe by the actual returns that the thing is really revolutionised I shall simply take off my coat and give up all my other engagements, if spared to return, and go to Clerkenwell [then the Trade Headquarters] myself . . . You do your best to comfort me and I esteem your desire, but if you had written me full of rage and fury it would have been a greater comfort."‡

*7.12.1894.

†Sydney, 16.3.1895.

‡25.3.1895.

Bramwell to William Booth :

"*Self-Denial.* I was very much impressed last year with the great difficulty of making the Self Denial week anything but a week of money-getting, and yet it is very important that we should not lose sight of the other side of things which are indeed necessary on the lowest ground—viz., the successful begging of money. To meet this difficulty it has occurred to me that we ought to make the week before Self-Denial a Week of Prayer, and I am therefore arranging to do this, this year. . . . I hope you will approve."*

From this time onward the week of prayer became part of the Self-Denial Effort.

Now came another blow. The shelters were sheltering too many ! In the streets, whatever else a man or woman lacked there was no lack of fresh air ; whereas in the Army shelter—— ! And Bramwell must report.

"The past week has been a very perplexing and difficult one in respect to Social Affairs. . . .

"*The Blackfriars Prosecution.* Case again before the Southwark Magistrate on Wednesday. These doctors all stand together about the minimum area required being 300 feet. We are more than ever persuaded from our investigations that it is sheer nonsense and that not the quantity but the quality of the air by which a man is surrounded is really the important item. Case was adjourned, and this time until the 10th October. Imagine the peril to which this great city is exposed by adjourning a momentous question of life and death such as this until after—the long vacation ! This shows, however, the real opinion of the Magistrate. . . .

"Notwithstanding the favourable position, as we view it, the newspapers have this week been worse than I remember since the Eastbourne matter was on the carpet. There is one wild whoop of execration. To-day, however, there is a distinct improvement in our position from the fact that last night Mr. Chaplin, the Chairman of the Local Government Board, answered a question in the House, from which it is pretty plain that he does not regard all this fuss as having any serious justification."†

The case against the shelters dragged on and not until December 6th was the Chief able to write to the General of a settlement. The authorities approved accommodation at Blackfriars for four hundred men only, the magistrate compromised and fixed it at 550. This decision affected other shelters, and turned 1,200 men into the street. The Chief of Staff had to evolve schemes for housing them, for the homeless had become his care. The "Double-decker" bunk in which one man slept above another was one of his

*24.8.1895.

†24.8.1895.

contrivances for increasing accommodation whilst complying with the letter of the law. Building a second floor brought more than the original number of men under the roof of the Great Western Hall.

During the General's long absences—his tours lasted up to six months—the Chief paid flying visits to the Continent for meetings. Sunday meetings, All Nights of Prayer and soldiers' meetings were a permanent part of his programme at home. When these were out of town he made it a practice to travel back to London at night after the meeting, in order to be at Headquarters the next morning, where he could meet one or more officers to breakfast and business. In his reports to the General, one constantly finds such paragraphs as :

“Went down to Scotland for a day's meetings last week at Leith. I travelled down on the Monday evening, sleeping at Dr. Barbour's ; did the three public meetings at Leith, met the officers—came up by the night train. . . I was pleased with the Scotch people, as I always am.”*

Or he would take a Half Night of Prayer, or series of week-night meetings in London corps. To such a campaign he refers in the following letter :

“My Holloway campaign goes forward. It has been a very interesting fight. Not an easy one by any means—greatly hampered by collections of backsliders. But we have had twenty to thirty every night [at the penitent form] and *some* splendid cases among them, and the corps is all in a *glow*. It has not been a great tax on my strength—though of course I have had to leave Headquarters at seven each night.”†

Of a Sunday's meetings he writes :

“I was at Southampton yesterday, had a hard close day on Saturday : stuck to my desk for ten hours and yesterday morning was up at five, arrived at Southampton at 10.30, meetings all day in the beastly Philharmonic—fearful storm ; nevertheless fine congregations, crammed at night—three heavy meetings ; also a meeting in one of the sheds with the Dockmen at 1.30—had a good time—some notorious cases ; business in between : didn't get to bed till after midnight ; up again at seven, in London by ten. I have been hard on all day, am now dictating this at nine-thirty at night. Beyond feeling a bit tired and husky I am all right—more meetings to-morrow. Still, I will take care.”‡

The business and philanthropic developments of these years were in his mind never more than necessary adjuncts to the real work of The Army, from which nothing could wean his heart. He sees the dangers which threaten as the result of The Army's rapid growth. To the Founder he says :

*6.12.1895.

†13.2.1897.

‡To William Booth, 16.1.1895.

“The growth of the internal organisation ; the increase of financial responsibility ; the constantly enlarging sphere of the administrative part of the work of the Field Staff, all makes towards their absorption in that side of affairs to the neglect (in some cases already a very serious neglect) of their work as public men, as soul-savers, and as those who ought to feel their call to deal with a whole nation instead of with a handful of people. . . .

“I recognise that it is a very great difficulty running through the whole of our organisation, and it seems to me that we ought at once to modify our arrangements in such a way as to meet it. We have already admitted the principle in the appointment of able and important people to be Chief Secretaries of Territories, giving them clearly-defined responsibilities, and making them as strong as we have been able to make them. Now I propose we apply the same plan of action to all important commands.”*

Enforcing the principles of government, “getting things done in our way” as the Founder called it, was not always smooth sailing : men in high command needed teaching and convincing, restraining from assuming too pontifical an attitude. Dealing with them fell to the lot of the Chief. Here is part of a letter to one such.

“A very much larger question underlies all this than you seem to recognise. To put it in familiar language, it may be stated thus—is this animal to wag its tail and move its own extremities or are those extremities and that tail to wag the animal ?

“Again, are you on sound or sure ground in objecting to our asking, through you, for an expression of views ? . . . Has it quite come to this position that we cannot have the results of their experiences from men immediately under your command upon a matter of extreme importance with which they are quite familiar, on which they must have a far larger and longer acquaintance than you, without your feeling ‘let down’ ? I assure you I am not prepared for that position. To admit it would be to pave the way for the most utter despotism the world ever saw and for the inevitable smash. . . .

“The unity of this Concern is a question far exceeding in importance all other questions, at any rate, from *our* standpoint. How can that unity be maintained without some more generally accepted settled principles of action ? And without giving some degree of reasonable freedom in administrative matters to the local people ? And how can that freedom be given, constituted as we are, without providing some checks and precautions against its abuse ? And how can the unity be preserved without some greater degree of continuity of policy among the top people ? Look at the mistrust which prevails among the leaders of each other. And why ? In the main because of this infernal notion, that each man must do the S.A. according to himself ! !

"I am speaking out of my inmost soul. . . .

" . . . For heaven's sake don't let us drift into clouds and misunderstanding. I stand exactly where I stood. I have struggled hard to hold on in the line of unity and liberty. I am confronted with some ghastly examples of letting people, *with the best of hearts*, go their own way when it is not ours. I love and believe in you and I open my mind to you."*

And here are more matters requiring his attention ! His father writes :

"I saw in a copy of *The Officer* that lay on my table this morning, something as to the *Foreign Staff* appointments and the *British Staff* appointments. I thought the word 'foreign' was abolished from The Salvation Army's language. *The Officer* I suppose goes to America. Think how it must jar on them being referred to as 'foreigners.'

"On the outer cover is an indication of what we are coming to, viz., boots advertised as '*gents*' and '*ladies*.' Please tell them to leave the gentlemen and ladies to the West End and stick to 'men and women.'

"It all goes in the one direction, '*Wanted, an Editor*' who will look our literature through, and has got *eyes* !"†

Editors who have eyes are not the only needs of the moment ! And perhaps for his own peace of mind it would have been better had Bramwell Booth's eyes seen less. But though he sat, imprisoned as it were, in his office at Headquarters, his eyes searched out the needs of the forgotten and God-forgetting of the city that surged about him, and looked beyond it, out on the world's fields of opportunity with how perspicacious a glance time will reveal.

"I should think that Germany is at this moment the most promising field in the whole world for us, and perhaps destined to have the most influence upon the rest of the world, with the single exception of America—and I am not sure about that,"‡

he writes to his father.

And on the eve of his father's sixty-ninth birthday :

"The Social Work is going to be one of the mightiest agencies for healing the woes of men, and *bringing the religion of Jesus Christ before the world*, that the world has ever seen, and so far as I am concerned I am determined that it shall be pushed."§

And push it he does, but not without recognising the danger it may become in some directions. As witness the following letter to his father :

* 10.12.1897.

† 27.6.1897.

‡ 5.7.1896.

§ 9.4.1898.

"I am and always have been of one mind about the Social Work. I believe it is a great weapon in our hands, a great service to mankind and a great glory to God. I believe we are destined . . . to recover to the religion of Christ the care of the world's poor which He evidently contemplated as a part of the work of His Church in the world. . . .

"But I see nevertheless that the Social Work is rapidly becoming the greatest of all the dangers of the S.A. as a *spiritual soul-saving* force. . . . With all our strength, with your influence and Regulations, we have largely failed to get done what we want ; the stream is too strong for us, and it arises from two causes :

"(a) The *ease* with which work for the poor can be done—charity work—compared with making bad men good.

"(b) The popularity, both personal and as regards The Army as a whole, which attaches to doing it."*

There is one thing neither father nor son succeeded in finding, though both searched diligently during these years and again in the next decade with no better success. The *Oversea Colony*, which was an integral part of the Darkest England Scheme was destined to elude them. Was it essentially impracticable? One cannot help speculating upon the possible position now, had the powers of the day responded to William Booth's enthusiasm for the reclamation of men by granting a stretch of territory in one or other of Britain's fair but empty tracts in the new lands that still await man's dominion. Emigration, however, was not abandoned because the Colony was not forthcoming, and some hundred and twenty-four thousand souls have gone forth from these islands under The Army's care to seek their home in other lands ; certainly thousands of these would have helped to people the *Oversea Colony* had it existed.

It was one of the big disappointments of William Booth's life that he did not succeed in executing this part of his plan. It was not merely that the scheme for the "submerged tenth" should be complete, but that both father and son had strong convictions about the fundamental rightness of helping the people from the over-populated city areas back to the land. They conceived it essential to the healthy growth of the nation that its sons and daughters should be encouraged to establish themselves in the earth's empty spaces. It was almost on the level of a religious tenet. And they believed that The Army could have done it on a scale and with a measure of success not before witnessed. But governments are slow of heart to believe, and the rich slow of heart to give when a man's dreams are the foundation of his proposals ! The search for this Colony could not have been pursued with greater zeal had it been some personal eldorado. From 1892 to 1909 hopes rise and fall like a sparkling thread through the texture of the years, now hidden, now to the front ; but it proved a broken thread after all.

*30.1.1903.

Writes son to father :

" *The Oversea Colony*. Perhaps we ought to take it as final conclusion that Canada is no good. This is —'s view. He is fresh from reading a long report on Finland and the difficulty of obtaining any decent crops there owing to the early *frosts*. And he tells me (I have not been able to look into it myself) that the temperatures reported are very similar to those reported from the North West of Canada. I must say I feel painfully frost-bitten myself, and considering how short a time since your departure it is a very early frost !

"I am afraid you will feel very much mortified. I cannot help clinging to the idea that after all South Africa has many advantages."*

"I have had another drop," writes father to son. "My 20,000 acres in Swaziland has come down to 2,000."†

And again :

" *Mashonaland*. What I want to propose to Chamberlain is that he should make that or some other country an integral part of Great Britain for the purpose of making a *home* for the submerged on my system."‡

Officers specially qualified for the work were sent at different times to investigate proposals in various districts, careful reports were prepared ; the Chief studied the lands concerned from every possible aspect and gathered a wide knowledge of conditions, soils, climates and economics in relation to each : all to be, as William Booth said in a letter to Sir Abe Bailey, "regarded as waste of time."

In 1905 hopes soared high. Africa was again the land of promise. Bramwell wrote :

" *Haggard*. He talked very sensibly about the prejudice against us in regard to our religion, and he says you can hardly wonder at it with some of these fellows who do not believe in anything, and who see nothing of us but the drums and the little crowds at the street corners, and who have no idea of our organisation or of the character of our men. He has evidently been impressed by the men he has seen. . . .

"He has seen Austen Chamberlain this week, who spoke very nicely about us, but he does not see how the Government can patronise us. He has also seen Pearson, with whom he is very friendly and who, he says, is devoted to us, and would help us all he can."§

A few months later the Chief makes a detailed report to the General of an inspection of land and conditions in the Evesham district made by himself. There is to be an experiment in estab-

*24.8.1895. †Cape Town, 11.9.1895. ‡Melbourne, 29.10.1895. §3.8.1905.

lishing families on small-holdings in this country. This scheme launched at Boxted, near Colchester, was to be prematurely interrupted by the death of the man whose interest and money made it possible. Home colonisation did not fare much better than overseas. In a letter about his Evesham visit, on which the final word is, "I had a most interesting time at Evesham, it is a fascinating subject," he deals at length with a new possibility for Rhodesia ; and on the way to Sweden for one of his flying visits he writes to the General, who is in London and impatiently anxious to get the Rhodesian Scheme going :

"Take care of your dear self. Do not be *troubled* about Rhodesia. If it is to be it will be !!!"

To which the General replies by return :

"That is a fine-sounding sentence with which you close your letter with respect to Rhodesia, namely, 'If it is to be it will be.' I have never been able to comfort myself with that philosophy ; I never expect to."*

And two days later :

"Seeing that fruit is so easily produced in Rhodesia, and labour for plucking comparatively cheap, I was wondering whether we could not do a great jam and marmalade factory out there. If they can bring preserved pears and peaches from California, surely they can bring fruit from Rhodesia. I suppose the sugar would be the question."†

And a month later :

"*Rhodesia*. The more I think of the country and the possibilities, the more impressed I am. Take the question of cattle alone ; they say the rinderpest is disappearing.

"Why should we not get some Dutchmen and make cheese on a large scale ?

"Why should we not get some Danes and make butter ?

"Why should we not get some Germans and make sausages ?

"The possibilities of the cattle alone appear almost infinite. Anyway a country that will grow seven crops of lucerne a year is not to be despised."‡

There are so many branches to this thorny question, and they are all thorny ! The Chief of Staff must try to grapple with them, and it is part of his duty to point out dangers, which his beloved

*27.1.1906.

†29.1.1906.

‡8.3.1906.

General's optimism is liable to overlook, as when the question of a company to raise funds for the Rhodesian scheme was mooted.

"My dear General,

"Do not conclude that, because I see and point out considerations of a practical nature which need to be looked at in the matter of bridging the Pacific or reaching the North Pole in an airship, I am not on that account fully prepared to begin on the new giant causeway or start at once for the nether 'blue.' I am!!

"You are hardly justified in describing as 'grandmotherly' the really serious point I raised as to the effect of the Prospectus on the mind of the outsider, with *our name on it*. That was not their original proposal—*nor ours*. The whole centre of gravity changed when *we* were asked to go to the public for the money . . .

"I hate with a whole-hearted hatred the whole paraphernalia of Stock Exchange financing, company mongering, etc. I have—from high considerations and under the highest authority—to descend into the vortex—or whirlpool if you like, and lend your honoured name to association with a world of very mixed concerns—I shall feel like a man accustomed to the sweet arcadia of honesty called upon to dive into the turbid waters which are the natural home of many kinds of curious fish and other monsters! Is it not natural that I desire such precautions as will make it as probable as may be that I shall not drag you in, and that I can get out again?

"But do not suppose that this means I am not ready for the water.

"I am rushed to death to-day.

"Take care. Yours ever."*

A year later the Chief has seen Mr. Churchill and writes the General a private note.

"I am *perplexed* by my talk with Churchill and very doubtful as to whether I did *the best*. He was very stiff at first. Afterwards he was the *opposite*—entirely so.

"The main *impression*, apart from anything *said*, left upon me was that he (C.) would be *very sorry* indeed if we go off. *He wants us to do it*. . . . His idea is *keep on*—push—agitate.

"He says the Colonial Secretary is not *opposed*. And yet he says only the Prime Minister can really get us through.

"He spoke up for the Chartered.

"Shall I see Tilden Smith and get his views?

"I am vexed I did not go for Churchill more on the line of *no*—if you want it *you* must do it. . . . I spoke about the kind of people we could send, but he started up and said that he understood we should send the *bad*! I replied that we wanted to send those who *would be* bad if they were not taken hold of, and that

people did not become bad all at once. Then he said in a kind of confidential earnest way—'No—I did not.' !!!

"Altogether he perplexed me.

"*And yet he likes us.*

"But this 'hope so' affair is bad for business."*

When in his seventy-ninth year, the General's eyes were troubling him, and perhaps his dimming sight intensified his longing to see his heart's desire.

"Don't worry about my health," he writes to his son; "except for my eyes and my spirits I am quite as well as usual. The former will come right I suppose—at least the doctor said so. The latter will improve when I get a settlement one way or the other about Rhodesia. . . . I don't think you have any idea of the extent to which *you* would feel in disappointment *if after all it came to naught.*"†

He paid one more visit to Africa, and went and viewed the land, returning more in love with it than ever. One of the Chief's letters has the sort of ending that would bring a smile into the old man's face. He is eighty now.

"Lord Hindlip is Allsopp of the Beer business! If he comes in with the S.A., and the Colonists do pigs—it will be a grand combine—Beer, Bibles and Bacon."‡

Bramwell Booth pushes on with emigration apart from the Colony: to the General he writes:

"Poor Law Report. I wish we could put some of the Social Work on to a more *permanent* basis. The Women's seems in advance of the Men's. The Emigration is a great problem owing to the growing difficulty of finding a way out. It ought to be very *seriously considered*. We are in a unique position for dealing with it. New South Wales has refused to take twenty lads from the *Central Immigration* affair in London. The Premier says they cannot teach them a trade and if they know one they are not wanted! But the matter of distributing population cannot be dismissed like that."§

When General, he inaugurated a special plan for helping boys. These received six weeks to three months' intensive agricultural training on the Farm Colony at Hadleigh, and were then employed by selected farmers in the new lands. Bramwell Booth's understanding of the young gave him a positive horror of the effect likely to result if lads grew to manhood without acquiring the habit of work. He would have spent the nation's money on training them

* 14.8.1907.

† 31.1.1908.

‡ 8.8.1907.

§ 1.5.1909.

before he would have paid the unemployment pittance to youths who had had no chance even to learn to work. He made no secret of his views on what he considered the selfishness and folly of excluding the people from the unpopulated areas, waiting "only cultivation to become a garden," as he said when on his way to Winnipeg. But the apathy about the idle young roused his indignation, it was more than a folly, it was "wickedness": "a crime"; and in his eyes nothing could be worse than a crime against the young.

The young! Of all the work that his love and vision inspired, none was more tenderly nurtured by Bramwell Booth than the work of The Salvation Army for young people. Treasured by some as their last, is the picture of him amongst a thousand slum children, met to receive gifts, in the Congress Hall in January, 1928. To hear them sing, "The more we love the Saviour the happier we shall be," and to watch their faces as the General spoke to them, and to see his face as he talked, was unforgettable. As someone said who was there, "the General looked sort of heavenly that night; I felt almost afraid, as if he didn't belong to earth." Those familiar with the physiognomy of the London slum child can conjure up the scene for themselves: the sharp-featured, restless-eyed crew, following the General's white-crowned figure and crushing up to get a nearer view.

He was now seventy-two; it was sixty years since children of the same type hung about him in Whitechapel, and he had never since been out of touch with them and the armies of youth they represented. All through his life he gave special thought to, and made special provision for, training and teaching the young. It was he who first conceived the idea of meetings exclusively for young people in the Christian Mission.

No one followed his lead in the early years, but he continued the meetings. One of the first references to them is in a letter to his sister Emma, to whom in these days he spoke of all that was nearest to his heart.

"Last night, a meeting of about one hundred young men and women of the London Societies. Oh! I was pleased with them. Their praying and singing and smiling and responding *charmed* me. If we can only go on making plenty of that sort we can move and shake and save the world.

"Talked about reading, praying, courting, the orders and a whole lot of things, and wired into them and praised them by turns for an hour and a half or more!"*

When he was Chief of Staff, he held weekly meetings for young men at Headquarters. Many who became leading officers in The Army look back to those gatherings as the holy ground where they heard the call of God, "Come now . . . and I will send thee,"

and as a result offered themselves as candidates for officership. During the nineties he began devoting a whole Sunday to gatherings of young people fourteen years of age and over. The venture did not attract much notice. Some said, "It is a pity the Chief should waste himself on such light material;" others thought it was an idiosyncrasy which would pass. He writes to his father of the first day of its kind :

"I had about 350 young men and young women at Clapton yesterday in the Temple. Useful meetings. I was not, however, satisfied with the character of the material. There was a small proportion of what would be called first-class, and these were chiefly men. There was fully half of the whole which would be called good second-class material, the remainder being third and fourth. During the day we got out of the whole about 140 new candidates. This result was considered very good. . . . Still I would like to have seen and gone further, and some who held back were, as it always is, among the very best. We worked hard all day, beginning at 7 in the morning, and practically going on till 9 at night, with only the necessary intervals for feeding in the hall close by. I should think the meetings would be very good in their influence upon the corps."*

He held similar meetings outside London.
From his diary :

"1898. *Sunday, October 16th.* A day with young people. Manchester. About 400 present. Travelled down Saturday night with Rees and Hay. Wrote. . . . Told them of proposal I have for celebrating General's Birthday and end of century. Meetings very good. 7 a.m. said a few words on the Lord's Prayer—'Hallowed be Thy Name.' At 9—'The Leaven' (Matt.) effective talk, but too long—2 hours—and yet nothing flagged. Some powerful results. 180 at the mercy seat. It was a beautiful sight. Afternoon, Obedience and Forsaking—Officership. . . . Felt as though we had come to the last battle for some as to their destiny. I doubt whether such a scene could be witnessed anywhere else. Perhaps there never have been such scenes as these meetings present. The conviction, the suffering, the conflict, the appearance of loss and yet the anticipation of joy on the upturned faces is wonderful to behold. Young bright lives being offered to the King.

"Night—many in deep anguish, for inbred sin; the groans and tears and shouts and songs made a heavenly harmony."

"*Monday, October 17th.* Travelled up by 'sleeper' from Manchester. . . . Reflected that good as the day had been it ought to have been better. Am determined to do more in the line of Salvation instruction of Salvationists. Arrival I.H.Q. 8.15. Simpson and Kitching to breakfast. *Daily affairs.*"

Still the numbers attending increased and a few years later :

" I write this on the platform (meeting still proceeding). We have had about 750 young people here. It has been a good day—with a very good finish. . . . I am tired. . . .

" The meetings began at 9 a.m. with an extra at *tea* and it is now 9.30. I attempt to do a giant's task with a pigmy's strength.

" But what a *chance* we have. These young people are a great *fact*. The first time I came here I had 180 from all the province. To-day I have nearly 800 from Manchester and thirty miles round—and even then we had to restrict the age because we had no building above 800.

" My heart's love and Flo's."*

Meetings of this character became, during the period of his Generalship, a part of The Army's programme all over the world. He himself held one such Sunday annually in London until the attendances became so large as to necessitate dividing the series into two, and, numbers still increasing, the meetings have since been held in each Division.

But these meetings were only a part of the Young People's General's planning for the young people's needs. Under his personal oversight its work for the young has been built up so that The Army cares for the child from infancy to manhood. Writing to the Founder in 1898, he says,

" We shall now have to select separate officers to look after them, apart from all existing leaders. They are worth it. But they are a cast by themselves and must be dealt with as such if we are to make the best of them."

This was done. He also inaugurated special conferences for the Local officers engaged in the young people's work. These for some years he conducted himself. To the first such he alludes in a letter to the Founder :

" Some of these Sergeant-Majors are really splendid. I have learned very much myself. This thing will have to have attention. What we want is Leaders, careful and yet fearless. Oh, what an opportunity ! On every hand there is evidence that we have an enormous influence over a crowd of children. It is extremely doubtful whether we are doing what we might with them, even in ten per cent. of the places. Still, on all hands I hear reports of improvement and development and that is something."†

Nothing inspired him in the same degree as did the young people, unless cadets : and they, after all, were but the same material in another setting. In the presence of the young, and whilst talking

*3.4.1904.

†31.5.1903.

to them, it often seemed as though his soul were released ; the material faded from his sight ; he trod the hills of God and saw the clay before him spiritualised. The young people, in such hours, were in his eyes temples in which the holiness and glory of the Godhead was to be manifested anew to the world. In Glasgow, Newcastle or London, crowding the benches of some Army or public hall, he saw the saints and martyrs, prophets and priests of the future.

“ We are making some of these young folks so that they will face *hell*, ”* he wrote to his father.

Certainly the result of his influence on them was that thousands faced their own sins and failures and set themselves to follow Christ. Much of the Army's growth in the past may be traced to the skill and care with which the young people within its reach have been nurtured and inspired. The young Salvationist was disciplined, employed, called up to spiritual adventure. To lead the young, Bramwell Booth appointed the ablest among his officers, and gave young officers who had proved their mettle the opportunities of important commands.

CHAPTER XIX

A DOUBLE BURDEN

"I AM ready to stay in one room for all time if you say so. I think I have done. For years I felt it an *absolute necessity* to work at the machine and machine-making and you often reproached me ! I sat here for twenty years and not until we got some decent men did I *move*. Now, if you say you think I ought not to be away from Headquarters I will still 'abide'—but it does seem to me that the present plan of moving about a little has great advantages.

"However, let us revise what you feel needs revision. I can adapt myself to the 'environment' you select.

"As to my absence, my authorised representative is Pollard, except on matters of assurance and law—when it is Carleton, on affairs outside England, Howard ; that has been officially fixed a long time ago, I think it is the best that can be done."*

Thus, at forty-one, Bramwell to his father. The fact is when William Booth was in England he liked to feel his son was within call day and night, and when he, the General, was out of England, he liked to feel the Chief was at Headquarters. This response to his father is in tune with Bramwell's life-long abnegation. Earlier, in a confidential letter to his mother, he opens his heart to her and by way of explanation says :

"Now I am not blind to my own faults and failings, I never have been. I mourn over them, and God is my witness my whole life long I have thought myself unworthy of and unequal to my post. I have had to struggle against a sense of incapacity more than most men, I have *tried* and *prayed* to improve and learn to be equal to the demands made upon me and to be worthy of the confidence of those around me. I have never wanted praise or thanks or to go to the front."†

But in spite of his father, and his own willingness to remain buried in "business," the needs of The Army dragged him forth, and journeys to the Continent became more frequent, as also the public and private meetings at home. It must be confessed that his habit of crowding available hours invaded his preaching days as effectually as his business days. He was not content with an ordinary three-meeting Sunday. His week-end engagements usually consisted of six onslaughts. On Saturday evening he

*4.11.1897.

†16.10.1886.

would begin with a meeting after a cup of tea with Local officers, and one needed to be there to realise what execution he could deal out on such occasions! He would rise almost before the tea-drinking was over, and often without the preliminary of a song begin in intimate conversational style to confab with his hearers, who might find themselves shouting with laughter one minute, and in the next fumbling for handkerchiefs and blowing their noses the quicker to get rid of tears. Presently there would be an abrupt break, someone would be called upon to lead the singing; and perhaps linking on with the words of the verse which the company had sung he would plunge again into his subject and talk so that, to judge from their attitude of eager listening, all had forgotten everything save themselves and the speaker, caught up together in such intensity that an hour's talk would leave the hearers staring incredulously when told that in twenty minutes the next meeting was due to begin! That next meeting would be for soldiers and ex-soldiers. Here the battle was often still in full force at ten p.m. Sunday morning and afternoon meetings were followed by tea and meeting for officers before the night attack. And then he was off to the train for Headquarters, where he had a small office which contained a bed kept in readiness for his arrival at any hour of the night.

There the problems once more closed in on him, and especially that master-problem of making bricks without straw. If he could have been spared the wear and tear to which his spirit was subject in the struggle for money, years might have been added to his life, years of thought and effort freed for other tasks. Of all the goads that pricked his over-taxed energies this money shortage seems to have been the most cruel. Since as a boy he wrestled with the task of making the cheap food depots pay, he had been struggling to manage a concern that could not be restrained from out-growing its resources. Periodically for forty years he had to answer his father's query: "My dear boy—What I want to know is—How do we stand—Are we losing money?"*

This was in 1873. Bramwell was then seventeen and had already grown familiar with the inquiry. Even when, as a youth, he was in Scotland for that first spell of respite for his health's sake, finances must intrude, and his father wrote:

"The chief matter that concerns us is the *apparent* complete breakdown of the appeal. Have only received £10 in all so far. However, I am *trusting* and *not afraid*."†

And, as the work spread, the local Mission debts were everlastingly cropping up, and always Bramwell "must settle." As for example when his father wrote:

"Did not G. represent to us that if we sent that last money he was free of debt? and now here is £12 claim for more furniture. You must settle whether we *must* find this money."‡

* 16.8.1873.

† 10.7.1876.

‡ 5.5.1878.

Then came The Army's advance into France ! His heroic sister fighting against such odds, infidelity, ridicule, insult : she could not be left penniless ! How valiantly the girl-pioneers in Paris strove to spare the funds may be gathered from the fact that the cost of running their own quarters and " Headquarters," all in the one little flat, was largely met by the allowance paid by Doctor Soper to his daughter and that Florence Soper was with difficulty restrained from selling her hair, for which a Parisian hairdresser offered her £20 !

Katie wrote to her brother :

" Are you really thinking of coming ? The prospect is transporting ! Oh, to see you once more in Quai Valmy, just once ! It would so lift me up. I told the General for you that we should want £50 by the 31st January. This is the least amount we can do with."*

A few weeks after Bramwell's marriage, Mrs. Booth, his mother, wrote to Mrs. Billups :

" If we were not so pressed for money things would be a little smoother than usual, but they are sadly pushed at H.Q. However, the Lord will bring us through. On two succeeding Saturdays, when they had no money to pay wages, a different old lady each week brought £50 at 4 o'clock ! Just in time ! Bramwell had signed the cheque in faith not knowing where the money was to come from. The last lady refused to leave her name ! My only puzzle is why the Lord does not send five thousand when He knows what we need."†

Five thousand old ladies with £50 each, or £5,000, it is not clear which—but clear enough either would have been welcome !

William Booth is generally in one of two moods about money : frankly optimistic, as when though the appeal has failed he is " trusting and not afraid," or defiantly optimistic, and inclined to weary of other people's " worrying," as when he writes to his wife :

" Bramwell was awfully down yesterday. Had got to the end of his schemes almost to get money and was compelled to have £500 by 4 o'clock. In the afternoon an old lady came in and gave him £500, we to pay her 5 per cent. while she lived and then it to be ours. . . . But it is of no avail talking or writing. If God were to divide the Red Sea and kill all the Egyptians, some of us would be ready to give up the ghost at the very next time some difficulty arose."†

It gives us a picture of Bramwell, " awfully down " at " the end of his schemes." How many last moment deliverances he was to

* 13.1.1882.

† 1882.

experience ! But the preliminary standing up to it, with his back to the wall, told upon his strength, perhaps to a degree that his father never either experienced or understood. At any rate, it is significantly clear in the correspondence, from the first years to the last, that the money-getting was "Bramwell's affair."

Following France, Switzerland was invaded under the leadership of his sister Catherine, and a storm of abuse and calumny resulted, with the additional and more paralysing opposition of the Government, which prohibited collections, meagre it is true, still, important enough in pioneer work. She wrote :

"There has just been a tremendous row outside our Headquarters office—windows broken—one of our converts seized by the roughs—beaten cruelly. The government is *against us*. Yesterday they fished up an old bye-law which forbids any religious body unrecognised by State to have collections, and came down on us."*

"We are not going to be beaten—*never*—Why are you frightened for me ? Don't you know I never go too fast—I understand better perhaps than anyone else our position and I feel with that magnificent band of over three hundred soldiers in Geneva we ought to advance. Send money at once."†

The invincible spirit of these letters ! One cannot read the pages now without a quickening of the pulse, and it is not hard to imagine their effect on Bramwell ; the ominously imperative words in the last sentence must not, could not, under the circumstances be disregarded. The sister who wrote them was ready to go to prison rather than yield, and in fact a little later did go. All the same, one cannot send money until one has found it *somewhere* !

"Send money at once." To meet such demands, and they were to come from the four corners of the earth, what ingenuity was called for, in begging, in borrowing ! There were not many assets in the early years ; friends could sometimes be persuaded to make a loan, but were quite explicit when time for paying came. As witness :

"I think it right to remind you that the £1,000 lent to you by me on the 29th January, 1883, will be due for repayment on the 29th instant, it having been lent to you for twelve months with interest. This is acknowledged by you in the document signed by you and which I now hold. I mention this with all explicitness because I feel bound to add that I have resisted all applications to treat the loan as a gift."‡

As early as 1884 there were plans afoot for earning income. In a letter to Bramwell, the General calculates : "The plain fact of it is that if we sell five thousand pounds' weight of tea a week . . .

* 1.2.1883.

† 16.4.1883.

‡ 23.1.1884.

and get a penny a pound profit, that will be a thousand a year. This would almost pay the rent of —."

Bramwell Booth thoroughly accepted the principle that money-raising was part of the service of the Heavenly Kingdom. And he believed it should be done in a business-like manner, with meticulous care in the spending, the more so that the spending was for high ends. He early recognised The Army's potential earning powers, and steadily worked at organising them. "*In principle* salary, assurance, pension, taking interest for money, and possessing money, are all on one level," he wrote to Emma. "R. says so, and I admit it. They are all wrong or all right."* For The Army he considered trading, banking, assurance, to be means to an end as wholly sanctified to the service as Self-Denial Week or the collection box, and the labour expended by him to establish these auxiliary aids on a sound and profitable basis cannot be described here. He founded them, and enquiry into their history will show his share in their development.

There was a self-reliant, independent streak in both father and son that made the task of asking for money particularly distasteful, though they did it bravely all their lives. But both looked after the spending of money with a relish. Had the training of incipient Salvation Army financiers been left entirely to William Booth some of them might have found their chances of learning cut off prematurely! He reveals his feelings toward both sides of the money question in a short note to Bramwell:

"It is not wise for a money-grabbing operation to be gone through wherever I appear. General Booth ought to be seen now and then elsewhere than at Madame Tussaud's *not* asking for money!!

"I felt immensely like coming away to you this morning. I don't want to find fault, but just observe that enclosed envelope was sent here with 2d. in stamps on it—which would have come for a halfpenny in a wrapper. Whoever did that should be dismissed at once. Hopeless!"†

But with all the scheming and planning the burden pressed. Time was necessary before the benefit of much that Bramwell initiated could be reaped; in some respects, partly owing to the Great War, he was only just beginning to realise the full harvest when his charge was taken from him. In this matter of money-getting it may with truth be said that he laboured, and others have entered into his labours.

A painful aspect of the financial hardship was the pleading for money by those he loved on behalf of causes he had at heart. He must so often refuse a call to which he longed to assent. It meant more self-control, more self-denial to say "no" than "yes." A typical little note to his sister Emma adds its testimony:

*2.3.1895.

†7.9.1884.

"I am getting on into middle life [he was thirty-six]. It is twenty years since I began this ceaseless daily, hourly toil and anxiety about cash. My hair, what there is, is nearly white and half my life is *gone*, and here I am, merely struggling to keep my chin out of the flood. Don't let us do it. If we can't get 37 inches into our yard let us be satisfied with 36. We shall do more in the end. Not to *want* money is often one way to *get* it."*

And to his father who was on his way home from one of his long journeys :

"I have got the ordinary Salvation Army finances into a better condition. *We are really out of debt.* Apart, of course, from *property*. I am straining hard to keep so. These other men are gradually rising to it."†

But unexpected needs arise. The Salvation Army is at war, and war is all expenditure of one sort or another. If there be a defeat, there are losses ; if a victory, there are new demands. It is not long after the last quoted letter that he is again writing to his father :

"Denny was very nice and yet very queer. Won't give any more money just now ! Is very doubtful about the farm ! Did not like the estate !!! Full of Home Rule. . . . Very well.

"But this and other things means debt and immediate further reduction in our expenses. We are not bound to maintain work we can't get money for. But we shall get money when we can do without it. In the coming years when you and I are gone the blind idiotic world will *give* what won't be wanted.

"Never mind. God is with you. You will say I am whistling to you to keep my own spirits up !! "‡

And this from William Booth at sea :

"I have been discussing the Budgets. They are very perplexing and I must say very, *very* disappointing. I did hope that we were about to fall on *easier* times financially, and to find from your letters and from these papers . . . that you are still up to the neck in complicated money transactions, *loans, loans and rumours of loans*, depresses me more than I can express. . . .

"True, as Pollard reminds me, 'we are a long way ahead of the past.' Still, that does not satisfy me. . . . I must think about this subject. But two or three things are self-evident and need no rumination—the main one being that this continual anxiety on financial questions is too heavy a burden for you and ought to be modified."§

Humanly speaking no "modification" supervenes. Bramwell Booth in this as in all the "super-human" efforts of his life seeks

*4.6.1892.

†15.1.1892.

‡16.6.1893.

§12.12.1895.

and finds a spiritual deliverance. Not once or twice, but scores of times he is heartened ; in a note to Emma :

" I have got a great lift in my soul about money. I believe we ought to do more believing. I am sure I ought at any rate."*

A brief diary entry records :

" Very short of money indeed. I wonder why we are ever so poor and embarrassed. . . . Home 7.30. Tired out."†

His Sunday's meetings on the previous day had begun at 7 a.m., and after continuing all day he had travelled on Sunday night back to Headquarters to face the shortage. To conclude that the effect of the perpetual anxiety about raising money bred a reluctance to undertake additional expenditure would be entirely to mistake the nature of the man. The financier in him, shrewd, cautious, exacting, was ruled by the believer, who, once satisfied that " we ought," decided that " we *could*," and left the financier to get on with it. The measure of his faith in God and in The Army may be seen in its financial history as unmistakably as elsewhere ; perhaps nowhere more forcibly than in his deliberate policy of spending money, even at times when money shortage was acute, to aid work that would never yield financial return. In this category must be placed much of the missionary work, efficient training of officers, maintenance of officers for fostering and teaching the young, supply of literature and books, and private devotional meetings for Salvationists. More than once he found himself at variance with leaders who, when funds were low, thought economies at the expense of such matters easier than curtailment of more spectacular or more popular undertakings.

Emergency needs were always given a generous response. A few months after that " lift up " to his soul about money, an Indian famine bares its cruel fangs, and he is writing to his father about the famine children.

" This means we shall have to send additional money for these orphans. I not only believe we can do it, but I feel sure it will be a wise investment of the money. I hope you will approve. This outlay, including the children . . . pledges us to an expenditure of nearly £5,000 on the famine account."‡

And quite in another strain :

" *The Heathen*. I would like to have some scheme floated for the next five years' work. My idea was to raise £100,000 in the five years outside our ordinary Funds and devote it to the heathen world. . . . I believe we are on the way for the greatest religious movement the East has ever seen. But there is no doubt about it, money is one of the first essentials."§

*22.2.1896.

†17.10.1898.

‡27.1.1897.

§17.1.1903.

Bramwell Booth was a financier in the true meaning of the word. In no department of Salvation Army life is his statesmanship more clearly proved than in the sound basis upon which he built its finances, working always toward the idea of self-support for its separate sections and linking the whole into mutual helpfulness. There is no doubt he found a certain satisfaction in exercising his skill in this direction : it was not less attractive to him because when he succeeded and saved, or made, or attracted money, it was to enrich not himself, but The Army. Probably only a personally poor man, or at any rate, one who had been poor, could enjoy husbanding resources, planning expenditures, and gaining by the wise employment of money, as did The Army's first Chief of Staff. But he certainly earned that enjoyment !

It is certain too that anxiety about money shadowed much of his life. Perhaps only those who had the opportunity of observing him in his home were able to realise to what extent the need oppressed him and added to his apprehensions for the future. When his thoughts ceased to be monopolised by the business of the moment, the day over, this worry would rear its head. How often when taking his evening meal, which might be at any hour up to midnight, his wife would hear, "Darling, I'm very burdened about money. I don't know where to turn, surely the Lord will help us !" The need was voiced at family prayers and with such urgency that the children felt the burden, and added to *their* prayers, "Let Papa not be worried about money," or, "Dear Lord, send The Army a lot of money to make Papa happy."

During the years of his Generalship, the journals reveal him carrying the same anxiety. It was for him all so intimate—a personal trouble—a personal longing to see the work unhampered by lack of funds, as :

"The money difficulties of I.H.Q. continue a great perplexity and anxiety. One is worn by an abiding sense of what might be done for souls, for the suffering and the nearly-lost and the quite-lost, so far as this life goes—if only we had something like moderate funds at our disposal. I wonder whether it can be God's plan to keep us so over-taxed in this matter ?"*

Perhaps he ought to have trusted more and troubled less ; perhaps he ought to have been more willing to restrict The Army's expansion, or to have been less concerned about the future and those who would come after him. If so, he failed to do as he ought, for to the end he carried this need upon his heart. The last time he had access to *The War Cry* he appealed in an interview for the Self-Denial effort then impending :

"The Army, after all, stands for something definite. . . . You see, the dear old Founder had one consuming idea, one master-

*Journal, 10.2.1920.

passion ; that was, to raise a force wholly devoted to the Salvation of the people without regard to race or colour. He deliberately toiled and planned with that object before him. . . . He went for that one thing with might and main, with body and brain, and God helped him.

"Now this is the kind of single-eyed, conquering determination I want my comrades to put into our Centenary Self-Denial this Founders' year—a year which opened so promisingly in many parts of the world. It means so much—so very much !—to those Dark Lands whose peoples are stretching out hands of entreaty and uttering cries of despair. It means so much to the multitudes here at home and in other countries who are rushing to their doom, or who are too weak and helpless to raise themselves from their want, misery and suffering. Above all, it means so much to my precious Lord and Saviour, Who bled and died for their redemption. . . .

"Self-Denial more than ever requires *Religion and Prayer*. . . . Tell my comrades that I rely upon them to keep the flag of Self-Denial and Soul-saving flying high ! Tell them also that *my illness should not be a deterrent, but a stimulus to their utmost endeavour*. Because I have certain difficulties to contend with which are new—that should not hinder our smallest as also our largest Corps doing its bit—and *an extra bit at that !*"*

During the saddened months which closed his life he repeatedly deplored the trouble because "they will be short of money." Once when he was talking in this strain to me, I said, "Oh, my dearest, surely *you* need not worry about it now, it's —'s responsibility." He replied, with such reproach in his look, "Don't say that, it hurts me. I'm thinking about The Army. The work will suffer." Its needs were still upon his heart.

As the twentieth century opened, what might be called the years of his double burden began ; for in addition to all else there developed the beloved but nevertheless difficult task of heartening his father, and of rendering him increasing help. Harold Begbie, who had the opportunity of studying the relation of father and son at this time and afterwards of going through the General's papers, wrote :

"It cannot too often be said that in these years of suffering, pain, and dangerous popularity, William Booth rested much of the weight of his human needs on the love of his son Bramwell. The deep and chivalrous affection which bound the two men together, the Prophet and the Organiser, is all the more interesting from the fact that both were alive to each other's faults. . . . And certainly, as the letters and the journals testify, it was upon Bramwell Booth . . . that the old patriarch leaned the heavy burden of his soul."

*16.2.1929, *War Cry*.

The Army's field operations in Great Britain were not progressing satisfactorily, and in 1904 it was decided that the post of British Commissioner should be filled by Bramwell Booth. He held it until 1911. During these years the whole system was examined and re-organised. How he managed to travel for additional meetings, to spend hours in the most detailed inspections of corps and divisions, to interview officers of all grades in addition to all he had in hand as Chief of Staff, and for the General, is something of a mystery. But he joyed in this close contact with, and direct responsibility for, the soul-saving effort in the land, and in spite of personal anxieties and worry enough for the Chief of Staff, this British Commissioner period was one of the happiest. Something of his own feelings about things can, as usual, be traced in his letters to his father. Here are one or two paragraphs from a letter in which he surveys National affairs :

"Affairs in this country . . . I have now compassed the whole field of observation during the last five months. This has involved, as you will readily imagine, considerable extra labour upon me, but I think I have been fully repaid for this in the further impressions I have gathered about many of the problems with which we are called to deal in every part of the world. . . . I have been very much pleased with the spirit which prevails throughout the Territory . . . in the main there is a beautiful spirit, alike amongst soldiers and officers, Field and Staff. . . .

"The property question is a very serious one. It is proved now beyond question that we cannot pay rents in the ordinary sense of the word ; that is, we cannot pay a fair return upon the capital invested in our places of worship, and I have stopped all new schemes where one-half of the money required cannot be raised.

"I am much exercised about the piety of many of the soldiers. They get very little to help them in the direction of deep spiritual things and they become one-sided and conservative and self-confident. . . . This is a very grave and anxious problem. The whole trend of religion all round us is so opposed to what we understand by the word spiritual."*

The Army advances : in the office at Queen Victoria Street the world is drawn more and more closely together, and in and through the preaching, organising, demonstrating, feeding of the hungry, emigration, assurance, banking, farming, trading, and all else, the heart of the man who sits there is steadily working for the making of a people. His eye is on the future ; The Army must be established a propagating force in every land into which it has penetrated, must be guarded, guided, and not allowed to grow out of proportion. Germany may not go in for an imposing Headquarters :

*23.6.1905.

"I told him that what they want in Germany is not Headquarters, but hindquarters, and that I shall be opposed to anything which does not contemplate securing suitable buildings for the corps before undertaking such a long scheme as this, and that I was sure this was your view."*

writes Chief to General. Of India, where medical work increases, he tells his father,

"We must get doctors of our own," and in the same letter, "Although the standing difficulty, namely, the financial question, *appears very much as it was*, I feel more confident than I have ever done that we can make a thing in India which will stand on its own feet."†

Of a day's meetings with the men in a shelter, he writes :

"... the most important outcome of the day will probably be the developments of my own mind, and of these I will talk to you when we meet. We must set to work with all our might and perfect the machinery for carrying over at any rate the best from the Social Work to the other side. The talking, singing and praying by the men yesterday was splendid. All day long it seemed to me that a voice was saying in my ears, 'Organise ! organise ! organise !' We ought to get somebody to go and see the thing. I wonder what sort of an impression would be made on a man like Churchill by such a round as I had yesterday if we could get him to take it."

But finding men who can lead, who are seized of the same ideal, is still the major problem. "Oh, for a few more men—men that will be little and nothing if they can *do* something."‡ One feels the words are wrung from his very soul. Many of the letters between General and Chief reflect this need ; the qualities of one and another are weighed, and sometimes found wanting !

"As to the proposed appointment for Japan, I can only say that in my judgment it is utterly useless. The fact is that this dear brother is built in the wrong school for the leader of a fighting organisation, at any rate, for the first position. He is good. He is true. He is loyal. He is industrious. He is kind. But he lacks entirely the sense of what you might call the striking power. He can bring his thing together, he can formulate his campaign, but he does not see when the moment has come to strike the blow, and he never strikes. Of all things I should say that in a country like Japan we want a man who can jump in. He had better leap without looking than look and look until it is too late to leap. No, I think more of my former proposal of —. . . and his wife is a marvel in many ways."§

*30.11.1911.

†13.3.1911.

‡6.12.1897.

§15.4.1907.

And again :

"The appointments. I want to think further over yours. I am very nervous about —. Moreover, it is not, it seems to me, a continuation of the regime of flourish we want, it is the open-air and the corps and the Local [officer] and the foundations and the planting of all manner of herbs that have seed in themselves.

"Now, that seems to me at the moment and at this distance what we want your representative in Y—— to feel—that twenty soldiers down in a back street *fighting* and making twenty more is the destiny to which he or she was born, and that no amount of dinners and shelters and pots for the hungry matter a brass farthing compared with the making of a force."*

The making of a force ! And feeling as that letter denotes, it is not surprising that he presses the question of better training for the Staff. The Chief comes back to it until, as he says in one letter to the General, "I have wearied you" ; but he comes back to it :

"Supposing Newberry would give us his house, or somebody else would find us a place, would you go in for a Staff Training Scheme ? . . . Supposing it cost us a couple of thousand a year to do it, or even three thousand, what is that compared with the enormous advantages ?"†

"The travelling expenses would be the chief difficulty, but these could be pooled. . . . One of the great difficulties . . . is that the Staffs have different conceptions of the same thing—advance, success, doing well, and a multitude of other terms have all different meanings in different men's minds. Nothing will remove this, but some sort of uniform system of education" ;‡

and five years later :

"An International Scheme of Staff Training . . . is not a mere visionary project ; it is a thing we ought to face immediately and whether we can get an endowment or not."§

The Staff Training Lodge without any endowment was opened in 1905 and except for the war period, when it was closed, continued to be his personal interest and care. Hundreds of officers received a course of training of varying length. Rather than curtail his own contributions to a "session" he often met them in the early morning or in the evening on his way home from Headquarters.

"I have decided to meet the Americans in the Staff College to breakfast on Saturday morning at 7,"** he writes to his father.

*10.1.1903.

†15.11.1896.

‡13.12.1897.

§17.1.1903.

**7.7.1909.

But to him too, in the midst of the ceaseless rush come hours of weariness. The double burden is a weight under which he staggers at times. He is inclined to be sad. Were it not for the buoyant companionship of his wife things would go hardly with him. He is more than ever the slave of the "Concern," and very few of those about him realise the weight of the responsibilities that encroach upon his heart and mind. His chief assistants, loyally ready to help, nevertheless regard him mainly in relation to their own departments, and are inclined merely to appropriate the help he can give them in the interests of their particular section of work ; the man capable of looking beyond that to the interests of the whole is rare indeed. Bramwell Booth is virtually doing the work of General and Chief of Staff without the help of a second. He so seldom refers to his own feelings that such a note as the following to his father is all the more significant.

" I have had a great strain this last year or two. *Blow after blow*. I shall be *fifty* if I live to the spring. I feel things, and, alas, for me they do not pass over as they might. I suppose it is partly a matter of faith or want of faith, but also of temperament. . . . Then, of course, there are other things inseparable I suppose from the position. . . . Few people have any idea what my life has been the last ten years."*

The celebration of their silver wedding in 1907 was a time of exceptional happiness to Bramwell Booth and his wife. He instinctively discouraged words of personal appreciation : knowing well how to give them, he was an adept at warding off attempts to express them toward himself ; his natural reserve prevailed, and he would silence the half-spoken word of gratitude by a little fun. Few men succeeded in *saying* much to him on those lines : what was said had to be by letter, and such letters he generally destroyed. But the silver wedding gave many their opportunity. There were a week's meetings. Of the Sunday he wrote to the General, who was in America :

" Clapton. The congregations were enormous. The children's meeting in the afternoon turned out a great success in every way. By common consent they all did well, especially Catherine and Miriam and Wycliffe. At night we had a remarkable meeting ; 140 people at the penitent form, the great feature of which was the large number of *married couples* and *family groups*."†

That Sunday afternoon's meeting was one conducted by the children, who formed a little musical combination of two cornets, two violins, 'cello, drum and piano for the occasion. The family was complete at this anniversary, the eldest a Captain in charge of a corps, the second a cadet in training for officership, the third

*16.6.1905.

†14.10.1907.

a candidate, the three younger children corps cadets, and the youngest, not old enough for corps cadetship, was active as a Junior Soldier. One of these "silver wedding meetings" was for young people. Four thousand of them crowded the Congress Hall. Reporting on it Colonel Kitching said :

"The Chief's address was on his boyhood days. He spoke of the need there was that young people should endure hardness, if they wished to win souls for God. He showed how the fair-weather soldier acted. 'He would so like to be a soul-winner, but he does not understand that he must suffer if need be,' said the Chief in effect, 'and the moment hardship comes along away he runs, so'—and gathering up his coat-tails the Chief fairly fled the platform, leaping over the steps two at a time and hiding at last behind a curtain in a corner of the Hall, whence he peeped out like a fugitive rabbit !

"A perfect hurricane of applause greeted this most forcible illustration, but though the young people laughed they knew that what the Chief had said was true, and many found out the secret of their own defeat."*

To his father the Chief reported :

"Having very good meetings this week. . . . On Tuesday I was all day with the cadets. . . . Last night we had the Congress Hall gorged with young people ; it was a mighty sight. . . . Our children took some part and did well. I think you would have been pleased with everything. The affection and sympathy and kindness of the people. . . .

"I have the holiness meeting to-night and to-morrow night I have a private meeting with officers from all parts of London. Saturday we are going the round of the Social institutions. I had a most kind note from Miss Emery sending £50, which I think she intended for ourselves, but which I am using to help a few officers."

Matters extraneous to The Salvation Army had a share in his attention. He is

"very much exercised on the prison question. The more I think about it, the more I am satisfied that half the people who are now sent to prison ought not to go there at all. You will say, 'What is to be done with them?' Well, children should be sent to schools. . . . Lads up to seventeen or eighteen should be flogged. All the wastrel and wandering classes should be put into colonies and made to work."†

Upon occasion he speaks his mind on national domestic matters as on education in his letter to *The Times*, March 2, 1906 :

*17.10.1907.

†20.2.1911.

"*To the Editor of "The Times."*

"Sir,

"The letter from the Dean of Christchurch is a valuable and suggestive contribution to the discussion of this grave and difficult problem.

"But ought he not to go a little further? Is it not a mistake to regard fundamental Christianity as a harmony of the creeds, or, perhaps I ought to say, a harmony of the irreducible minima of the creeds? Does not the very suggestion of such a harmony arise from a serious misapprehension of the nature of Christianity? Would not the attempt to teach it, especially by means of tutors who did not cordially accept it, lead in the children's minds—and it is the effect of all we do upon the children which is really the vital matter—would it not lead in their minds to the cardinal error that Christianity is a matter of opinion, whereas it is really one of experience and conduct?

"Fundamental Christianity I would, with all deference, submit is something much more than a correct statement of historical truth, even though that truth centre in the Person and Sacrifice of the Son of God, and more than an exposition of the highest moral teaching, no matter how profound or practical or beautiful that teaching may be. To teach fundamental Christianity involves an appeal to the soul of the child, the use of proper means to lead him through Christ to God, a call to his higher nature for a submission, and a service which only that nature can give. . . .

"There can be very real and practical Christianity, Sir, without the shadow of knowledge about the mystery of creation or of the divine and human natures of our Lord, or of the Resurrection, or of the immortality of the soul, or of the efficacy of sacraments. But the thing has never been known, and it is, indeed, inconceivable in terms of human thought—above all in little children—without prayer.

"Fundamental Christianity would surely involve a life of love. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' But love is an experience, a state of the heart. How can you teach children to love God and to love each other, to love those who injure them—and injuries are often more keenly felt in youth than perhaps at any other time—and to love those who have rule over them, by any other way than by Jesus Christ's way of receiving His own love by direct personal union with Him? The learning of a catechism, even though it include the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes, will not do it unless there is a person with a heart touched by that love behind it all. Indeed, and of a truth, those were words according entirely with centuries of human experience, 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' Christianity is far more the spirit of love and worship than a system of theology. Its faith is a living faith in a Person and not in a system; faith

in that Person's promises, rather than in dogmas. We shall never teach children to do right unless we first lead them into the only way to be made right. . . .

"But how can this revelation be assured by merely teaching laws or articles of belief, no matter how highly they may have been refined or how widely they may be agreed upon? And more, to tell men to live righteously and godly and to go no further than that is the very letter that killeth, for 'where no law is there is no transgression.' The mere setting before men of high ideas of faith and duty actually places them in a worse position unless there be the life-giving Spirit to enable them to live the new life. The true teaching of fundamental Christianity then implies leading the children to that life-giving Spirit, the bringing them to the new life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"It is considerations such as these which compel me to think that religion can be taught in the schools only by men and women whose hearts have been touched to those fine issues by a breath of the Divine Spirit, and which lead me also to the conclusion that we shall be worse off in every way for any attempt to put before the children a collection of colourless and abstract generalities. . . ."*

Concerning which he writes to William Booth :

"*Education.* The Archbishop of Canterbury sent a parson here to see me to-day with reference to my letter in *The Times*—bringing us rather a rational proposal for a modification of the present system."

He concerns himself with legislation in the interests of The Army's constituency, i.e., the needy and helpless. The Vagrancy Act of 1906 owes much to his thought and work. *The Times* leading article of March 8, 1906, says :

"In other words it is suggested that legislation should proceed on the lines of the Bill introduced into the House of Commons in 1904 by Sir John Gorst in accordance with the ideas of The Salvation Army."

Bramwell Booth's was the thought which prepared The Army's share in the Bill known as *The Children's Charter of 1908*, a measure which marks a step forward in the recognition of the child's right to protection. Referring to it in a letter to his father, he says :

"*The Children's Bill.* I saw Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Under-Secretary, at the Home Office to-day. . . . I should think he is an able man. I converted him to my view as to two out of my three points, and as they really will in the main govern the third, I surrendered it and I think we were mutually gratified by the interview."†

*8.3.1906.

†19.3.1908.

And so the battling years march on, for he has reached the "fighting fifties." Father and son are still hand in hand, but now it is the father who clings to his son's hand for comfort and guidance. Both are still solely concerned with the sinners who are "our people." Helping the people, serving the people, this is the theme of all their talking and writing; they are still searching together for better ways of reaching them and hungry for the crowds beyond their reach. Bramwell writes: "I am dreaming about Russia." The General talks of plans for China. The letters of the last years differ little from the letters of early years. Their range is wider but the sentiments expressed have not changed. The street, as it were, is longer, there are more places of call than in Whitechapel, but the interests and aims of these two are the same. Their hearts are still set on the same treasure; the same zeal sustains their vigilance. It is now nearing forty years since the boy in Whitechapel formed the habit of writing his father "a line every day" when away, but there will not be many more.

Bramwell spent a little time with his father on one of the motor tours, and they were both happy to be together amongst the people. They worked on the notes for the first International Social Council. The General was now very blind. After a successful operation for cataract on one eye, inflammation set in, caused, it was thought, by dust on a motor tour, and after much suffering the eye had to be removed. Mercifully they did not then know the sight of the other would be lost too. Is it too much to say his son's love helped to keep the old man alive? At eighty William Booth writes: "If I thought you were tired of me I should soon be gone." The second operation for cataract on his remaining eye was performed, but disquieting symptoms appeared; a few days later the specialist pronounced him blind.

Bramwell is once again the bearer of ill tidings to the man whom above all others he would shield. Who shall say which of them suffers more? They are alone together. The General is in bed; after the truth has been told his first words are, "I shall never see your face again?" and then the old man's hand stretches out to meet his son's. They are hand in hand once more, and after a moment, calmly, very calmly, the General says, "God must know best," and after a pause, "Bramwell, I have done what I could for God and the people with my eyes. Now I shall do what I can for God and the people without my eyes." The weeks pass and once again they are alone. Once again they are hand in hand, William Booth is pledging his son to the service of "our people," this time those who are homeless, and those who are in China.

A few weeks later the last battle is fought. Here too the son is by his father's side, his kiss upon his brow; the General sets out upon a journey for which his Chief of the Staff cannot arrange a welcome home.

CHAPTER XX
THE GENERAL

AT William Booth's funeral service in Olympia it is estimated that thirty-five thousand persons were present. The proceedings were controlled by a detailed programme with instructions displayed at the moment required, for in those days there were no amplifiers to facilitate speaking to vast audiences. It was an impressive gathering, the mighty sound of the singing multitude moving beyond description. In the estimation of one present the moment of deepest emotion was reached when, starting suddenly from his rather strained attitude of manifest sorrow, Bramwell Booth raised his right hand, and calling upon the crowd to do likewise, led them in repeating the refrain to the verse they had just sung :

“ We're marching through Emmanuel's land,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound ;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What, never part again ?
No, never part again ! ”

Sung again and again in triumphant crescendo, almost it seemed the very gates of the Heavenly City were in view. Faith and love spanned the intervening time, and all of stress and sorrow it might hold was over-leapt at the thought of re-union. No one near enough to him to see his face could doubt that Bramwell Booth in that moment experienced in anticipation the joy of meeting his father ; and through the years of their separation the thought of it was ever present to his mind. Nine years later the singing of those lines in Olympia is still a living memory, and he writes of his father : “ How blessed I am in his memory ! Day by day I am marching on with joy to meet him :

And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again ! ”*

The desire to please his father, to plan and work as he should approve, suffered no abatement in his son's heart ; “ I think it would have pleased the General,” was his highest encomium. Shortly before his death he said to a Commissioner who came to see him, “ Well, L——, what would the Founder have thought of all this ? ” To the last he was measuring events by his father's standards.

*Journal, 1.7.1921.



GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

On August the 21st, 1912, at Headquarters, in the presence of Bramwell Booth and his wife, his sister Lucy and all the Commissioners in London, nine in number, Dr. Ranger,* The Army's solicitor, opened the sealed envelope handed to him exactly twenty-two years before. It was inscribed on the outside in William Booth's handwriting, "*Appointment of my Successor. William Booth. 21st August, 1890.*" The document was read, and Dr. Ranger then formerly asked Bramwell Booth if he accepted. Each Commissioner spoke a word, and Dr. Ranger announced that Bramwell Booth was now in fact and in law the General of The Salvation Army. The Army's second General was in command! Transfer of properties to the new trustee was accomplished with a minimum expenditure of time and money. On the morning after William Booth's funeral the appointing document was read to a meeting of Commissioners and Staff officers, and Bramwell Booth concluded his address on that occasion with these words:

"I take up the work that has devolved upon me with confidence in God. I believe God will help me to do that which He has put in my hand. I have no interests but Army interests. I take you to witness that my wife and my children are yours in a sense that they are not my own. We want to serve you and the world. Here then this morning, resting upon your prayers, confiding to the utmost in your love and trust and service, I take my stand upon the living God, my father's God."

William Booth's plan for succession to the leadership of The Army and the safe and expeditious transfer of its properties had succeeded perfectly. In a letter of the 24th of October, 1914, The Army's solicitor wrote:

"The one argument against a single trusteeship which has been found worthy of consideration is the simple one that one trustee may be—and in the case of a large and complicated Trust must be—unequal to the strain imposed upon him. In this connection it is interesting to note that the late General never failed in this respect: and it is more interesting still to understand why this was. The explanation may, somewhat loosely, be said to be that the General, realising the physical limitations of any one man, surrounded himself with selected and trusted bodies of men who were, in a sense, trustees and experts combined. . . .

"By these means, the maximum of informed guardianship is obtained for the Trust, and yet the possibility of speedy decision and prompt execution is preserved. . . . Even under the severe strain of such an event as the late General's death, the system was found to be all that could be desired—indeed it is not too much to say in this connection that the speed and ease and

*Afterwards Sir Washington Ranger.

certainly with which the transference of The Army's enormous interests all over the world was able to be effected on that occasion could not have been equalled by any other constitution that is known to us."

William Booth's right to appoint his successor was recognised by The Army, and that successor was accepted with joy, not alone by those who knew him, but by that greater part of The Army's forces who had never seen Bramwell Booth. They felt as did his first Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Henry Howard, when he wrote :

"I see the good hand of the Lord upon you . . . endorsing His call to you in the leadership of The Army. Everything seems to say, 'This is the man I have appointed and there are the tokens of my blessing.' The words as I use them sound cold and feeble in comparison with my feelings of gratitude to God and the conviction that still greater things are ahead."*

The first few months of Bramwell Booth's Generalship witnessed an amazing series of gatherings. Memorial services were held all over the world. In this country, a number of these were conducted by the new General and his wife. On Sunday at the Congress Hall, Clapton, overflow meetings in halls adjacent failed to absorb the people, thousands unable to gain admittance filled the road leading to the buildings and stood there packed together throughout the evening. While the prayer meeting was in progress the General went out by the back entrance, walked round to the end of Mayola Road, leading into Linscott Road, where the crowd was assembled. At the junction of the roads he mounted a chair and preached for the third time that night. The scenes at the mercy seat were moving in the extreme. Young and old knelt together ; 291 made their way there during that day's meetings at Clapton. General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth went the next day to Glasgow and from there to Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham for similar meetings. At the Congress Hall on September 11th an All-Night of praise and prayer was held. In such fashion, just as he would have chosen, William Booth's death was solemnized with tears of repentance, songs of praise and the voice of prayer.

The new General met the British Field officers in council in groups numbering from three to four hundred each.

The annual Sunday's meetings with Young People held this year in the Hackney Empire were led by him. Five hundred and seventy-eight came forward seeking God's help and one hundred and seventy offered themselves as candidates for whole-time Salvation Army service. Scenes, such as those meetings presented, can hardly be imagined by those who have never taken part in them. The youthfulness of the audience is in itself a heart-stirring

sight. To watch them "forget themselves" as the speaker grips and woos them, to see their laughter and tears; the desperate earnestness written upon their faces as they make their consecration, to hear their impetuous praying, are experiences words could never adequately depict.

Berlin was visited in November for the *Repentance Day* meetings—"Busstag," but now, as often as not, called "Booth's Tag," partly a pun on the name as pronounced in German and partly a recognition by the people that the repeated leading of the meetings on that day by the Booths, father or son, had made it in a particular sense their day in the city.

All this time the business of managing The Army went on. There was no break in the succession of problems and demands which marched against the twin citadels of the General's heart and mind. Taking their quota of thought and time, plans were laid which were destined to remain unfulfilled, for the world war was to thrust itself with brutal irrelevance into the domestic affairs of the "Concern." But of this tragedy there was no warning premonition as the closing days of 1912 yielded their harvest of hopes and schemes.

The Watchnight Service led by him in the Regent Hall closed the year. January the 2nd, 1913, found him at the Congress Hall taking tea, and afterwards leading a meeting, with over a thousand women who, having been helped in The Army's homes, were all at work, the majority in domestic service, earning their own livelihood. During January, in addition to Sunday campaigns, he led a series of meetings on week-days; in February he went to Holland, met the officers and conducted public meetings. In May, Switzerland was visited for the Ascension Day meetings, and there were six hundred seekers at the mercy seat during the campaign there. On May the 15th at the Albert Hall, London, seventy missionary officers were dedicated for India. The final farewell of this, the largest missionary party hitherto sent out at one time by The Army, took place at the Sun Hall, Liverpool, of which the General's journal recounts:

"At the end of the meeting I shook hands with every member of the party (seventy) said a word to each and kissed their children. They passed out and on to their new life-work, embarking before midnight. I gave some final advice to Bullard* who is in command.

"At 11.30 left for Lime Street and London. I solemnly committed these dear officers to the keeping of God. It is a great responsibility we assume in sending them forth. It is not on our own—my own—authority I know, but it came home to me that their going opens a new volume in their lives whereon must be writ special trials and sorrows and many sufferings and heartbreaks. There may be temptations which are not

*Commissioner.

common and which will *overthrow* some. For them it is true indeed that 'through the Blood they must an entrance gain,' and it is in a way *I* who plunge them into the strife, *I* who cast them into the fire. Well, I can only throw it on God and cast them upon His immutable Word and boundless pity and strength. *He must, Oh, He must be concerned for those who are consecrated to fill up the measure of the sufferings of His Son for the world's recovery to His rule. I tried to claim that it is so and prayed for those comrades as for those against whom the tides and storms will break.*"*

Here, as so often, the journal tells us more than he intends ; we see that he cannot rest content in the joy of sending forth the reinforcements, but must needs burden the loving heart with thoughts of possible failure and disappointment. Was this weakness or strength ? Lack of faith for those men and women, or excess of love for them ?

From June, 1913, until May of 1928, the journal continues almost without a break. As a whole it gives a clear, quiet-toned picture of the events of his life through the sixteen years of his Generalship, with vivid and often unconscious glimpses of the reaction of his own spirit to the joys, sorrows and battling which befell him. But he is not enough of an egoist to make his journal a record of his own mental and spiritual moods ; in most of the pages he is still the man engrossed in the lives of others, and above all, in making The Army. One feels that matters extraneous to soul-saving and Army-making have slipped in by accident, and almost unawares.

In June, 1913, he left London to conduct the annual Congresses in Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Bramwell Booth had visited these lands, was familiar with their opportunities and problems and no stranger to their peoples. The welcome he received as General showed vividly enough that they loved him. Such an ingathering of seeking hearts at meeting after meeting had not before been witnessed ; some meetings in particular were of such solemn fervour and intensity as to make them unique in the experience of those present. The journal gives us a record of his doings as well as his own view of the campaign ; let them speak for themselves and serve as a sample of the programme on his repeated visits to these and other lands.

"Rose 6.30. With Morgan on 7.58 for Charing Cross. Left at 9 with Kitching† for Dover. Correspondence for the first few hours ; then some rest. Not at all a 'troubled sea.' Boarded Nord Express and for an hour or two worked at Council preparation. Read a little. Worked in my own mind at some of our problems affecting the *spirit* of The Army. The world is our great peril—our people's peril. We must fight."‡

"Berlin. MacAlonan§ cheerful. Germany a difficult problem but the great, for us the supreme, fact overshadows our difficulties

*Journal, 23.6.1913. †Colonel, afterwards Commissioner. ‡26.6.1913.

§Commissioner then in charge of Germany.

—men and women get converted. How can we fail when this is so? Impossible! Did what I could to cheer them up. Wrote and arranged my notes for the Copenhagen Councils. Oh, that I could put into acceptable language all my thoughts. Copenhagen 6.30. Lucy [his youngest sister, then in charge of The Salvation Army in Denmark] to meet me so bright and well. Very sad to-night. The dear General is called up at every turn in these places, but God *is*. The rocks remain whatever the state of the tides.”*

“Breakfast with Lucy and two girls.† Much pleased with them. Mildred wonderfully like her father when I first knew him.”

“10—business—correspondence—article for *English Cry*.

“3. Meeting of the press. . . .

“4.15. Opening of new Training Home. Will take 50 cadets. Meeting in garden. A few warm friends but not a good day for such a gathering. Pressmen all present. I talked and declared the place open for its great object.

“7.30. Soldiers meeting—Temple. An extraordinary crush. Tried to make plain what we mean by heart religion and pushed for out-and-out soldiers. . . . About sixty at the penitent form. Closed a really slashing prayer meeting at 10.30.‡

“*Sunday* a.m., 10.30. First public meeting of campaign. Concert Palace crowded . . . talked fifty minutes. Sixty-two at the mercy seat. Letters and cables from London.

“4.0. Meetings in King’s Gardens. Papers say nine thousand people. I should estimate eight thousand; part seated, part standing. Charming scene from the great hooded platform where I stood. Sun, trees, flowers, and *people*. Spoke for forty minutes on rightness with God. Excellent feeling—decided on invitation.§ A woman stepped out—two boys, ragged little fellows followed—many people wept to see it—and then the fourth a man—and then time to close our gathering.” [Sunday night meeting followed.]*

“*Monday*. Officer’s Councils. A cheering and useful meeting.

“12.30. Conference with Lucy, C.S. [Chief Secretary,] Whatmore [Commissioner accompanying from London], on affairs, London matters at 1.40.

“2.30. Officers’ Councils.

“4.15. Affairs and letters. What a business this ‘paper business’—or business via paper, has become! Shall we ever be able to do all by a wireless telephone of our own?

“7. Local officers with F.O.’s and Staff. Glorious meeting. . . . Fine spirit of compassion took hold—ten new candidates, six for the East.

“10.30. Back to Hellerup [Lucy’s home]. Had a precious time with M. and R. alone on the meaning of conversion.”††

*27.6.1913. †Lucy’s daughter, Mildred, and an adopted daughter.

‡28.6.1913. §First time a penitent form was introduced at that open-air gathering—and repeated constantly since. **29.6.1913. ††30.6.1913.

I like to picture him in the midst of these strenuous days when he was preaching to thousands, talking in the quiet of the mid-summer night to the two girls, then in their early teens, and himself feeling it "a precious time." Here we see the lover of souls who could not tire of loving. The journal continues :

"*Tuesday.* 10 a.m. Officers' Councils—good time. These Danish officers are quick and appreciative listeners.

"12.45. Whatmore on foreign affairs.

"2 p.m. Talk with a delightful young pressman—a medical student—ought to be a Salvationist.

"2.40. Officers' Councils.

"6.30. Final Session. . . . Made as powerful appeal as I could for Holiness . . . some deeply moving scenes.

"11 p.m. To Hellerup with Kitching. Preparation to-morrow's journey to Stockholm. I have been tempted to hateful depression which does sometimes assault me, but I must praise God no matter how I feel."*

"*Wednesday.* Up at 4.15, boat 5.35 a.m. Lucy, apparently determined to fight with me for all we hold most dear. Leaving her with confidence to push forward in Denmark.

"On the boat to Malmö, Captain offered me his room—entering it found dear General's photo in central position. Captain spoke of him most tenderly—took him over several times. Malmö 6.45. Brass band going with all its might ! Maple Leaf for ever ! About 200 Salvationists shouting, clapping and waving—a great scene. Band to station ; as we left, strains of 'Lift up the Banner' going strong. Worked chiefly on preparation for new addresses for Swedish Councils—some progress.

"7.15. Arrived Stockholm. Commissioner Ögrim† and small party to meet me. Away in a car at once to March Past of a thousand officers or more on their way to welcome me ! Crowd—police, etc. Many memories stirred in this journey. It is thirty-five years in a few days since I first travelled thus from Malmö to Värnamo. What a gracious time that was for me ! How God visited me. Out of it—that first family altar where we got a translator for our prayers so that the Swedish household could understand—how much may be said to have come ! Here was the germ of our translated songs—the beginning of interpretation, and a realisation that the S.A. was for all peoples. How little I felt it all then."‡

"*Thursday.* Council at 10. Nine hundred officers. Got to close quarters at once. Topic—Principles of S.A. Continued at 2.45. Press meeting very warm and a useful time. Got in something about their own souls. Socialist paper tried to make me admit an irresponsible autocracy, but I would not. All seemed very kind.

"7.30. Locals—with F.O.'s. Useful time. . . .

*1.7.1913.

†Commissioner then in command of Sweden.

‡2.7.1913.

"10.15. Food and rest. Mrs. Ögrim pleases me—also Wibergs. Some splendid people here. F. E. B.* having a triumphant affair in Finland. . . . Praise the Lord. Heat very serious. Correspondence heavy."†

"Friday. Conference with Whatmore on London business which is world business. Interest in foreign service here deeply impresses me. I propose to try to raise a party of one hundred from the four Scandinavian countries. . . .

"Council 10. God was manifest to many hearts this morning. My own soul was greatly refreshed. I do need a springing experience. Very sad these days for some reason—the slow progress of Jesus Christ's interests in spite of the awful bankruptcy of souls. Why some and no more? Why sixty and not one hundred and sixty? Why?

"7.0. Final session. First address, 'Using the people,' second Holiness, and with reference to the General. Some wondrous scenes. All ranks affected—seeking the blessing, restoration, reconciliation and offers for the East—a glorious sight.‡

"Saturday. I.H.Q. business—cables.

"12. Ouchterlony.§ Told her to praise God. She replied, 'I do.' Said, 'Well, do it aloud.'

"7.15. Soldiers and many officers—a really extraordinary meeting notwithstanding considerable heat. Mercury at 80 while I talked. Povlsen** nearly overcome—but we held on! Many candidates for officership—some for the heathen. I announced my hundred—well received. Meeting lasted 7.15 to 11.15. Letters from F. E. B. greatly comforted me.††

"Sunday. Rose 6.20 after a disturbed night. Boat 7.35. 14 boats crowded. Sunshine, water, dark green rocks, shores, passing skiffs, Salvationists, colours and flags, life and go, song and music and prayer, made up a scene of wondrous charm, and beauty and joy lasting two hours to Södertälje (open-air meeting place).

"10. Meeting of officers.

"11. To enclosure—seated 5,500—delightful scene. Talked fifty minutes—too long. Seventy at the penitent form. Some glorious cases. My own heart much moved by a mother Salvationist bringing her lad of sixteen to the penitent form, and her prayer there.

"1.40. Letters on urgent matters with Kitching, who is invaluable for pushing things through.

"3. Enclosure again crowded for demonstration of young people—spoke twenty minutes—and appealed for help for the young people on the grounds of their value and the practicability of training in faith and love when they are young. A strong appeal to parents.

*Mrs. Booth, accompanied by her daughter Catherine, was conducting the Congress in Finland. †3.7.1913. ‡4.7.1913. §Commissioner.

**Colonel then in charge of Norway—acting as translator. ††5.7.1913.

"At 4—immense crowd—many strangers—Prince and Princess Bernadotte—and though disturbed by cloud and wind and spots of rain, forty for Salvation. Thought and spoke in every gathering of the General. The *people* loved him more than the officers. Back to the boat at eight—spoke from the bridge to three thousand on wharf. Some important talk with Ögrim, Whatmore, Howard (C.S.); spoke very plainly about need for greater energy in pressing our advantages."*

"Monday. Up at 7 a.m., wrote message five hundred words, for English *Cry re the Hundred Party*. I.H.Q. affairs and Swedish business with Whatmore—London correspondence.

"11. Public meeting. In Temple—crush—very solemn and earnest meeting. Thirty-seven at mercy seat.

"3.30. Memorial meeting and awful crush. Said to be two thousand in place seated for fifteen hundred. Again a blessed influence and a conquering prayer meeting.

"5.0. Ögrim to tea and some valuable talk about people and about the S.A. spirit and aggression and opportunity. We must *cultivate*. Conference with Povlsen on Norway. Dispatches from London heavy and important. At 9 p.m. spoke twenty-five minutes to seven thousand people in Zoological Gardens. Ögrim translated. Had great freedom while pleading—the evil and peril and horror of sin. It is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds wept—many trembled. Penitent form not allowed. Tired—very—but very peaceful. Charming letters from F. E. B."†

"Tuesday. F. E. B. and Cath. from Helsingfors 9.15. F. looks better. Praise God for all His blessings upon them.

"10.30. Social officers—fine body of people—talked straight on responsibility for individual efforts.

"12.30. Long talk with F.E.B. and a meal together.

"4. With her to Staff tea and final. Both spoke—I on the folly of building lighthouses and *not attending* to the light. Departed 9.2 for Christiania very tired."‡

"Thursday. No disposition to eat—so put off doing so. Very muggy and dark weather, but warm.

"10. Council in Town Hall. A staring place—curtained and cajoled into some degree of comfort by Lawley.§ 450 Officers—a fine lot of people. Good beginning. London mail.

"2.45. Officers' Council.

"4.45. Colonel and Mrs. Toft to tea. Very pleased with both.

"7.0. Council, Local officers present."***

"Friday. Up 7.30. 8.15 to work. 10 Council. Speaking plainly on the duty of teaching judgment and retribution.

"2.30. Council. Wonderful prayer by Brigadier Tonning with tears running down her face. Greatly helped the Council.

"7. Final Council. Jesus Christ's humility and courage. A most precious and powerful meeting. A deep sense of Divine

light and help. Many saw the stature—something above the merely human, to which they may come, and seeing, set out to climb. I was cheered.”*

“*Saturday.* 7 to work. 9 to 10.45. Social officers. Good. Dictated to Kitching. Interviews. How I long for a bit of solitude! How difficult it is to obtain. Letters from F.E.B. brighten me up very much in my own spirit.”

“5. Povlsen came to tea. Conference on Norwegian affairs. I am anxious something should be done on a large scale for scattered populations.

“7. Soldiers’ meeting. Penitent form—eighty-two. Many definitely seeking a clean heart. For this I praise God. In this meeting the singing very definitely interfered with by powerful feelings of the people—sinking down like a receding tide of sound then rising again. Back at 10.40. Thoughts of the absent, including my dear Miriam, from whom a charming letter.”†

“*Sunday.* Press. Calmeyer Church 10.30. Seats four thousand. Said to be three thousand five hundred present at the opening and every seat later. Talked or rather reasoned on Full Salvation. Forty-two to the penitent form.

“2 p.m. With Anderson‡ our proposals for her and my request that she and Andersen§ should be true about holiness teaching.

“4 p.m. Meeting in Church of Our Saviour—a kind of cathedral of State—place gorged. Atmosphere almost too bad, no windows that opened, temperature of 82 while talking. Prime Minister and half of the Cabinet and many leading people.

“7.30 to 11.25. Calmeyer again—very crowded and very hot—complete freedom and mastery from first moment, wonderful prayer meeting. Commissioner Lawley excelled himself. 107 penitents. Beautiful scenes and sounds—husbands and wives—mothers and sons—etc. Some officers’ children.

“12.30. To bed. ‘I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh.’”***

“*Monday.* 9, Breakfast and meeting with Staff. Said something about forms in relation to any religion. Meeting closed 10.50.

“11.0. Public missionary meeting Town Hall. Place gorged. Fifteen hundred. Valuable gathering of a high level of intelligent interest in heathen work. . . . I made an appeal first to officers and then to soldiers for life-offering. About forty responded. A very deep sense of God’s presence descended, and when I asked those who had risen to come forward and kneel down that we might consecrate them there was a remarkable scene. After this some splendid cases of Salvation. Some for Full Salvation—totalling seventy-seven.

“2. To the family shelter. Property loaned to us by municipality to help distressed families. Looks well.

“5.35. Left for London. Very tired, but very grateful.

*11.7.1913. †12.7.1913.

§Lt.-Colonel Adele Andersen.

‡Colonel Annette Anderson.

**13.7.1913.

Penitent form total over twelve hundred for the four Congresses. One hundred officers secured for service among the heathen.”*

He had preached a crusade to the non-Christian lands, drawn a bold picture of the need, and taken the bold step of asking the Scandinavians to give one hundred officers to the mission fields. Commissioner Howard, who had been appointed Chief of the Staff, wrote :

“ My dear General,

“ Just as I am writing your wire comes in speaking of one hundred officers from Scandinavia for the East later on in the year. Why, it is a miracle that it should be practicable to think of it, and when carried into effect will be a *crown of sacrifice*. Praise God. . . . Colonel Friedrich’s† offer for China about which you wired also indicates that in more distant hearts the same spirit is moving.”‡

It is clear Bramwell Booth had no doubt that he had received a call from God to step out in faith and venture great things for the non-Christian lands in the name of Christ. Money? Yes, the old bogey of anxiety on that score threatened him, but there seemed to come with the call an influx of faith about funds. Looking back with knowledge of what was to follow, one realises the difference it would have made to the extension of The Army had he hesitated or delayed to put into action the impulse that came to his heart! In August 1913 he was busy planning all that was involved in the selection, distribution and reception of one hundred new missionaries. In August 1914 came the War. The movement of nationals from one country to another became, if not impossible, fraught with all manner of difficulties. To have proceeded with extension on such a scale while the war was in progress would have been mere foolhardiness, even if practicable. The extraordinary activity in the two years preceding the war was in designed preparation for the years of restriction which were to follow, *but it was not of human foresight*.

Whilst these campaigns were in progress, the vicissitudes inevitable to aggression on any field had to be met, whether they sprang from the vigour of the assaults upon the enemy, or from the developments necessitated by changed circumstances. As was to be expected, the “ new General ” was not wholly free from the burdens of the “ old Chief of Staff.” This condition remained a complication calling for statesmanship and skill on the part of both the new General and the new Chief. No Chief of Staff could be expected to work as hard or as swiftly as Bramwell Booth had done, for the capacity to do the latter came from long familiarity with persons and conditions as well as from his quick perceptions and powers of concentration. No one could attempt to do for him

*14.7.1913.

†Colonel Friedrich was then stationed in Australia and later was appointed to China.

‡5.7.1913.

what he had done for his father. It is perhaps to be regretted that his Chief of the Staff was not a younger man upon whom he might from the first have felt free to pile the work. It would have been good for him to have discarded at once some of the burdens which he continued to carry. Howard was not robust, but his devotion and loyalty were above reproach ; in the contriving and planning necessary for the building up of an Army he was to be relied on for all his powers, and they were of no mean order. Between him and his General there was free interchange of views and complete confidence, and there was something inexpressibly touching in the tenderness of the elderly man towards his younger leader. Knowing him, and his somewhat sober, even prosaic manner, who would have suspected him of such little notes as the following :

“ My dear General,

“ My dictated letter so feebly expresses my feelings that I am compelled to add a word with my own hand if only to say, ‘ God be with you and bless you.’ Excuse my gush when I say that as I looked at the *Cry* frontispiece—it is in fact, now before me—my feelings of affection overflowed and I touched it with the equivalent of a personal embrace. At my age that may sound childish, but there it is, with no small degree of emotion.”*

A year had passed since the writer became the Chief of the Staff, but the year had been immensely taxing, and reading such a letter as the following one can understand that carefulness for the Chief had to be taken into consideration.

“ My dear General,

“ As I was born on this date in the year 1849 I am to-day passing another milestone in the march of life. I think this is the first in my life at which I have paused or had any reason to pause to realise that the word ‘ old ’ had any meaning for me. But one thing I hope is acceptable to you and that is that as I knelt in the mood indicated and prayed for you, my heart welled up, went out in a flow of affection and intensity of wish that I could be more practically your helper. If increase of affection implies added powers of service then you should be better off for my introspection, etc., this a.m.

“ I am afraid that this increasing pain in legs and wings means that I must make the utmost use of my furlough to get nerves braced up properly, and so meet the demands that will follow.”†

On his return from Scandinavia the General appointed George Mitchell Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mitchell had been associated with Headquarters from his boyhood, and had received his training from Bramwell Booth, who had himself carried the responsibility of the office since 1905. The Inauguration of the “ Life-Saving Scouts ” took place this year.‡

*28.10.1913.

†12.7.1913.

‡The Life-Saving Guards, for girls, were launched in 1915.

The journal records :

"Colonel Mitchell : informed him decided on going forward with his appointment as Chancellor *now*. Urged him to hope for Divine help and warned him of the common danger of divorcing, or at any rate separating, business and its affairs from God."*

"7 o'clock to Clapton to inaugurate Young Life Campaign. Great hall packed with people without an inch of standing room. A most interesting and living meeting, about 1,200 children present and many to the penitent form. What a chance we have with the youth of the nations ! One item last night—the inauguration of the Life-Saving Scouts, important. I inspected the first Troop. . . . The Scout business has been a great trouble to me because of its militarism. *We hope to avoid that.* But, of course, Salvation is our only real hope for helping young people here or anywhere."†

In July Railton died suddenly while journeying in Germany. "Railton's affection for me passed that of a brother beloved. My loss . . . is great indeed," said Bramwell Booth at the memorial meeting led by him at the Congress Hall on Sunday night, July 27th. Of this, and of a meeting three days later in a chapel in Poplar where in the early days of The Army Railton was for a short time in charge of a Mission station, he says :

"Some thought on meeting, got a clear and simple line on, 'He that doeth the Will of God.'

"By 6.45 place filled, extra seats brought in for 400. . . . I did not get through my address, being suddenly deeply impressed by a sense of the Holy Spirit coming down on the crowd. Stopped, and in a few minutes Lawley had four or five men at the penitent form. We had 150 for the night. . . . Several family groups. How they did rejoice my heart ! Closed at 10.40. Supper with dear Cath."‡

"7.15. To Poplar Chapel—eight or nine hundred—full. Talked of R. a little and then got in with some sharp truths. Deep conviction and about fifty at the mercy seat for salvation. Lawley did well. Closed 10.10. Some old Salvationists present who did me good. What a welter of misery the East End of London presents ! We must do more. Religion is low. The old chapel-keeper said it was twenty-eight years since a soul knelt at that Communion Rail !!! Some *bad* people in the audience . . . people who are sinking. What an ocean of mud sin is and how terribly certain it is that men *will sink* therein unless God gets them by the hand. Lord, help me to warn and waken a few."§

*Journal, 17.7.1913.

†Journal, 27.7.1913.

‡Journal, 21.7.1913.

§Journal, 30.7.1913.

He spent the August Bank Holiday week-end this year with the men in some of The Army's Social Institutions, and says of these days :

" *Sunday*—breakfast with Sturgess [Commissioner] and Major Pruden.

" 10.30. Bermondsey Town Hall. Nine hundred men, fifty boys and about one hundred employees and officers. . . . This is one of the most moving sights in the whole Salvation Army world. . . . Twenty-six men at the mercy seat. Some serious talk with Sturgess as to the importance of much better and more carefully organised efforts for cultivating the individual. The Social Work does *well* in getting hold of the people. We want, we must have, more *intense* cultivation of what we *get*. He seems very awake on the subject. Afternoon meeting again good. Some wonderful testimonies. For the first time heard Wycliffe* speak. His voice, manner and spirit pleased me. He was at home at once. His matter also was very fair and he made an impression. God has been very good to me. Good meeting ; twenty at the mercy seat.

" Tea-table—important talk with Colonels Mapp and Pearce on S. American affairs. Night—a fine meeting. Sturgess did very well. I was at home on 'The Lord hath helped us.'

" Sixty men or more at the Penitent Form. Some very good work. Food at 9.40. To Euston with Sturgess. 12.5 Sleeper to Manchester. Couch too short—wretched ! "†

" *Monday*—Meeting 9 o'clock—Temple—about five hundred men. Such a display of shipwrecks ! *But some glorious testimonies*. Fifty-four at the mercy seat. Left 11.30 for the 12 train to Leeds. Meeting in the Albert Hall—six hundred men. Hotel about 10."‡

" 7.50 a.m. train to King's Cross. Important Conference with Sturgess. Suggesting new class of Social officers . . . to help with personal dealing."§

The first year of Bramwell Booth's Generalship was at an end. He had led 158 meetings at which more than 6,300 seekers had knelt at the mercy seat, and this more public side of the work was only a part of the service and striving that filled his days. There was to be one year more of free activity before the war would cramp and limit the onward march of the armies of peace. August the 23rd, 1913, found him on his way to Dartmoor for furloughing days. He is back on familiar ground and finds it all freshly beautiful.

" 10.50. Waterloo to Tavistock and then drove to Crapstone with F. E. B. Pleasant journey—worked on letters and on General's Life papers. Hope I am doing right to go away. What a world the next will be without weariness or fainting powers

*Bramwell Booth's younger son, then aged 17.

†Journal, 3.8.1913.

‡Journal, 4.8.1913.

§Journal, 5.8.1913.

—a *new* body as well as a new spirit—wonderful !—and yet a new heart here is more wonderful still. . . . Nice little cottage taken for us by dear Lilian. Evidently occupied by Quakers or Quaker people. Books—Barclay, Eliot, Gurney, Braithwaite, etc. . . . Walked a little between six and seven. The moor looks very charming.”*

“Returning to-day from the moor, furlough, with three days taken for visiting I.H.Q. in the middle. Both F. E. B. and self greatly improved. Probably the most restful rest we have had for the last ten years—nearest to it in this respect our time at Hawkhurst. . . . Crapstone—a tiny village on the edge of the moor. Weather on the whole very favourable to us. Able to spend great bulk of time after twelve noon out of doors. Gregg [Mrs. Booth’s secretary] with us—most useful, indeed invaluable.”†

In October Bramwell Booth paid his first visit to Canada and the United States. Three days’ entries in his journal while in Toronto are typical of his outlook. There are thousands in the Massey Hall, but he feels “My heart is with the officers,” comparatively a handful, and among them he seeks out the individuals—“I spoke to several myself”; then the following day he talks to *one*.

“Cast my soul on God for this day. Walked to Massey Hall—full—and enough people to fill it again outside. . . . The hall is a nice one, seats four thousand—we must have had more. Night again, streets full. People waiting enough to fill the place as we came out in the evening. Mounted police to keep back the crowd. Seventy-six penitents. I left the Massey and spoke to a crowded overflow in the Temple. Had a delightful prayer meeting—thirty cases.”‡

“My whole heart is with the officers. Good meetings, specially afternoon and evening. Great breakdown. . . . Meeting continued in great power till 10.50. I spoke to several myself. Very deeply moved.”§

And the next day :

“—acknowledged he had been greatly blessed and to having his whole being brought down before God. Had not wept so much for many years together as in these days.”**

At Winnipeg thousands were unable to gain admission to the meetings; the Sunday night meeting did not finish until eleven, “exceeding everything of that nature in the city’s history.” Thirty hours’ journey brought him to Chicago where, at ten o’clock at night, two thousand Salvationists met him and marched with him to his billet, mounted police ahead and bringing up the rear. In the Sunday’s meetings 260 persons knelt at the mercy seat seeking Divine help.

*23.8.1913.

†19.9.1913.

‡Journal, 2.11.1913.

§Journal, 4.11.1913.

**Journal, 5.11.1913.

In Chicago he writes :

“*Sunday*, 16th. Some precious thoughts of the General in *his rest* and of Flo and our late peaceful time on Dartmoor.

‘The Sunday bells of Tavistock
A’ringing Home Sweet Home.
Tavistock, Tavistock, Devonshire and home !’

What a hurly-burly life is !”

Thus thoughts of Dartmoor and peaceful Sunday bells make a momentary oasis of quiet in Chicago’s midst, and the journal goes on to say of that day’s fighting :

“At breakfast long and most difficult conversation ! Did my very best and the Lord helped me. To soldiers’ meeting—Court Theatre, 1,100 officers and soldiers. A real smash. Some lovely cases.”

And the entry for the day concludes : “This mighty nation is far from God. A spurious kind of liberty holds them, in many cases, from the true freedom—and they know it not. This city is a dark, dark problem !” Two days later, after officers’ meetings, he leaves for New York and pokes a little fun :

“Deputation from Chicago Press Club to inform me nomination as Hon. Member of Club at last night’s meeting. I accepted, though I am not sure !! One reason put forward for my doing so, was that it is a larger club than New York. That is a kind of *Paradise Regained* in Chicago, to be larger than New York !!!”*

It was said New York “never before welcomed a Britisher in such a fashion.” There were thousands at the station. The General reviewed the Army “Troops” standing in a car, in which his sister Eva was seated. “General, I am not of you, but you belong to me,” said a man, who pressed up and kissed Bramwell Booth’s hand. Typical, almost symbolic, of the host who from his words, written or spoken, or from his presence as he passed by, recognised in Bramwell Booth one who was their brother. “You belong to me !”

In New York too there were great meetings and 247 seekers. I glean from the journal :

“Vast concourse of Salvationists—friends—strangers—in the magnificent ‘hall’ of the New York Central Depot. . . . I said a few words—and away to H.Q. where I am to stay.

*Journal, 18.11.1913.

" 7.30 Opening Session of Council—900 officers. 250 Locals. Good meeting . . . sweet letters from home. Good news from various points. Oh, to be equal to my opportunity ! F. E. B. Berlin."*

" 10 o'clock. Officers' Council—a very good opening. Hearts opened wide to me—and others set the gates ajar ! Wrote B.B.† asking an interview alone. E. C. B. [his sister Eva] seems very warm and blessed. How my heart *yearns* to bless them all."

" For myself I realise what an immense opportunity I have in the providence of God, to influence the future of Jesus Christ's Kingdom through the officers of the S.A. Oh, to use it, not, my God, to win a momentary renown, or even to strengthen the cords which bind them to their mighty task, but to inspire them with that Flame of Divine Light and Power, to bring back that *Likeness* to their hearts."

" March of two thousand officers and soldiers to City Hall, New York—civic reception. The Mayor—R.C., very kind. He spoke well. Quite ten thousand people. I said a few words and to the point. . . . Eva was pleased. Then away to H.Q. Conference on U.S. affairs—Peart, Damon, Parker [leading officers], Estill [Commissioner], Kitching, Commander [Eva Booth] and self—two or three hours."

" Depressed several mornings about 3 a.m. And so *anxious*. It does seem strange to me we do not go on faster. *Lord, stand by me*. I might do so much *more*. I am not ungrateful, but——. Long talks with Eva."

" Many memories, stirred in the afternoon with Eva to see Emma's grave. . . . Eva and I prayed together. . . . Oh, to go on—trusting in God's abundance—and ever on. Continuance in well-doing—that will help me. We left at 6.30 for the city. Arrived at H.Q. really weary, but very thankful. Wrote all sorts of things until 12.45 and then lay down."

" 7.45 a.m. A light breakfast. With the building man to look on property in rear of N.H.Q. Further short words with Eva and prayer. Then a march—people in streets very friendly. Docks. Last adieus and away. . . . Dropped the pilot and then turned in to join 'Les Miserables' at once."‡

Here is a letter, important in its way as showing the impression made by The Army's second General on the Americans themselves :

" My dear General,

" As you leave us those words of the Psalmist take the form of a prayer in my heart for you : ' Ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness.'

" I have always felt you to be a man of Christ-like truth and righteousness. Two experiences which I have had with you in the past—which probably you thought nothing of—convinced

*Journal, November 1913. †His brother Ballington, whom he met during the visit.

‡Journal, November 1913.

me of that. But these last few days your presence among us has seemed to me an incarnation and full manifestation of 'the meekness and gentleness of Christ,' a meekness and gentleness which is entirely consistent with the firmest exercise of authority and power, and which secures God's favour and confirmation in such exercise. . . . God has not failed you at this point, and you have not failed Him nor us. One of the finest officers said to me with tears : ' I could think of but one text all the day as I listened to the last sessions of the Field Officers' Councils, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."'

"In that spirit, dear, dear General, you can smite us and we shall account it a kindness, you may reprove us and we shall welcome it as 'an excellent oil,' you can command us and we will obey, you can lead us and we will follow, and I do believe you will find your American troops not one whit behind the most loyal you have in the world. God has subdued your American people under you because you have spoken the truth to us in love. Don't let the Devil sit upon you and depress you at three o'clock in the morning—that is the hour in which he always assails me—and worry you about us : you have won our hearts. God has given us into your hands."*

December saw him back in London. Early in the New Year, 1914, he and Mrs. Booth went to Scandinavia to receive the men and women who had offered themselves for service in non-Christian lands ; the immediate fruit of the missionary appeal. They were together in Stockholm, and at the close of the meeting, eleven p.m., were both kneeling, helping a seeking soul at the penitent form. Mrs. Booth went to Oslo to receive the Norwegian contingent, and the General to Copenhagen where he received the Finnish and Danish parties. In Copenhagen, after the meeting had closed at eleven p.m., Bramwell Booth, seated by his side in the empty hall, was still talking to a hesitating man.

The days at I.H.Q. continued to be long and arduous. Here are one short and one longer account of two as given in the journal :

"*Thursday.* To I.H.Q. 9 a.m. Nearly all day in Conference. Home at 8.30 completely worn out. Had a comforting time praying for Eva."†

"*Friday.* To I.H.Q. 8.23. Jolliffe‡—money and money-getting. Oh, the grinding burden of it. Our losses of friends by death are serious. But God *lives* ! Cunningham§ interviewed for *The Officer* on Holiness teaching. Conference with Chief, Dr. Ranger and Frost *re* Fowler will and litigation *re* certain points in Emery will. Oh, the lawyers and their wretched verbiage !!! Colonel Pearce on I.C.C. (International Congress Council) and Colonel Unsworth, with Chief, on tramp legislation and children of vagrants—very important. Correspondence

*25.11.1913. †22.1.1914. ‡Colonel. §Colonel, editor of *The Officer* magazine.

—home at 8.30. Walked—a beautiful night—9.35 to 10—with F. Very cold—14 frost (Fahr.). God is nigh at hand. He maketh Orion and the Pleiades—the far-off wonders—but *He is near*—nearer than thought or feeling.”*

It was during these early months of his Generalship that he pressed on with the issue of *Regulations for Social Officers*. The journal records :

“ I.H.Q. Conference—Congress—final sitting on the Social Regulations—a great task now completed. Kitching and F. E. B. and Carpenter† have helped me. This will be the first serious contribution to our Regulations since the General died.”‡

An All-Night of Prayer at the Congress Hall was made the occasion for an appeal by the General for intercession on behalf of the International Congress—due and planned for this year, 1914. It was the third to be held : officers and soldiers from the far ends of the earth gathered in London. Of the inspiration and spiritual fervour of the meetings then held there are records elsewhere. Tens of thousands witnessed the pageant of the nations marching under the Army flag, and for days together London was alight with the colour, music and song of the “ Hallelujahs.” The temporary hall erected on the vacant site now occupied by Bush House in the Strand seated five thousand. It was thronged again and again. On Sunday evening, June 14th, the day’s meetings were concluding with the traditional scenes at the mercy seat, when at 9.30 the General received word that a huge crowd, unable to gain admission, was waiting outside. He left the hall and from steps leading to one of the entrances preached to the people standing in a compact mass on either side and across the street to St. Mary’s-le-Strand. Friendly police had diverted the meagre Sunday traffic to the other side of the island on which the Church stands, arc lights illumined the upturned faces ; this was a crowd with which Bramwell Booth was at home, and he talked to them as a man may to one he knows. When he turned to re-enter the hall the crowd burst into cheers. Since when had any preached in the Strand under an open sky ? And when will it be again ?

For Bramwell Booth the Congress was a time of heart-devouring desire that The Army, its officers and soldiers, should be blessed. He prayed his way to his own preparedness and for theirs, and when the time came poured out his very soul.

“ I want to make it a great beacon of holy zeal and fire which shall be seen for years to come ! God help us—especially *me*,” he writes in December 1913.

Just before the Congress opened the General was summoned to Buckingham Palace. It was immediately before the International

*23.1.1914.

†Colonel.

‡8.5.1914.

Congress of 1904 that William Booth saw King Edward VII. Now Bramwell Booth is called to see King George V. Of this interview he says :

“Went to see His Majesty ; was exceedingly kind. . . The King really interested in us and in our religion. . . . Had a few words on personal religion and the King told me that he prayed every day. He added, ‘I am not sure how far we two men would regard that as proof that a man was religious, but, as I said to one of my people a day or two ago, if a man would only kneel down once a day and acknowledge his Maker, that was something.’ ”*

He saw the King for the last time in March 1927, talked to His Majesty about emigrant boys, discussed the progress and prospects of religious movements and the importance of religion in the life of the people. He said afterwards :

“I have seen His Majesty on former occasions, and have always been struck by his earnestness in all matters connected with the religious and social welfare of his people. Never more so than to-day. . . . On a former visit, when I told him about our efforts to lighten the afflictions of the lepers of Java and Sumatra, the King spoke of . . . the lepers . . . of India. . . . To-day I was able to report that we are establishing a leper colony at Benares.”

Of the private meetings with the Staff officers at the 1914 Congress he says :

“Very anxious to make it plain to Staff that our one great chance for maintaining our forces and advancing is in the deep and simple spiritual revelations. Wish I were better fitted for my great opportunity.”

“Oh, that I may keep before these leaders the fact that they are surrounded by multitudes hastening down to death and hell for whom no man cares, and for whom Jesus Christ did really die, and who may be saved. Lord help me !”

“Heat was very trying. Stirred up early by responsibility for meeting. At second Session solemn sense of God’s presence. . . . Strong appeal to Staff to help me . . . in declaring our doctrines.”

“The response, when towards the end of my final address I said that I had promised, on accepting my appointment, to observe the Trust and keep the spirit of our Regulations, and that *I meant to do it*—was of a very pronounced character . . . especially was this the case as to what I said about *worldly fashion*—and our New Testament simplicity, and about seeking for and caring for popularity, and about the worldly cowardice around us.”†

*8.6.1914.

†Journal, July, 1914.

And of the final meetings with Commissioners, Territorial Commanders and their Chief Secretaries :

“ About 120 T.C.’s and C.S.’s and wives. *A fine and devoted body of men and women.* Spoke most earnestly and seriously on *the danger of secularising The Army*, the need of caring for the spiritual side of those in office work, etc. . . .”

“ Council all day. . . . Opened my mind very freely. . . . Retirement and pension of officers. Staff . . . I am determined to have a real Staff. Public work of The Army and of the T.C.’s. These and other topics occupied us closely—a very thoughtful finish—a spirit of dove-like unity yet withal of grim determination to fight for God and man possessed us all. Hallelujah ! I praise God and take courage.”*

He had need ! For if a “ spirit of dove-like unity ” prevailed amongst the Officers of The Army, a spirit quite other was abroad in the world, a spirit which would put the dove-like unity to the test.

*Journal, July 1914.

CHAPTER XXI

THE GREAT WAR

FOLLOWING the unparalleled effort of the International Congress, the General went to the coast to take his much-needed furlough. Two days after his arrival, Kitching who was in touch with the authorities on the General's behalf, telephoned a message, the result of which was an immediate return to London. It was Sunday, August 2nd, 1914. There was no train on the local line, and it was only with considerable difficulty that a car was procured to drive him and Mrs. Booth the twelve miles to the main line where they took train to London.

The beautiful countryside, dozing in the shadowed peace of the summer evening, seemed as remote from the danger and turmoil of war as any spot of earth could well be. Yet here presently were to come crowds of men in khaki, wire entanglements along the shore, sentries to turn back would-be walkers, trenches scarring the heather-clad commons, and at cross-roads and corners fortifications of a sort disrespectfully called "pill-boxes." And not merely these, but Zeppelins and real bombs, submarines and a real, if short, bombardment. It was said, and no one enjoyed the story more than Bramwell Booth, that when these coast defences were inspected by one of the "great ones," whisper had it by Kitchener himself, he remarked, not without acerbity, "This is no use, it wouldn't keep out The Salvation Army, let alone the Germans!"

The General had left Headquarters reluctantly, for already there were signs and tremulations. Uncertainty was abroad, bringing the certain result of a rising bank rate. War, whether involving Britain or not, was bound to be calamitous for The Salvation Army, and certain eventualities had already been faced.

Immediately following the Congress personal interviews with Salvation Army leaders shortly returning to the commands, and plans for appointments and campaigns had occupied the General's days. His sister Eva left for the United States on July 23rd by the German boat *Vaterland*, and in the journal entry for July 25th comes the first hint of a new anxiety.

"To I.H.Q. Saw Mitchell* and promoted him [to Commissioner]. Serious state of things in Europe. Surely we shall not be involved in war." On July 31st, "War prospect seems less certain. But the collapse of credit is a terrible forerunner if war for this country does come—for Germany and Russia it seems inevitable."†

*The Chancellor.

†25.7.1914.

"About noon we learned that the Stock Exchange was closed ! and later the Bank rate raised from 4 per cent. yesterday and to-day to 8 per cent. ! Men looked at one another with strange glances in the train ! My own fears of earlier in the week that this country may be involved, though strengthened yesterday, are less acute.

"Saw Mitchell *re* financial situation and arranged with him to get some gold for the Reliance Bank. . . . Told him and the Chief to prepare schemes for reducing expenses, ditto Higgins.* With much reluctance to D—— by 7.30 train. Only my promise to F., and difficulty of communicating with her, prevented my postponing. Arrived D—— 10.45 p.m. Wrote and read and meditated in that train. War will bring immeasurable misery, especially to England, whatever the result ! God has so much to teach the nation that I can only hope some lessons may be in this. But our work and dear people must suffer if it comes."†

Within a few hours of his return to London the General was deep in plans for safe-guarding The Army's financial position, and preparing with almost uncanny foresight for a long war and the probable needs of the coming years. Monday, eve of the fateful 4th August, 1914, was devoted to conferences with the Chief [Commissioner Howard] and the Chancellor [Commissioner Mitchell], "Finances one of the main questions." After getting a report of Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House of Commons, the General wrote what he called "a lugubrious message" for *The War Cry*, in which he said, "No Salvationist can look on at any kind of quarrelling without sorrow," and answered the question, "What can we do ?" by calling upon The Army to pray ; "and after ten p.m., went to Hadley Wood with 'K' [Kitching]. The journal entry for the day concludes :

"The whole position of S.A. on the Continent most difficult. Officers taken for their military posts."

Difficulties multiplied on all sides, abroad and at home, most instant perhaps the need of money.

"I.H.Q. Toiling nearly all day at the new situation. How to get some money—how to keep up the spirit of our people. I can trust in God a deal, why not more ?"‡ he asks himself in the journal, and adds : "This war appears to me so awful as a *destroyer of good and noble effort*. Wrote some begging letters. Walked a little with F. and stayed our hearts together on God. We are very alone."§ Wednesday the 19th. "I.H.Q. Important conference with Mitchell and then Carleton on our *Capital* finance. Feel we shall come through and am deeply grateful that my plans of the last twelve or fourteen years are now in the hour of strain working out *well*. This also is of the Lord. Home 9.20."**

*Then British Commissioner. †31.7.1914. ‡13.8.1914. §16.8.1914. **19.8.1914.

The financial position was a great anxiety, but there was a greater. War was a challenge to The Army's international unity. Enthusiasm rose high in those early war days. Men were swept along upon waves of heroism and of hatred. Indignation boiled over in extravagant denunciations. Could The Army march on its way unhating? Not without risking being hated for doing it! There were Salvationists in Germany as well as amongst the non-combatant peoples, and the fact that The Army's Headquarters was domiciled with one of the belligerents was itself a menace. At one time the General seriously considered the advisability of its removal to the United States of America, but he was personally convinced that the States would ultimately come into the war and he decided not to make any change.

To uphold The Army's standards of international brotherhood now became one of his urgent cares. He felt the inordinately national spirit of the time to be a test of the very foundations upon which The Army was established. If it stood the test it must emerge stronger, if it faltered the damage would be irretrievable. Now and through the war years he bent the full weight of his influence and authority to preserve the ideal. Perusal of the Salvation Army press in Britain will show how consistently The Army held to its objective, preaching salvation, and helping those in need without respect of person or nationality. The close of hostilities found it still marching under one banner under the orders of one General, its internationalism recognised by all the belligerent nations.

Bramwell Booth's writings, public utterances and personal correspondence give some idea of his contribution to this result. It is not too much to say that, helped of God, he held The Army together and protected it from the injuries which threatened it from without, as well as from those within itself; for there were Salvationists whose vision was limited to the exigencies of the hour.

Three leading newspapers asked him to contribute a New Year's message for January 1st, 1915, and that appearing in *The Times* is typical of his public pronouncements during the war period.

"Let us have no repining," he said; "the future is with the nations who know how to cultivate character, which involves discernment between the things that are seen and which are temporal and the things which are not seen and which are eternal. We have been in awful peril of seeing only the temporal—thank God our eyes are opening.

"As to the future. I hope the war is going to help us to a diplomacy which does not quite leave out God. I hope the sifting of these searching days will bring to the front men who realise that Jesus Christ spoke as a statesman as well as a Saviour when He said that the law of His Society was to be, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.' We see only

too clearly, in the anguish and horror now stalking across Europe, the outcome of the other principle. Shall we learn the lesson that humility and truth are more than all else in national, just as they are in individual life?

"As to the present, I deplore the menace of bitterness now growingly manifest in the country. I speak with all diffidence, but may I recall to Christian people of every community and nationality the great feature of Christ's teaching—the foundation principle on which He rested His Kingdom among men—the forgiveness of injuries? . . . His prayer for enemies was perhaps the highest of all the heights to which prayer has yet led the human spirit. 'Father forgive them—they know not what they do.' Can it not be our prayer, no matter to what nation we may belong?"

For the British *War Cry* he wrote regularly, always holding up this standard of love and forgiveness, and those articles were reprinted in many of the *War Crys* of other lands. As was to be expected his attitude was criticised. Some of his own officers failed to appreciate how momentous were the issues for The Army as a whole. In the eyes of some he was a pro-German, and on the other hand his vigorous prosecution of plans for work among the troops and the supply of ambulances by The Army, manned by Salvationists, displeased the pacifists.

In December of 1914 his sister, Lucy, writes:

"But your notes this week! [In *The War Cry*.] Will you not bring a storm down about your head in your pronounced declaration *re* the Kaiser? . . . First I must confess to being so amazed that you are for the Kaiser—and second that you say so publicly. I am afraid it will make you trouble, *won't it?* *I hope not.* . . .

"Anyway I feel our strength as an Army is in being neutral and your notes have helped so in this hitherto. Perhaps there was some special reason for the last."*

He had written of the sorrow in German homes, of a German mother's loss of seven sons: and associated himself with the Archbishop of York in deploring vulgar attacks upon the Kaiser by certain newspapers. A week or so earlier he recorded:

"A letter from dear old Brigadier —, Berlin, not liking some of my notes in the *Cry*. What an awful and devastating thing war is in its power to call up suspicions and sow the seed of *future* misery."†

And a few weeks later:

"I have been much exercised about the war spirit. Higgins wrote me a letter much affrighted in its tones as to the danger of being thought too friendly to Germany. I have told him in

*11.12.1914.

†22.10.1914

reply that unless we can love our enemies and forgive their injuries—we are lost. Christianity has never been *really* hurt by war unless the war spirit has got into the Christians themselves.”*

At the close of 1915 he sent to the Salvation Army world the words, “Every land is my fatherland, for all lands are my Father’s.”

Within a few days of the declaration of war decisions were taken to give any help which the Army could offer to the troops. On August 15th the General sent Colonel Mary Murray,† who had had charge of The Army’s work for British troops during the South African war, 1899, to the front to reconnoitre. In September he decided that something more must be done for suffering Belgium, and Commissioner Cosandey, a Swiss, went there in charge of Salvation Army relief operations. Contributions for Belgium came from Salvationists and friends in all parts of the world, and notably from the United States.

The work for the troops developed, hundreds of officers were engaged with the British Expeditionary Forces and in home camps. The practical nature of their service as well as its pronouncedly religious effort will not be forgotten by the men to whom they ministered. To all this the General gave his personal thought. His daughter Mary was among the officers sent to France for work amongst British troops, and he himself repeatedly addressed men in camp, and was in close touch with the officers in charge of The Army’s work for the various sections, often writing them individually. As :

“My dear Brigadier,

“The reports which reach me from time to time, as well as the good account given to me by Colonel Unsworth on his return to International Headquarters, have all given me very great pleasure. I am not blind to the many difficulties which must be in your way, travelling as you are *on a new road*, and *pioneering a new branch of Army labour*. It seems to me, however, that God is with you, that He has guided you by His wisdom, and that you are already seeing the fruit of your work both in the *Salvation of some of the men*, and in the spread of the good influences for which The Army stands. All this is notable and is a matter of thankfulness to God and for confidence in the future.

“Amidst the whirlwind of varying emotions and excitements which surround you, keep steadily before you that your business is with eternal things. All this present commotion which disturbs the surface of half the world will pass away presently, but the influence of your work, the seed you have sown, the memory of your example—*these will live*. Be careful, therefore, to turn *every energy* into the direction of the men’s eternal interests.

“I pray for you. You will miss the association and the fellowship of your comrades, but the Living God will make up to you all you need.”‡

* 17.1.1915. † Daughter of late General Sir John Murray, K.C.B. ‡ 9.3.1915.

The organisation of the work itself was not without its difficulties. To begin with there was that ever-recurring money difficulty. He feels it, but feels the need still more. Writes :

“ Much exercised about *Belgium*. Must do something. Also these great camps for training men demand our attention. I must go on—money or no ! ”*

Four days later he saw Mary Murray, who reported “ her plans and experiences in France,” and to whom he talked of

“ My desire that we should do something adequate for the men ; we shall soon have out there half a million, and later more. Her spirit good. Danger of every kind around them has not daunted her.”

But there were other difficulties. Authorities were sometimes nervous of The Army's pronounced religion. When the first ambulance unit was offered the General wrote :

“ Red Cross people very nice. Some hesitation on the part of Secretary about our religion, but the President, Hon. A. Stanley, brushed it away—says of course the S.A. will have religion ! The five cars will cost us £2,000. We are to operate them.”†

The total number of ambulances donated by The Army was thirty, and the Salvationist drivers formed a brass band which did good service among the troops. Religion did not detract from the usefulness of The Army's unit. In his generous way, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell [now Lord Baden-Powell] added a paragraph in a letter to the General on another matter, saying :

“ I may say that when I was at the front I heard one little tribute to your men which may be of interest. It was in connection with your Ambulance Cars—and the officer in charge of Red Cross arrangements pointed out that the drivers of those cars being Salvation Army men could be trusted, better than any others, to carry out their orders conscientiously and well. Please don't bother to reply as you have plenty of work on hand—but I thought you might be interested to know these points.”‡

But there was not always a friend at hand, and overcoming prejudice is uphill work. The Army did not receive a fair share of official recognition or help. The journal, November 1917, contains a confession :

“ I have been tempted and annoyed by the Devil these days in contemplating the fuss and help obtained by the — in its work for the troops. We are not wanted, and as Sir Reginald Braid, the Secretary of the War Office, said to Colonel Unsworth, ‘ Well, you see—you are so religious ! ’

* 5.10.1914.

† 20.10.1914.

‡ 25.7.1917.

"It is, as ever, the offence of the Cross at which men stumble. And yet, if I am able to understand the New Testament, or to find anything of the mind of God toward the human race, this, at least, seems clear, that '*Jesus Christ and Him crucified*' is the foundation of all *divine* plans for bettering the world. The grand schemes of reformation for human and merely moral emancipation are all helpless failures without *redemption*."

However, he went on seizing every opportunity, meeting the needs of the hour, up to and from the standpoint of human calculations, beyond the limits of The Army's resources in men and money. But the history of The Salvation Army under the leadership of the Booths is made up of attempting the impossible! A lady, a friend of The Army, writes:

"Early in the Great War I wrote to him [Bramwell Booth] describing the soldiers' plight when waiting for trains at the termini. The same night he sent his Major Greenwood, a helper and bedding into an apartment by Liverpool Street station. Within a few weeks Salvation Army hostels were in working order, and thousands of men supping and sleeping in safe comfort."

Later, in addition to accommodating troops passing through London, the wounded Belgians in England were cared for in Salvation Army hostels on their discharge from hospital until well enough to return to the front.

The unhappy state of German prisoners in Switzerland burdened him, and he writes to Colonel, later Commissioner, Unsworth:

"I want to do something for the interned Germans in Switzerland. . . . I hear from Commissioner Oliphant that they are in a much neglected and dejected state. We have begun in a small way, but before we launch out I want to know where we are for money. I cannot use the War Fund money. Now do you think Mr. B—— would give us anything and perhaps introduce us to someone else? Think it over, and if you feel there is anything in the proposal, I will have a statement made out of what we are doing, and then you can see him."*

The German prisoners and interned civilians in Great Britain were a special care. Visitation of prison camps was begun within a month of the outbreak of war. On the General's first visit to Germany after the Armistice the manager of the hotel where he stayed expressed thanks for the Army Officers' ministrations to German prisoners, "I was one of them, General Booth."

All manner of extra non-official services were rendered by Salvationists: these delighted Bramwell Booth. He records many incidents that came to his notice, as in this vivid picture in the journal for June 26th, 1918:

*13.4.1917.

"B. [his son Bernard] putting up at our Southampton Row Hostel on Monday night, wrote me—'Just as we were having supper about 10.30 we heard a band, which proved to be the Regent Hall corps band, taking a party of a few hundred troops to the railway station. They were playing grandly and seemed to be very strong. The men were singing with the music as they went by, *Your soul will never die*, crowd following. The O.C. at the Hostel tells me they are constantly doing this kind of thing. The military authorities ask for it. It must do good."

The Army was born in England, founded by an Englishman, yet the British Government has been one of the most conservative in acknowledging its work and using its agencies. In 1916 the General much hoped The Army would be able to do something adequate for English prisoners in Germany. At one time it seemed that his proposal would be accepted, but the idea of using German Salvation Army officers for the work was not approved. Another instance of England's slowness to recognise the Salvationist as super-national.

While the General was in Sweden conducting the Annual Congress, where by special permission from the German Government one or two German Salvation Army officers had journeyed to meet him, he received final word refusing his offer. The journal entry betrays his ire :

"Stockholm. Just before evening meeting got a note from British Ambassador [Sir Esmé Howard] saying Earl Grey wired did not wish us to do anything *re* English prisoners ! 'Now all right' if ! they get their parcels ! ! ! ! Parcels ! ! ! ! It makes me angry."*

On his return to London he received the following note from Mr. Walter Long,† to whom he had written expressing satisfaction at his remaining in the Government :

"Dear General Booth,

"I am most grateful to you for your very kind letter. I value it more than I can say. I felt I ought to put everything on one side at this moment, save the war, and here I am. It is a great comfort to me in what has been a really trying position to receive your letter, and I thank you warmly.

"I very much regretted that your offer of help in reference to the prisoners was not accepted ; I have done my best to persuade the 'powers that be' to change their mind."‡

Two days later the journal tells :

"Lord Northcliffe called. K. brought him up. It must be thirty years since I saw him. . . . He was changed of course,

*5.7.1916.

†Afterwards first Viscount Long of Wraxall.

‡15.7.1916.

yet he gave me much the same impression as he did then. Very warm in greeting, and talked almost entirely of the prisoners in Germany and ways of helping them. He seemed keen and yet nervous of doing anything the Government could object to. . . . He fully agreed about the silly parcel business—as a Government measure.

“He impresses me as being far from well physically. Overwrought nervously—restless and anxious—not very satisfied with anything—not even with Lord Northcliffe! Moved continually as we talked. . . . I put in some serious words about himself and his difficult position—his need of God—the life to come. He took it all very nicely and seriously.

“I told him I had been drawn to him because he was so abused! He said, ‘Yes—like you.’ He greatly enjoyed my telling him of my friend the lawyer who said he regarded Northcliffe’s papers like the plagues of Egypt, and of my reply: ‘But it was God Who sent the plagues of Egypt to rescue the Chosen People.’”*

Their General’s meeting with his German officers in Stockholm was a moving sight. Difficult to assess its full significance now that the hatreds and confusions then rampant have subsided. They had been cut off from association with The Salvation Army outside their own land for two years, and had not seen the General since the International Congress in London, July 1914. Contact however had been maintained in part by occasional visits of officers from neutral lands. The journal, for example, tells us of an interview on

“German affairs with Colonel Luppens† and her A.D.C. on their report of visit to Berlin and Hamburg. They acted with discretion and courage and evident faith in God. Many of the best officers in Germany are much tried. But I think, from all I gather, we shall weather the storm. It may depend on how long the storm will last!”‡

In the journal recording his interview in Stockholm with Lieut.-Colonel Triete, then The Army’s chief officer in Berlin, he writes:

“Received Colonel Treite, who is older in appearance and thinner than when I saw him last at the I.C.C. in July, 1914. I noticed he had no wedding ring. [All gold had been called in.] He was quiet—and careful, gave me a very connected and intelligent account of the position of The Army in Germany. Taking it at its face value a remarkable story of loyal devotion on the part of the vast majority of S.A. officers to the cause of Christ and The S.A. Some corps have gone down, notably in East Prussia and in Rhineland, but on the other hand some have increased. . . . In Berlin the Social Work goes on—six corps out of twenty have been closed.”§

*Journal, 17.7.1916.

†Of Holland.

‡3.2.1915.

§1.7.1916.

This Swedish visit was notable, too, in that it included conference with Colonel Larsson on progress in Russia. It seemed at this time as if Russia would at last be open to The Army. Work had been established in Petrograd, and it pleased the General that Larsson, a Swede, and nationally not disposed to sympathy with Russia, should be The Army's pioneer there and swallowed up in zealous love for her peoples. But the General's hope and Larsson's love were to be disappointed ; the Bolsheviks finally banished The Salvation Army.

There was hardly a phase of Salvation Army work at home or abroad unaffected by the war. New problems must be tackled, and above and through all the General strives for the harmonious unity of his people and to keep them uncontaminated by the contrary spirits abroad in the world. His letters to Army leaders show the yearning of his heart on these matters. They might well form a volume in themselves, and would prove revealing too of the writer as well as of his aims. Here is one to Commissioner Hay, then in charge of Australia :

" My dear Hay,

" The old year is passing away. What a year it has been for us all ! Anxiety and confidence, grief and joy, the care of the churches, the burden of souls. . . .

" But it will ever be one of the outstanding facts of our history that amidst the *most awful conflagration of modern times* The Salvation Army has been found everywhere going steadily forward with its own great work of reconciling men to God, spreading the influence of His grace and His law in the great empire of the human heart, and holding up the *Dying Saviour as the Great Healer*. I feel that I can congratulate all my leading men and women upon this, and call them to praise God with me for the very marked evidences we have had of His hand upon us for good during this awful time, and of His approval of our resolution to keep His Salvation first in everything.

" The immediate future is, in my judgment, more clouded than the more distant horizon. While I do not doubt the ultimate issue of the war. . . . I fear that the struggle before all parties concerned will prove a very awful experience. The fact is that the world has not known war as we now see it. . . .

" Our business, in spite of all, lies straight before us : the upholding of our own principles—that in the Salvation of the individual lies the cure of all the ills from which men suffer, that the spread of that Salvation is the first great business to which God has raised us up, and that all we do must work in that direction, and that nothing we do must retard or hinder us in promoting that. Here we are strong, unassailable, invincible.

" I have been a little nervous in looking at your *War Cry* the last week or two, lest you and some of our comrades should get

mixed up with the worldly aspect of the war. With that we have nothing to do. Beware of it. Keep in mind that you are international—as Jesus Christ was . . . We must hold up the great principles of love and universal brotherhood, and the unity of all peoples *in the presence of Calvary*.

"Now I am not complaining. I am only raising a note of warning, and a word to the wise is sufficient. . . ."

"I praise God for much that I read and hear about Australia. It seems to me that you are making progress. I like your present Soul-saving Campaign. I trust it will more than realise your expectations. Give attention to the young people in this matter. Much of our work for the children is too purely intellectual, that is, it is too much concerned with the instruction of the mind rather than the illumination and training of the heart. (Y.P.—Your figures do not improve much!)

"I hope you are giving such attention as you can to the holiness meetings. I fear that in many places, all over the world, much of the definiteness, and, with it, much of the simplicity has departed from the holiness teaching. I am sure it is vital to us to revive this where that is the case.

"Give my affectionate greetings to Mrs. Hay. God keep you, fill your heart and soul, and strengthen you for every battle.

"Yours affectionately,

"W. B. B."*

Many of these letters are written in his own handwriting, while travelling or after his return home from Headquarters : for though the hour is generally late enough, he is not always, as the journal tells us once, "too tired for anything." This from many such to his sister Eva :

"The more I reflect upon the probable condition of the world after the war, the more I see the importance of our international position. It is now apparent to most men—as it has been apparent to me from the beginning—that the Central Powers must lose the war and lose it in circumstances likely to leave them greatly disorganised, impoverished and embittered. The new chapter of the world's history will open in an atmosphere of ghastly mistrust and fear. . . . Remembering this and looking back on the past twenty or twenty-five years I see that The S.A. has played no small part in the influence it has exerted towards the better understanding of one another by the nations and towards the *unity* of the world. May it not play a still greater part in the future? . . .

"I can see a door opening, and I do not want any of our greater personalities involved in the local or sectional interests or strifes to mar the entering in at that door or bar our progress where once we have entered it, in leading men towards the Cross of

Jesus Christ and to the spirit of that Cross and to the oneness of all flesh which that Cross was divinely designed to bring in.

"You will see what I mean ! Great as has been our mission, we are only beginning—that is if we can keep our people and our spirit free from the distractions that time must always bring to every movement of living men—distractions which, no matter how noble and right in themselves, are perilous to us who with Paul are to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. We had better lose all (with Him) for this, than gain, or appear to gain, all, without it.

"I know you will agree. I think also you will see how intimately the thoughts I have so hastily expressed here do bear on the present situation and subject. Your heart will be with mine, as my heart is with thine !"*

There were upon The Army's mission fields officers of almost all the nations in which its flag had been raised, and the breath of war, with its stultifying effect on men's vision and standards, was felt in lands far from the scenes of conflict. This extract from a note to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, then in India, gives us light on the effort which Bramwell Booth was putting forth, and of the difficulties he encountered.

"*Aliens.* Very well, *I have acceded to your request* and we will send no more for the present, although I am very sorry. *It has a bad effect in Scandinavia* ; that is to say, it seems to show that we are more English than is the fact ! Do you follow me ? I am contending on all hands that we are international, and that we know no man after the flesh in this matter, to which it may be replied : Well, but if you refuse to send out people to India who wish to devote their lives to the salvation of the heathen, *simply because their political sympathies are un-English*, is not that showing sympathy in a very pronounced and very definite form with a purely English view of things ?

"However, we won't torment you any more, and beyond what has been already done, no more arrangements are being made for aliens till after the war is over."†

And to another at later date :

"I would like to add one other word. We must beware of the extreme men in the newspapers of all nations. I am impressed by what I see myself and what I hear, by the fact that very few of the really bad aspects of this war are quite so bad as the newspapers paint them ; and I do not refer only to English or American newspapers, but to those of all the countries involved in this war, except perhaps the Balkans, of which I know very little. Let us try to read into all we read something of the charity which

*27.7.1918.

†5.2.1915.

‘thinketh no evil,’ and to remember how easy it is for perfectly sincere men, writing under the pressure of tremendous events, to mistake human motive and misinterpret actions which lie too near to them for accurate judgment.”

Another of the special difficulties of this difficult time was the unwillingness of the War Office to recognise Salvation Army officers as ministers of religion. The position became acute more than once and caused the General profoundest anxiety. Personally he could not tolerate the thought that a man dedicated to preach the Gospel should be a unit in a fighting force, and he felt that a serious issue was involved, touching the status of the Army officer in the eyes of the British Government and of the world. Commissioner Kitching, whose early association with the Friends made him peculiarly suitable, was the General's representative in the repeated discussions and representations which took place officially and unofficially. The General won; Army officers were exempt from military service, and when in 1918 a move was on foot for the conscription of a certain number of ministers of religion he resolutely protested and the question was dropped. In the last paragraph of a letter on the subject to Sir George Cave, then at the Home Office, he says :

“One other consideration seems to be important. There is a widespread breakdown in the discipline being exercised over the young people of the country. If ministers of religion are to be removed, whether for non-combatant or combatant service, there will be a great addition to this and thus to the evil effects of the war. It does seem peculiarly unfortunate, not to say unjust, to the people at home no less than the men at the front, that the cinematographs and low music halls should be allowed to continue their influence for evil on the young, while the religious life of the community should be weakened in the manner suggested. The nation as a whole owes a debt to the coming generations of its people as well as to itself which it cannot get rid of by pleading a passing and doubtful necessity for a few thousand additional soldiers.

“Speaking specially for The Salvation Army, I hope the Government realises that we shall do all we can in any event, but I must point out that tens of thousands of our people, both those already in the military and naval services and those at home, will feel their patience strained to the utmost by the spectacle of men reserved for breeding horses and brewing beer when men devoted to the services of religion are taken by force into the armies.”*

In spite of the war The Salvation Army advanced. Sinners were called to repentance. The General in his own meetings

*15.4.1918.

continued to witness hundreds of men and women seeking Christ, and, midst all the anxieties and responsibilities which came upon him, calling upon men to live "after the Spirit" continued to be for him the chief objective. On January 17th, 1915, he pleads with the bandmasters at the annual council :

"I want to enlist you more fiercely, if I may put it so, more determinedly, more desperately than ever before, in the fight upward for yourself, in the fight against evil, doubt, fear, pride, fleshliness and selfishness. I want to enlist you with hands, heart and head, in this glorious struggle up to God. . . . My heart goes out to you in this. I see how more than anything else the great influence in the world is individual character. It is not the multitude that influences, it is character—the individual man—it is the life, power and strength, and faith and devotion. . . . I want to enlist you in this grand task of helping Almighty God to bring about in you the plan He has for you."

Meetings are incessant. Here is the journal account of two days' meetings, showing his interest centred in individuals, and his own heart hungry after God. Of one :

"I talked of communion with God. We had a great penitent form. Among the penitents two men I was *much* interested in—one a young man I have seen once or twice in our London meetings of late—some horrid thing in his business is the difficulty. He literally writhed in his agony of conviction. The Chief* ultimately led him to the Cross. I have not often seen such external evidence of inward upheaval. Sin is entrenched in man's soul so that often only *high explosive* can effect a deliverance.

"The other was a doctor—he arrived a day or so ago from New York. . . . Never been saved—went down flat and cried for mercy and I believe found pardon and deliverance.

"Home at eleven, much tired.

"One result of yesterday's meetings is to make me long for more time to meditate on eternal things and commune with my own soul and the eternal God. I must find it somehow. I dread the dryness of soul which great affairs and cares often involve."

Of the other :

"A soldier of one of the corps brought his two boys, ten and twelve, very earnestly seeking salvation. When I was here about four years ago he led his three elder boys, then aged fourteen to eighteen, to the mercy seat in the same way. They have kept right, are now serving as Salvationists with their regiments in France."

*Commissioner Howard.

The war years brought losses, brought personal sorrow too ; his daughter Miriam died : his Commissioner and friend, Randolph Sturgess, died. Sturgess had been long ill when one Saturday afternoon word came to the General at Hadley Wood which brought him to his friend's side. The journal records :

" At five letter from I.H.Q. stating Sturgess much worse, not likely to last the night. Felt I ought to see him. Left at 6.35 for Finsbury Park with Mary. He had rallied and may survive for a time the onslaughts of the stormy waters. But alas, the old ship which has carried that daring spirit so long is manifestly breaking up. Talked very calmly. No fear of death. . . . Spoke very naturally about the other world. Altogether a faith-confirming experience, *all, all* hope fixed on Jesus Christ."*

And the next day, Sunday :

" Kitching at 9.30. Drizzle of rain but walked an hour with him. Talked a little of Sturgess. We agreed he is not a man to give way to illusions. His childlike frankness all against it. His definite assurances rest on solid ground—love—peace—hope—reverence—and the confidence born of a personal acquaintance of his spirit *with another Spirit*. All these *everyday* facts become more factlike and more important in the *valley of the shadow of death*."

On that Saturday when the news about Sturgess reached him, he had returned from the coast, where some of the family had gathered for the Christmas days : sad, for they followed closely Miriam's death on December 7th. The brief absence from work provided one or two characteristic journal entries and give a glimpse of The Army's share in air raids.

" Last night 6.40 on leaving King's Cross warning of air raid. Picked up Olive on her way home from Clapton at Finsbury Park, but were kept standing 1½ hours at New Southgate. *Very cold*. Aeroplanes passed over us twice. Much firing of aircraft guns. Home after nine. Attack repeated later. This morning informed a bomb fell on the Spa Road Labour Factory, seventeen people *injured*, one or two seriously. Wicked. Correspondence with Gregg, wrote a short paper for *Cry* and to I.H.Q. 11.43. Much work of a non-showy type, Social appeal going out."†

" To I.H.Q. Report on damage of bombs during raid previous a.m. more definite. About two hundred families homeless in King's Cross neighbourhood. Cadets arrived from Clapton by 1 a.m. Men's Social with travelling kitchen soon after—food at once in the street, braziers lighted, etc. People very grateful.

" Foreign Office business four hours. . . . News from Japan and Dutch Indies very good. Agreed to give £1,000 to Fund

*9.12.1917.

†29.12.1917.

for distress in Halifax, N.S. Sent £2,000 to British Red Cross Society for new cars in N. France."

"Left at five with Bernard."*

"A quiet night. A fine open wintry day. The little place very quiet and sleepy—in fact *asleep* but for the few soldier lads who are here drilling and training. Walked twice for an hour. War conditions very unsettled. . . .

"Many people here are shaken. The food muddle continues and has made things seem worse. We shall need all our staying power in this and other countries for the next few months. The peace by negotiation people are vocal in all parts—at any rate in all corners of the land! But I see nothing promising a permanent result in their present proposals, much as I long for the end—a righteous end. I do not in the least degree sympathise with the *abuse* showered on the 'pacifists' generally; they were to be called 'the children of God'—but are, in fact, called anything but—by bishops and others! Still, I do feel they have been both faddish and maddish! Moreover, one of the most accursed signs of decrepitude in certain circles in this age is the hateful spirit of compromise; men lose the instinct of retribution, which is vital to justice among men. It is the sense that wrong-doers *ought* to suffer that maintains law and gives it authority."†

"The troops here in training, mostly *lads*—seem to get a considerable amount of *drink*! It is shameful! I see to-day's *Times* announces *first act* of new Government in Canada (elections last week) is to prohibit the bringing of any alcoholic liquors into the country. This further step amounts to total prohibition. It is to continue till one year after the war. Oh, this slow—stupid—interest-ridden old country! And heavens, what a Government we have: as to this crying and monstrous thing it has gone suddenly—*dumb*! For the third time I see notice given of an increase in brewing, an increase of about 600,000 bushels of grain—what a *farce*—no other word is adequate—becomes the new league of economy, etc.!"‡

Before the end of the war the General was deep in plans for meeting the conditions likely to arise at its conclusion. Early in 1918 the vagrancy problem occupied him, and he was disappointed that the position was not dealt with.

"This vagrancy question" he writes in the journal, "will have to be grappled with, or we shall have a miry flood of misery after the war,"§

And to *The Times* on the same subject, on the same day:

"It has been shown that society can organise itself for war so as to absorb these outcasts. It is inconceivable that a return

*20.12.1917.

†19.12.1917.

‡24.12.1917.

§13.2.1918.

to peace conditions will permit a reversion to the old order. But what is the prospect? It is notorious that, following war, there has always been a great increase in the number of vagrants—a few ‘work-shys,’ but mostly decent men wandering round looking for work and acquiring the deadly habit of living without it.

“I could have wished that the Reconstruction Committee had put the vagrancy question in the fore-front of their reforms. They do say that without drastic changes and new powers in this connection their proposals would be incomplete, and they are right. The question is one of vital importance, and I think this should be the first plank in any practical Poor Law Reform.

“In a comprehensive scheme for vagrancy the Government is sure of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of all parties. Even Poor Law guardians would rejoice to see the vagrant dealt with by a national scheme.”

In April 1918 he was once more asking help for the poor in English Courts. This letter from him appeared in *The Times* :

“Sir,

“One can feel nothing but sympathy with Lord Parmoor’s general indisposition to the creation of more Government Departments. But for a Ministry of Justice there are two overruling recommendations. First, the present chaotic state of the work undertaken by officials who are often most inadequately served : and secondly, the lack of a settled system for dealing with one of the most delicate branches of government—a branch which needs, above all things, to be independent of other departments. Responsible to such a Ministry I trust we shall set up a Public Defender, just as we have a Public Prosecutor. Some acquaintance with the working of the Courts of both this and other countries compels me to believe that grave miscarriages of justice, chiefly affecting the very poor, do occur. This is not from any want of goodwill or careful labour on the part of magistrates and judges, but simply because the machinery does not exist for properly collecting and presenting evidence in favour of the accused—while it does exist for the prosecution. In this country the very excellent machinery of the Public Prosecutor’s Department might very well be duplicated for the proper defence of accused persons who are unable to make suitable provision for themselves.”*

The subject is alluded to in the journal a few days afterwards.

“Sir Edward Clarke called at 2.30. Very warm and *able* and like himself. Talked about old days a little. He said he would never forget the influences of one afternoon he spent with the General visiting the Old Grecian and seeing the horrible place we had captured. He acted for us in various matters and regards

our friendship as one of the precious things of life. . . . He does not think my suggestion, which he had seen in *The Times*, of a Public Defender a practicable proposal. We discussed it—he certainly did not weaken my view.”*

Bramwell Booth failed to get what he wanted done for the poor in the Law Courts, and for the vagrants. Peace came, and in vagrancy brought exactly the conditions which he had predicted.

The Booths' outlook on life was intensely practical; for them, to see a crooked thing was instantly to want to straighten it: neither father nor son could be passive in the presence of what he conceived to be a wrong. Bramwell wrote of his mother, “She had the imagination and sympathy which would not let her rest in the presence of men's miseries,” and the words were applicable to both father and son. Was it a kind of conceit that made them confident, often with disconcerting suddenness, that they saw a remedy? Or was it their childlike faith that right was more than a match for wrong if men would but be guided in their relation to each other by the Holy Spirit? William Booth's word of command to Bramwell about the men sleeping out on bridges, “Do something,” would have been an apt device for either of them.

The morning of November the 11th found the General at Hadley Wood busy with Commissioner Kitching on literary work. News of the Armistice came by telephone. He at once, the journal tells,

“Telephoned to Headquarters that the Staff Band was to march, and proposed to the Lord Mayor they should play, at the Mansion House. He replied immediately, cordially inviting. A very wonderful gathering took place—the like of which probably was never seen before in London. A low estimate, Sir J. Soulsby's—gave 30,000 persons—mostly men; another 40,000. The singing of the doxology said to be very wonderful.

“Wrote letter (peace) for this week's *Cry*.

“I reached Headquarters about 12.45, finding news of Chief's indisposition, resolved to go to Exeter to take officers' meetings there next day. Commr. Higgins away.

“Immense crowd in Queen Victoria Street, with band on their return from Mansion House. Spoke from the first floor window—calling all to *honour God*, and to remember His mercy to the nations. A great scene—a great moment.

“S.A. praise meeting on Wednesday night at Clapton—general thanksgiving at Albert Hall on Monday night. Left for Exeter at 4.”

Peace! The celebrations went forward and instantly the demands of peace, not less onerous than those of war, challenged The Army. The General, having the latest news from the Salvation Army front, realised the moment ripe for a great offensive. Salva-

tionists everywhere were called to attack with renewed vigour the old enemies. To Commissioner Richards, then in command of Canada, he wrote, and in a like strain to others holding high commands.

"The war is winding up. I am very anxious that our people everywhere *should be encouraged to leave it behind*. There is no doubt that many of the influences naturally and inevitably associated with it have not been helpful to the spread of Salvation and of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Now it is finished—or will be soon finished ; let us leave behind, so far as we can, all that is calculated to hinder us. *I am sure you will be one with me in this*.

"I feel that this is quite consistent with our making the men thoroughly welcome on their return home. Many of them will, I fear, come back hardened against the influences of religion, but on the other hand thousands will, I believe, be more ready to think on eternal things than when they went away. *Let us be ready to take advantage of that fact*.

"I have been pressing on the officers here just lately the immense necessity for directing the attention of our soldiers to the *ungodly*, the unsaved. We are in some countries in danger of a kind of *corps sectariansim*—a self-satisfied settling down just to keep ourselves in existence and maintain the position as it is. *This is a deadly danger*—is fatal to the very first principles of our life and purpose. *You and I must fight against it with all our strength*. I said to someone yesterday, 'the great hope of The S.A. is the people outside The S.A. ; in short, the disinherited, the deceived, the idolaters, the adulterers, the drunkards, the extortioners, the whole mass of the ungodly self-seekers. For these we will live ! . . .

"Love of souls is our very life-blood. The mercy seat and deep cutting work there as well as healing streams were never more important for the world or for us than to-day.

"I hope Mrs. R. keeps fairly well and that you have good news, *as I have*, about all your young people."*

This last referring to Commissioner Richards' children, all of whom were active in Salvation Army work.

At the end of 1918 The General decided upon the appointment of Commissioner Edward J. Higgins as the Chief of the Staff. Commissioner Howard, who at his own request and on account of age and indifferent health desired to be relieved from that post, was to conduct a world campaign before his retirement. The journal records :

"Appointment of Higgins, C.O.S. No appointment I have ever had to do with has exercised me more than this. Surely God will over-rule it so that His glory may be advanced."†

*4.12.1918.

†23.12.1918.

The New Year (1919) is full of action for the General. The Army's jubilee, due in 1915 and postponed because of the war, is celebrated. The first of a series of Two Days' jubilee meetings is conducted in the Westminster Central Hall, London. Crowds are unable to gain admittance and there are three hundred seekers at the penitent form. Other centres are visited, for similar gatherings, and in June the Royal Albert Hall, London, is filled twice in one week. The General leaves for Congresses in Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland. The crowds are unprecedented—more than sixteen hundred seekers kneel at the mercy seat. Writing to Commissioner Kitching from Christiania (Oslo) of the Sunday, he says :

“My dear Kitching,

“Yesterday was a really wonderful day. I cannot describe it. The crowds—the enthusiasm—extraordinary—but it was rather by a special spirit or influence pervading everything that it will remain in my own mind. The scene last night when we began beggars description, such a crowd massed from doors and windows from the floor to ceiling above the second gallery—I have seldom, perhaps never, witnessed the like.

“We began at seven—closed at eleven—and then went on again and closed a second time at eleven-thirty—and then *left a long row of weeping souls at the penitent form*. Really for once I felt ‘it is enough.’ Gundersen has a full share of the credit for the prayer meeting. He knows how to fight—and his voice and manner and knowledge of songs and tunes make him a host in himself. . . . And the scenes in the prayer meeting astonished all. . . . Men fell like a stone at the front—others had to be helped.”*

And to Howard, then on tour, to whom the General sent long, frequent letters, clearly showing he missed intercourse with his old “chief of staff,” he wrote of the meetings :

“My dear Howard,

“They have just sent me your wire saying your Congress excellent—etc. I praise God for this. I am sure your visit must have helped forward all that is most vital for The Army. . . .

“Here—a really marvellous time—such crowds as have never been known. . . . Sunday all day crammed. At night the officers had literally to fight their way through with the penitents of whom we had 163. On Monday night in the same place another like crowd. The authorities of the building say never since it was erected has there been such a crush and such a crowd left *outside*. It was a missionary meeting but at ten o'clock I went in for a p.f. [penitent form] and when we closed at 11.40 there had been 151 at the mercy seat. . . . To me the *spirit and character* of the work has been the most wonderful *part*

of it. I have been deeply conscious of the work of the Holy Spirit in all the gatherings and have been much helped myself. . . . God keep you. He will. We must keep up our *standards*. It is the self-seekers who endanger us *everywhere*.

"P.S.—This morning by request had an interview with the King [of Sweden]. . . . Cordial about The S.A. A man of care just now owing to growth of bad forms of Socialism. Asked me, 'What is your *great* difficulty in your work?' Replied, 'The selfishness of the human heart, Sir.' 'Ah,' throwing up his hands—'that is the difficulty for us *all*!' But these rich and noble—how few are called with our calling! Can we bring the rich and the poor into the same fold?*"†

The campaign included meetings in Bergen and Stavanger on the way home. Buildings could not contain the crowds. He spoke from the steps of the Björnson Statue in Bergen to the crowd waiting to see him pass to the meeting place; at night six thousand had assembled on the quay to see him off.

"I spoke for twenty minutes from the boat," he writes. "The buildings helped the sound. It was one of the moments I mean to thank God for and remember. The Captain of the boat sent me word I had reached all hearts. Praise the Lord."†

The Captain of the ship delayed departure saying, smilingly to one of the officers, "Well, you see, I thought I would give your General a little longer for his meeting."

Two thousand greeted his arrival at nine-thirty in the morning at Stavanger. The final meeting was held in the cathedral there, and again thousands awaited him on the quay.

In Copenhagen Prince Valdemar and his daughter and Prince George of Greece were present at one of the meetings—the opening of an Army Institution for women. Here, during the missionary meeting on the Monday night, news came that the Germans had signed the peace. The Concert Palace had been suffocatingly crowded, the penitent form had been filled again and again, when, towards the end of the prayer meeting, the General announced the peace. All leapt to their feet, restraint gave way, some shouted, some wept, and when the tumult had subsided the invitation to the mercy seat was repeated, "The Germans have signed the peace! Who will make peace with God?"—and many more did, amidst great rejoicing.

In Helsingfors, acting-President General Mannerheim and members of his cabinet were present at the missionary meeting in the Nikolie Church, outside which a huge crowd, congregated on and about the sweep of steps leading to the church, awaited the conclusion of the meeting. Here the General, late in the glowing northern evening, stood pleading again for "an unselfish life—for

*2.7.1919.

†21.7.1919.

God and your fellow-men." It was his first visit to Finland, and many wept for joy at seeing him.

There were councils for Swiss and Italian officers in Switzerland meetings in Zurich, Lausanne and Basle, and five hundred seekers at the mercy seat. Here also crowds gathered in the streets to see the General pass ; late at night he addressed a great concourse in the public square at Basle. The war had cut him off from these people and they were hungry for a sight of him. From Switzerland he went straight to Holland. The journal gives a glimpse of the meetings in Rotterdam and of a hitch on the journey.

"At Brussels missed our connection with Rotterdam. Train crowded with short distance passengers—Antwerp chiefly—went out leaving us a helpless company on platform ! Station Master very civil but also quite *helpless* ! Went on to Antwerp and stayed the night there. Little sleep. Eight a.m. to Rotterdam, having of course missed the morning meeting. Arrived about one. Fine crowd with band, etc., on platform. Spoke from motor. Burgomaster present. All very warm. Afternoon Missionary meeting—hall crowded to excess. Immense interest. Officer (Dutch), from Celebes, spoke with tremendous energy. The audience cheered him—he replied : 'Oh, dear friends, I don't want any applause—I only want you to see what we are doing for the people out there.' Useful meeting, splendid singing. Announced meeting for soldiers only at five-thirty. 'Powers that be' certain I could not do it, etc. ! 'Same hall,' etc. ! But lo ! five hundred (increased to six hundred) soldiers came ! Good time ! Crowd let in at six-thirty for seven. Terrible crush—and multitudes shut out—police 'compelled to draw their staves.' Police at Rotterdam always ready with their staves !! Good meeting, though hampered by rather indifferent translation. Spoke also in overflow."*

Officers' meetings were held in Amsterdam, and thence he went to Paris where he met French and Belgian officers in council. British officers' councils had been held before this mid-continental tour, so that within the year 1919 he had met all European officers except the Germans.

This year Czecho-Slovakia was "entered" by The Army, and the journal records :

"I.H.Q. Colonel Larsson full of confidence for Prague. Speaks of the horrible devastations caused by the war and of the vice and crime and squalor of that city exceeding anything he ever supposed could be *possible*. Oh, for men and women—dare-devil and desperate ! My whole soul longs for help from God and *man*.

"Promoted Larsson to be Commissioner. Had some close

and intimate conversation. I believe he is The Army's and God's and walks in white. Will be heard of."*

In the spring of the same year the General undertook a service which he had hoped might result in opening another field for The Army. The relief operations were successful, but the wider hope was disappointed.

"The Serbian Government," he writes, "sends me a pressing request to help the people with clothing, needed even more than food, and begs me to act on the S.A. plan of making the people pay *what they can* towards the cost. I have obtained ten thousand suits of khaki from Government here and expect to get ten thousand pairs of boots—both free—with these I intend to negotiate up to £100,000 worth of cloth and cotton goods—the Government has agreed to shipping and we must send a few men to distribute, etc. The people are, Govaars [Colonel, who had charge of the expedition] says, most appreciative and we shall get in with our message of love and grace, I believe."†

Reports on the state of the children in Germany became more and more distressing. From his journal :

"Colonel Haines has been in Cologne . . . and he brings back a sad account of affairs within Germany. . . . The news from Berlin—from Silesia—Hamburg, etc., is all bad. . . . Food is the first need. . . . The aged people die—the children by the thousand are too weak to run—many too weak to stand. . . . I am writing the Prime Minister asking if England could not give Germany credit with the Scandinavian countries for food this winter. . . ."‡

But Bramwell Booth's heart ever found it hard to "wait on Governments." The children's silent misery oppressed him. Ways and means must be found. The distribution of milk was begun. Lord Weardale's Committee "Save the Children Fund" voted £5,000, to which Bramwell Booth added in faith another £5,000. It is not too much to say that the heart of the whole nation was reached by this gesture of a father's heart to suffering childhood.

If a man's life be lengthened by what he feels, as some say, Bramwell Booth was already of a great age. As we read their record, the seven years of his Generalship now completed seem almost frightening. Such stress and strain, sorrows so diverse, joys so vivid, can but rarely have thronged one life within so short a space of time. And this man was built for emotion, lived by it in some sense ; only faith in Divine sustaining could have made life at such high tension safe for him. Will another in his place ever feel the

*7.11.1919.

†29.3.1919.

‡12.10.1919.

vicissitudes of The Army's life as he did? He loved it, and its prosperity was his life. On the seventh anniversary he wrote :

"August 21st, 1919. Seven years ago I took up the great burden of my life. It has been a good seven years in spite of wars and unexampled woes and miseries. The Army has gone forward and will do. I am of course sadly alive to my own great needs—more than ever—and I can truly say that every successful move leaves me more sensibly dependent on God than before it was made. And that entire dependence must be, shall be, from day to day, from hour to hour ! . . .

"Those who look on at work like ours . . . are often disposed to regard it as working out a prepared plan, or as driving onward a machine whose capacity is already well-known. It is very far from anything of the kind. At any rate, I have found it so. It really means a continual struggle with all sorts of forces—known and unknown—good and bad. It means using men of all sorts and disposition and willingness or unwillingness, with all kinds of experiences and with views of their own, often very different from each other and from their Leaders. The desire and purpose, and in a way the *will* of that Leader are often the only really fixed thing in the Campaign ! Well, I cry to my Lord and Master for *His* help and His presence."*

CHAPTER XXII

MEETINGS

“**L**OVE for the Shepherd will beget in us love for the sheep, especially the lost sheep. When you go to your meetings, kindle afresh each time your own sympathy with Jesus Christ. Associate yourself in your own mind with Him. Lay the hands of your soul, so to speak, upon His hands and enter into what you are doing in sympathy with Him. . . . Then your love for Him . . . will be like the rod of Moses which brings water out of the very rock.”

These are Bramwell Booth's words to a group of officers, and they describe simply and beautifully his own attitude toward his meetings. They are the more revealing in that when he uttered them he was nearly at the end of his years of preaching. Two and a half years later he will have spoken his last word to any company on earth.

He never came to enjoy public speaking in the sense that some men do. The shrinking from the idea of preaching which possessed him as a youth did not wholly leave him, and, though there was seldom a trace of this in his manner, he never faced those gathered to hear him, whether they were few or many, without bracing himself for the effort. Travelling from Norway in 1901 he writes to his sister Emma :

“. . . My work is very hard on me, especially the public work. The platform is such an affair of the heart that it wears me out beyond what is reasonable, and though I try *not* to feel so deeply—it is of no use. The sight of the people takes hold of me more and more and the power of the truth is so *actual* to me that I am often exhausted by a day's or two days' meetings beyond what I can really stand. Still there is only one course for me : I must go on.”*

Perhaps his sense of insufficiency and of the magnitude of the responsibility made his own conscious oneness with Christ in every such effort the more essential. But for that kindling “afresh each time,” that laying of “the hands of the soul” upon the hands of the Saviour, he would have been literally exhausted physically, nervously expended on the first stages of his journey. Sensibility did not decline with the years, and undoubtedly it laid a toll on him which added to the burden of his speaking in a manner unknown to less sensitive spirits. Keenly susceptible to the spiritual atmosphere about him, his soul went out, as it were, to meet those

*12.2.1901.

to whom he spoke, and there were times when he suffered in himself the double pain of his own travail for them, and of their rejection of his message.

His style, absolutely void of the semblance of professionalism, was so natural that even when addressing large audiences his hearers quickly fell under the illusion that he was holding a conversation with them. Often the sense of preacher and platform has been so far lost that some member of the congregation, engrossed in the argument, has unconsciously given audible reply to a question put by the speaker. Following a declaration he might say abruptly, "Do you agree with me?" and someone would reply, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, General, I do." It would not be an interruption in the ordinary sense of the word, preacher and congregation being too wholly taken up with one another to find the response incongruous.

In his salvation meetings he often himself made the appeal for an immediate decision, concluding his address with some direct challenge, as "Now, is there anybody here who will? You have always said you would settle the question. Will you to-night?" and from the gallery, or from the rear of the crowd, would come the answer, "I will, General."

He possessed to perfection the gift of making his congregations feel that he understood them. Few men can have been called upon to address more diverse types. But from all classes and nationalities comes the same testimony, "He understood." "I was helped for I felt he understood my need." "I felt as if he must know all about me." "Anybody would think he'd been bandmaster at our corps himself!" This was no doubt in part the effect of his manner, a certain directness in address that arrested the individual. It had also to do with his carefully acquired familiarity with the circumstances of his hearers. He never prepared or gave a talk which was not designed to fit that particular class of audience. One realised the importance he attached to this when one heard him speak from the same subject to a different company. The arguments, details and illustrations, the whole handling of it would be so altered as wholly to change its presentation. A start had been made from the same point, and the same destination was finally reached, but by a new road.

When he was to meet groups of Salvationists, as he constantly did, young people, bandsmen, Local officers and others, he expended much time and pains in obtaining up-to-date information about them, their work and conditions of life. Reports were prepared for him which he carefully studied, absorbing the details as few could. In addition he would interview officers working for that particular section. Speaking to me one said :

"I was amazed at the way the General questioned me. He made me feel he really wanted my opinion, wanted to hear my

idea of what was needed, as if what I thought mattered : and I was only a youngster, you know ; I was keen on my job and he made me feel he was keen on it too."

Before these meetings he soaked his mind in the environment and outlook of his hearers, and when he stood before them he declared the way of the Master in such fashion as they understood. He says in his journal :

" . . . Mostly occupied with my meetings for the following day. One of my great difficulties everywhere is to get such information as to what is going on in the actual lives of the people to whom I am to speak as to enable me to make the most of my opportunities. Every word, every thought, needs a new translation into terms of the *people's lives*."*

These gatherings for particular sets of Army workers were in a special sense born of his high hopes for The Army's soldiery. The council for officers was the natural successor of the Christian Mission Conference of evangelists. Councils for the rank and file were an innovation, inaugurated and fostered by Bramwell Booth. To such a day's gatherings there came at first small groups of one hundred and fifty ; at last they had to be repeated at different centres where a thousand and more vied for an opportunity to be present. Meetings like these were in themselves a testimony to the calibre of those who attended them. To bandsmen's councils, for example, the men journeyed at their own expense, often travelling home by night in order to be at work on Monday morning. Such a day's meetings, starting at nine-thirty and consisting of three or four sessions—in all, say four or five hours' actual talking—imposed no small strain upon hearer as well as upon the speaker.

It is impossible to represent by mere words the freedom, intimacy and fervour of his utterances at meetings of this kind. The very soul of the man was poured forth : not alone its solemn beliefs, but the love and laughter, hopes and sorrows of a heart engrossed in the spiritual well-being of the men and women before him. His zeal for them carried them along with him ; at one hour, into the holy mysteries of the life of the soul with God, at another on the importance of fresh air and plain living ! The illustrations used to back home argument or declaration were in themselves a wealth of information. The habits, proclivities and idiosyncrasies of some insect might hold the congregation enthralled, and often enough some unexpected sally would throw it into momentary confusion as laughter surged over it until spent in shouts and cheers. How often after some such outburst he would cry, " But do you see what I mean ? " and to the roar of assent he would reply, " Then go and do it."

He was no mere rhetorician, though eloquent enough ; had none of the characteristics usually associated with popular preaching ;

yet he held his audiences from start to finish. He often preached in theatres, these being the largest buildings available. It was a sight not easily forgotten : uniformed Salvationists with their band as a background on the stage ; crowded house ; the speaker, white-haired at forty, beginning in his quiet colloquial style, as likely as not provoking laughter within the first five minutes, and then holding the attention of the vast assembly, reasoning, denouncing and persuading by turn. Pleading with a tenseness of passion which brought all the weight of personal sincerity and desire to the support of the claims he voiced, he could add strangely to the influence of his words, by some slight action. One can hardly explain it. I heard him at a meeting on the Continent, the congregation mainly irreligious, speaking of the shame and bondage of sin, whilst he folded a scrap of paper in his fingers, slipping it under a note-book, and then between the covers of his Bible. Walking up and down the platform he continued his discussion of the subject, afterwards uncovering the hidden scrap, every eye upon his movements, amid a breathlessness that could be *felt*. Occasionally he would leave the platform and continue speaking, walking up and down the aisle ; or without any interruption of his talk, having signed the occupant out of it, would stand up on the front seat, or on one half-way down the hall, pursue his argument, and after a time, still talking, return to the platform or stage, the whole crowd following him with their eyes. The effect seemed to be to rivet the minds of his hearers on what he was saying, and to bring him and then into a kind of unity : never to distract, as might have been expected, even when he was being translated and the interpreter was perforce left behind on the platform. He did this the last time he led the holiness meeting at Clapton, in December 1927. Owing to defects in the heating system, part of the hall was too hot. The building was crowded to excess and several persons fainted ; a report at the time describes the scene thus :

“ Making no appeal for order while the disturbance was at its height, he proceeded with his subject—the power of God to be manifested in the nature of man. . . . Quietly, without any fuss, amidst the considerable commotion—almost confusion at one end of the building—while sick people were being removed, the General left the platform, speaking all the time, and walked for a while before the penitent form, emphasising his point as calmly as if nothing untoward were happening. Then he stood upon a seat in the midst of the gathering and there utilising a song-sheet as if it were an artist’s canvas, to draw pictures in demonstration of the power of God, won his way again to absolute silence.”

When speaking to the young he more frequently annexed action as an ally. Thousands of them carry an indelible mental picture of him as they first saw him at one or other of the meetings for young people. One of them says :

“ He held me spellbound. I sat in the gallery facing the stage. It was the first time I had been in a theatre, the whole scene was impressive ; his words and actions so absorbed me that I felt as if he were talking for me alone. The General explained how sin became in the end our master, though at first it seemed that we could so easily master sin. He helped us to see this by using a chair, moving about with it, leaving it behind him, pushing it from him, talking all the time about how some young people play and toy with sin in different forms, thinking they can so easily limit it whenever they want to. Then, still helping us to understand by his movements with the chair, he made us see how sin, some habit or passion, would gradually master us, and reduce us to be the slave. I understood it in a way I had never done before. I realised how sin could master *me*. He talked to us part of the time with the greatest earnestness and feeling, crouched down in a corner, with the chair rammed down over his shoulders, he looking at us through the bars ; we held our breath, the slightest sound could be heard. We felt, almost saw, how sin could master and rule. It was comical, in a way, to see him in such an attitude, but no one even smiled, and then as he talked of Jesus Christ being greater than the power of evil, the tension was relaxed and we broke out into cheers, for in a twinkling he had extricated himself from under the chair and was standing on it, saying, ‘ But you see, Jesus can give you power to master the very thing that mastered you.’ I carry these two pictures of the General clearly in my mind—crouched down looking at me through the chair, and standing on it, an erect figure, his face alight with the hope and joy he had in his message.”

He prepared heart and mind for his meetings, but with few exceptions made only the briefest notes ; the majority of these jotted on the page of any note-book he happened to be using at the time, some on the backs of envelopes, or other scraps. Two or three lines sufficed for a talk of an hour or more. He might not glance even at this fragment of note, and there were occasions when a line of thought would present itself to him after he had begun talking which he would follow under the inspiration of the moment, with telling effect. The journal records :

“ I was deeply conscious of the Divine Hand upon me. I spent a great part of Saturday in preparing myself, but in the end was constrained to abandon what I had done. I spent the night at Ellerslie and casting myself on God found my mind directed in a very definite way to a new subject—spent an hour in thinking it out—and as it proved was able to make effective use of it. . . .”

“ I must have been actually talking for five and a half hours ! The place was packed. We had a grand offering of candidates

and a positive *smash* among the people generally. I rejoiced, and many officers also were exceedingly glad. I think my messages helped them as well as others. The intelligence, attention and spiritual fervour of the great bulk of the young people were very marked.”*

His voice was not powerful, but he made himself well heard, and if in a large building always sent an officer to the back or to the gallery with instructions to display a handkerchief if he were not speaking loudly enough. Mrs. O’Grady† attended a meeting led by Bramwell Booth in the Regent Hall on Christmas Day, 1910. Describing the speaker in her diary she says :

“His voice is not strong, but easily followed, because so expressive, varying with every changing thought. Actions simple, quite natural and unstudied. By-play with hands—he can express anything and that without materially altering their position—but one must be near him to see this. For instance, when using the phrase ‘and took the sting out’ his hands were resting together quite quietly in front of him, a slight movement, and in a moment he produced the effect of a wasp held in one hand whilst with the other by a quick, short jerk he extracted and flung away the sting ! I found myself, almost exclaiming, ‘Oh ! take care, it will sting you !’”

Strangely unaffected by the size of his congregation, he was often at his best talking to a small company. An officer says :

“I heard him give an hour’s talk through an interpreter to a group of about thirty Staff officers, as eloquent and heart-moving an address as I ever heard. Tears ran down some men’s faces ; the close of the meeting seemed to break in on a company who had been brought into Christ’s very presence.”

There were often tears when he talked. His sympathy with the struggle men make after goodness, his understanding of the heart’s sorrow, broke down reserves. Men easily forgot their surroundings, while listening to him, and were lost in memories and longings. Sometimes he too wept at the thought of those with whom he had been pleading. I went into his room to pour out a cup of tea for him before he went to a Sunday morning meeting and found him weeping. He had just returned from a meeting with the prisoners in the State prison, Oslo. The meeting itself had been most moving, some of the prisoners sobbing aloud. Apologetically he said to me :

“I can’t help thinking of those poor fellows, Cath. What a wreck they’ve made of life. How could we help them to understand God is their only hope ? Their faces ! The thought of them burdens me.”

*2.11.1920.

†The Hon. Mrs. O’Grady, daughter of Lord Beresford.

Of a like meeting in Finland one of the prisoners wrote :

“ You cannot imagine my feelings when General Booth was here. Although most of the men here are very hard, that white-haired man, with his noble brow, awakened perfect reverence in our breasts, and a strong desire for the peace which rested over him and shined from his eyes. Such were my feelings—and I am longing for that peace.”

He was seldom satisfied with his efforts, though one sometimes comes across such a remark in letters as the following :

“ I had a glorious day on Friday at Liverpool, 146 souls—90 of them *men*—and 125 for Salvation. Among those who were for a clean heart was C’s sister and oh, *such a confession* about an act of disobedience covered up for *fifteen years* ! ! Poor thing, my heart did open to her—a *fine woman*. We had 101 out in the night meeting, the excursionists dropped their trains and the Holy Ghost seemed really to get *His* way for once. I was greatly *helped* and greatly *humbled*.”

To get a notion of his talking apart from having heard him, one would need to hear how it impressed different minds ; one of the younger men who had many opportunities of listening to him says :

“ As a rule his style was that of a reasoner, patient, analytical, persuasive ; a shrewd thrust here, a telling illustration there, and always a radiant sincerity. In clear-cut English, formed into easy-flowing sentences, he would give masterly delineations of character. He could analyse motive, and induce self-condemnation in his hearers.

“ His mobile face was capable of infinite variety of expression. He was a natural actor. I have seen him illustrating hidden sin ; taking a handkerchief from an inner pocket, he would turn it over, look at it, talk about it, almost decide to cast it from him, only to take it back. Then on tip-toe he would wander round seeking a hiding place. At last he would find a dark corner, perhaps inside the piano, and there, while hundreds of eyes watched, he would thrust in his ‘ sin.’ Away he would go, slowly, half-reluctantly at first, but gradually with more confidence, saying to himself, ‘ It’s gone. Gone ! And that’s an end to it.’

“ Then he would turn to his audience and talk about the uneasy stirrings of buried wrongs, looking furtively at intervals towards the hiding place. Soliloquising, ‘ Shall I ? I ought to own up ! I cannot. Really, I cannot ! ’ While this drama of conscience was being unfolded there was an intensity of interest almost painful. At last, the General would bring the matter

to a climax, thrust his hand into the hiding place, draw out 'the accursed thing,' and crying, 'Here it is, Lord! This is the hindrance!' he would speak aloud the cry of many convicted hearts.

"I have seen him tear the baize from the book-rest, disclosing a great cloud of hidden dust, to illustrate how sin can be hiding under a decent outward appearance. On one occasion, imagining a bout with the Devil, I saw him throw a glass tumbler with a crash against the wall at the far end of his platform! Or he would focus all eyes upon some insignificant object, talking to it, about it, around it, in a masterly fashion. I once saw him use a pencil in this way, standing it erect on the reading desk, wagging an admonitory finger at it, and scoring success after success via that little stump of cedar. He would take a chair from the front row of the platform, carry it to some favourable vantage point, then sitting down he would speak in quiet intimate tones of the very deepest things.

"He was a genius in spiritual understanding. He would approach a spiritual lesson first from one angle, then from another, expounding, reiterating, illustrating. Then, oh, so often, I have heard him say with such loving sincerity, 'I fear I am putting this badly. I do so want you to understand.' Then he would put it again, flashing the light of truth from a different aspect. He was utterly simple, but with that simplicity which is profoundly wise. He knew the minds of his people, and while he was not blind to their mistakes and sins, he never ceased to see them in their greatness. Moreover he had not the slightest touch of that platform artistry which some speakers employ to create in audiences emotions which they themselves do not feel. Like his Master he was 'moved with compassion,' but he eschewed all artificialities and insincerities.

"He displayed a wonderful ability for speaking along a certain line of thought and simultaneously making a note, in full view of the audience—possibly of some further thought, or even of some irrelevant matter. He always impressed me as having fifteen or twenty words in hand when speaking; that is, his thoughts were distinctly ahead of his lips—a very clever achievement."

An officer, a woman, of quite different mentality, writes :

"Personality was always very evident in the General's meetings. We all said that he was always at his best in private gatherings, officers' councils, bandmasters' councils, young people's councils and the like, because there we got nearest to him. There he seemed to unfold himself in an intimate way, like a beautiful father does with his children, when the cares of state or anxieties of business are laid aside in the peacefulness of the home circle.

"I loved his meetings because they were so full of variety and illustration. There was not a dull moment. I remember the first time I ever heard him ; we were in a Church at Brighton, loaned for the meetings ; there was a fairly spacious pulpit, carpeted, and a wide ledge around it. He was speaking to us upon the plan of God for each individual life, and how difficult it was sometimes to trace any objective in the tangled events through which we happened to be passing. '*But,*' he said, 'you only see the wrong side of the pattern,' and in a moment that carpet came up, and we saw the wrong side of the pattern ! 'But God sees the whole,' and we saw the right side of the carpet ! A little later he walked all round that pulpit ledge to illustrate some other point.

"He could imitate anything that he happened to think of at the moment, the gardener clipping the trees, the boxer entering the ring, things far removed from his busy days. I never saw him mystified except in the realm of the kitchen. I do not think he studied the domestic arts, beyond warning against the use of the frying pan !

"Those wonderful eyes saw everything, I often thought they saw into the very soul of people. 'Come, see a man who told me all that ever I did,' a bandmaster said to me after his first session of a bandmasters' council.

"He was so tireless in his meetings. After a long day of giving himself to the crowds, he was all over the building in the prayer meeting, defying his affliction of deafness, in order to help individual cases ; he laboured persistently with the difficult ones, many of whom will bless his name while they live.

"We officers never knew where he would appear till suddenly we saw him. Once after a heavy day he came to the crowded registration room.* Everything appeared in order to the general observer, but not to him. Those keen eyes espied one sister without a chair, and immediately, as though that was all he had to do in the world, he quietly walked across the room, found an unoccupied chair and brought it where it was needed. Not a word was spoken, but never was a lesson more correctly taught."

A Continental officer, in a personal letter, writes of the General's officers' meetings :

"The officers were simply swept off their feet hearing him talk . . . it was such a wonderful change—his quite different way of talking. He seemed to come so in touch with us, and he succeeded even in —†, to make the officers smile, laugh, shout, weep and bow in profound adoration and renew their vows, ready to do anything for Christ and suffering humanity."

*Where seekers are further advised and their names and addresses taken.

†A phlegmatic people, rather proud of their reserve.

Someone in the course of a journey in the southern counties of England met a contractor on business. He proved to be a Salvationist, and began to speak of Bramwell Booth, whose death was then recent, concluding quietly,

"I miss him. I can say he was the human inspiration of my life for the last fifteen years. I seldom missed an opportunity of hearing him speak. I travelled to London to be present at nearly every meeting he held there."

That his talking drew the people is made clear enough by the increasing number that flocked to hear him. The largest halls were too small, in fact the crowd often embarrassed freedom of action in the prayer meetings, those who had been waiting outside to gain admittance coming in to take the place of those who left.

In the days when it was difficult to draw crowds to the meetings he did startling things to arouse curiosity. For a series of meetings at different centres he was announced to "preach from his coffin," in some places being previously carried in the coffin in procession round the town and so into the hall. The coffin placed on a prepared stand, head slightly raised, he preached with great effect.

The War Cry for April 1895 contained a paragraph headed, "Another new departure by the Chief of the Staff." He was in Glasgow conducting two days' meetings and announced he would preach at 10.30 at night in the Glasgow Jail Square on "The Crucifixion of Jesus Christ." Two thousand people assembled.

The War Cry goes on :

"Punctually to the moment the Chief mounted the stand, and with a clear voice made himself heard . . . and this despite the interruptions of socialistic debaters and a mysterious arguer. . . . They ridiculed the Master's servant, whose burning words touched the hearts of two Mary Magdalenes, who fell at the feet of Jesus and worshipped Him. I will not enlarge upon the Chief's address. I leave him as he stands, bare-headed, pleading in the darkness of that night, an example for every officer."

All his life, preaching in the open-air stood high in his estimation. He was himself at home there, and felt "near" to the people. The man in the street drew him. A journalist gives a vivid picture of him.

"The first time I saw Mr. Bramwell Booth, then his father's Chief of the Staff, was on a Sunday afternoon. Capless, he stood on a tap-room window-sill adjoining a public house in Holloway, London, talking over the window-top to the men within about their souls. Closing-time intervened and the landlord, hearing he was the Chief, escorted him into the bar parlour to answer questions."



PREACHING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ; SPEAKING THROUGH THE AMPLIFIER
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN GREAT BRITAIN. 1923



PART OF THE LISTENING CROWD

In the last years, open-air preaching was for him more frequent abroad than at home. But in this country the motor tours gave him crowds in the market squares and in the streets. He first used the amplifier at a monster open-air meeting in Trafalgar Square, where it is estimated over ten thousand people were assembled.

Bible readings by him were almost invariably accompanied by comments, expository, illustrative, by which he adapted the Scripture to the daily circumstances of the ordinary man. An added word or two made the Bible character the prototype of oneself or one's neighbour, a person about whom one must laugh, with whom perhaps one wanted to weep ; or applied the point, as : " feet which are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace are fitted for open-air work on a wet night ! "

He believed in and adhered to the Army method of dividing the time in public meetings with other speakers. It has been said that he did not always give himself enough time to be fair to people met especially to hear him. On the other hand, the way he would gather what had been said by previous speakers into a coherent and pointed whole, was masterly. In a day's meetings the message of speaker after speaker would be interwoven by him with his own message, so that the whole became a concerted statement.

He liked to have speakers of other nationalities, and the introduction which he gave them was many times made an occasion for an appeal for help for the needs of the country represented. There was something particularly appealing in the sight of the General standing with his hand on the arm of a young Indian Officer, talking of the opportunities for service awaiting the followers of Jesus amongst India's peoples. Great congregations, gripped and moved by the eloquence of a native, have been startled into a sense of their responsibility when as the speaker concluded Bramwell Booth has sprung to his side crying, " Look at him. You've heard him. Isn't he worth saving ? " Often assent would be fervent. Then with an intensity that made the words a veritable judgment the General would add, " And there are thousands like him *who have never even heard of Jesus Christ.*" Officers from nearly all the lands in which The Army is fighting have at different times travelled with him and had a part in his meetings. He considered too that a Japanese in Finland, an African in Birmingham, or an Indian in Canada, sharing the platform and the speaking with himself, helped to foster the family spirit among the nations in The Army as well as to maintain missionary zeal.

To him personally the platform was always a battlefield, never a parade ground. He had an objective in view and he gloried in reaching it. He believed in bringing people to a point of decision on the spot, and was but half pleased with a meeting, however successful, which offered no such opportunity. How many times he has startled those assembled to hear a lecture by transforming the end of it into an arraignment of their personal belief

and practice, appealing for an instant decision in harmony with the claims of Christ and conscience. Occasionally he found himself in buildings where a penitent form was not permitted. But he invented more than one way out of the dilemma, though not without adding to the labour of the day. A letter to Kitching from Helsingfors preserves for us an account of an incident in point.

“Last night’s (Monday) missionary meeting, fully two thousand people in one of the handsomest churches I was ever in in my life. But we were not at home as we might have been, and we were not permitted to have anything in the nature of a prayer meeting. I therefore got a place holding six hundred near by, and we adjourned there. We made a mistake in announcing that we were going to do so too soon in the meeting; that made people restless, but we saved the situation by having this second meeting, which began at ten o’clock—place crammed—and got the fruits of the other meeting—72 at the Penitent Form, making 393 so far. It was great. I wish you had been there. I am very much impressed with the Finns.”*

It was the preacher in him that yearned to bring men to a decision; like John, he was not content to cry “repent,” he wanted to lead the people to deeds worthy of repentance, to bring them to a place where sins are confessed and renounced. Dr. Campbell Morgan says :

“Across half a century, it was given to me to come into contact with Bramwell Booth. Whenever I did so, whether in private conversation or in public work, I left with the sense of having been with a man who, notwithstanding his occupation with a thousand details of administration, was in the essence of him filled with compassion for humanity, and who was therefore first, and last, and always, an evangelist.”

When, following a meeting, he said, “Well, that was a real fight,” or, “There’s been some fighting to-night,” it was a sign that he was pleased. After a meeting which did not include a penitent form, such as a lecture or a private function with officers, his “I think we got something done,” or “Did we *do* anything for anybody to-night?” expressed his hankering for evidence of a definite result of “mere talk.” If he went to a corps his heart was set on accomplishing something for that particular place; he went into the meeting burdened with a knowledge of its need as well as burdened with his own desire to meet it. Here is a scrap which tells its own story :

“I am now going into my meeting. I hear a most painful account of this corps. Fifty people on a week-night ! though

hundreds of soldiers on the roll, the open-air is sometimes down to ten on week-nights ! Oh, my God ! what shall we do with an Army of idlers."

After all, this longing to get something *done* was typical of all he did. He had an end in view as the result of preaching or any other effort. No man was ever less prepared to beat the air ; his aim was to lead men to know Christ. And he had the joy of succeeding. James Milne records Ingersoll as saying :

"The man who thinks on his feet, who has the pose of passion, the face that illumines thought, a voice in harmony with the ideals expressed, who has logic like a column and poetry like a vine, who transfigures the common, dresses the ideals of the people in purple and fine linen, who has the art of finding the best and noblest in his hearers . . . that man is an orator, no matter of what time or what country."*

Judged by these words, Bramwell Booth was an orator, but such a conclusion would not have interested him.

*"Windows in Fleet Street," p. 282.

CHAPTER XXIII

“ IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN ”

IN 1920 the world's highways were rapidly reverting to their peaceable usages. The congestion and dislocation following on the heels of war had subsided, and though long distance accommodation was not commensurate with the demand, it was possible by careful planning, well ahead, to reach one's destination at the time scheduled.

A changed world indeed from that in which, seven years before, Bramwell Booth had crossed the Atlantic for the first time ; the very face of it was changed ! Ancient boundaries had vanished, empires had expired ; and in their place were new-born nations, old in racial prejudices, young in their self-conscious, over-confident autonomy. And there were new problems to be met, fraught with dangers, intensified to nearly all the white races by the return of their manhood from the unnatural and horror-laden life of war. Much needed re-adjustment. Uncertainty lay in wait to sap the energies and to encourage the all-too-natural tendency to eat, drink and be merry—if one could. Release from the long depression of war and the discipline its demands had imposed bred a reaction which showed itself in careless pleasure-seeking, and a lowering of standards, which permeated all classes and almost all nations. The artificial stimulation of trade in munitions and necessities of war had brought comparative wealth to populations who, without giving much thought to the matter, expected to go on spending wages which they expected would go on rising. Thrift was scarce. Spiritual values were at a discount.

For The Salvation Army the time was critical. The withdrawal of men in Germany and throughout the British Empire had in itself affected the fighting force of the corps unit, and it was essential that the standard of corps organisation should be restored if The Army were to maintain its place as a spiritual force among the people, and not suffer a permanent decline toward merely philanthropic service. All this and much more the General realised as he faced the future. Free at last to go out into all the Salvation Army world, he found everywhere awaiting him the special difficulties resulting from the abnormal conditions of the day.

He did not know it, but this time exactly divided the period of his Generalship. Now in his sixty-fourth year, 1920 would see him enter the second half of his sixteen years as Commander-in-Chief. Looking out on the world he felt the burden of its need as perhaps no other man of his time, for he was linked to it by the



THE GENERAL REVIEWING HIS TROOPS IN CANADA
1924



WELCOMED ON HIS ARRIVAL IN JAPAN
1926

direct contact which comes from a recognised opportunity to help. He had described the "Concern" as "The Army of the Helping Hand"; that was his notion of it, and it was chiefly he who had to decide where the help was most needed and how it should be proffered.

Burdened, but not cast down, he looked back on wonderful years, for if the difficulties had been unprecedented and unforeseen, the deliverances and victories more than matched them. On December 31, 1919, he wrote in his journal :

"What a wonderful year it has been—so great in realised *mercy*, so fruitful in God-given *increase*—so marked day by day in sweet tokens of a Father's—a Saviour's love—to me most undeserving. . . . The outlook on the world gives much to think on with anxiety and grief. Bolshevism is only one—though a grievous item—in the dark combination of misery, sorrow and woe which stares us in the face. But I must not be too sad—there is truth in that line : 'Hope the paramount duty.' The Son of God with power stands forth for the battle ! Oh, that I might be helped to make *Him* known—and to *believe* His grace and presence are ever at hand."

And in the new year :

"An urgent entreaty from Vienna to set up The Army there ; and a further appeal from Bulgaria. My soul is stirred by the thought that so many populations of Europe are just now approachable—and that we are in such straits for men and money. This experience is indeed a very agonising one. My whole heart craves for the spread of the truth—the truth about the Divine Saviour—and I am hedged in and hampered thus.

"To-day I have sat at my table seven hours. My dear Love is at Walsall* for the day, and will, D.V., be at Hanley to-morrow. My life is crowded—my every hour mortgaged, my whole energies consecrated and devoted, and yet I feel I do so little in the presence of the awful need.

"Continued anxiety about—— ; I can only pray for wisdom and cast myself on my Heavenly Father for strength to hold on my way. He *does* care for the world—and so he must have a care for the S.A. and its future devotion and simplicity and unity. . . .

"How hard is the fight with the old enemies—selfishness—worldliness—unbelief. The more I look on the life of the churches, the more clearly I see that it has been the *principle* of *worldliness*—love of the world—of power—of money—of influence—of independence—which has been the weakness—the foe—the *deadly* foe—within the city ! Oh, I do long to keep this enemy *outside* our dear S.A. Well, I recall the gracious words : 'Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him ; and He shall bring it to pass.' "†

*Conducting meetings.

†21.2.1920.

"Long day at I.H.Q. Settled many things, among them to make *The War Cry* in the U.K. 2d. for eight pages. . . . Called on Sir Vezey Strong last night with F. E. B., seeking advice *re* paper. He is ill. Shall I ever see him again? . . . He was one of the finest men to be met on a day's march! Settled finally Lieutenant-Commissionership [introduction of the rank]. . . . Informed Hurren* of his appointment to fill responsibilities of Chancellorship. He has pleased me, and will yet do greater things. The finance of I.H.Q. alone is now a great undertaking, and the study and guidance of that section of our work in other countries is an added and growing responsibility. Saw Govaars* and appointed him to open Servia.† I do hope I am right."‡

The journal tells the story of his life. Each day is crowded with effort: scarcely one but brings some call for decision on his part which in its place is important; each is filled with eager interest, with high hopes, and there is always enough of "worry" to tone down the picture. Such days follow each other, vibrating, life-consuming; but how describe them? They march on, and if one is referred to in these pages and not another, it is not that the one is more important, but that it may serve as a type. There is no cessation of work for Bramwell Booth, literally none. When he is not occupied by action, he is busy planning or praying. It is at once his weakness and his strength that he lives his waking moments "under pressure," from which he rarely allows himself the briefest respite.

On March 25th, 1920, he leaves for his first Australian visit. Everything, as he would say, must be "cleared up" before his departure; the days are breathless. Once on board the "Ormonde," his chief anxiety is how much work he can compass during the voyages. Articles for the Army press, a book of reminiscences,§ letters on almost everything, fill the days. Egypt raises the question of the sale to Egyptian paper mills of "rags" collected by the Men's Social Work in England. On this subject he sends a detailed letter to the Chief. The first members of the Order of the Founder** are decided upon. He writes to Commissioner Howard, then occupied with the Staff Training scheme:

"I have also had some thought upon the question of languages. Could we not organise throughout the world a system of teachers, so that a man in Stockholm who wished to learn English could be linked on to someone in England, and a man who wished to study Chinese be linked on to someone in China? Languages, and a knowledge of languages, are going to be of growing importance to us. . . ."††

Bramwell Booth had never before been so long out of personal touch with cadets in London, and his thoughts turned to them

*Colonel. †The financial condition of the country and other difficulties compelled the abandonment of this attempt. ‡24.3.1920. §"Echoes and Memories"—published December, 1925. **Instituted 1917. ††12.4.1920.

and their needs. This is markedly evident during all his long journeys ; and he seems to have solaced his heart's desire for them by writing to members of the training staff. The letters are useful as telling us his thoughts, and they show how the needs of The Army's future dwelt with him. To Commissioner Whatmore, then in charge of the International Training Garrison, he writes from the Indian Ocean :

" I have been thinking very much about you again. . . . I am very concerned about those matters which will help us to produce more daring and freedom among the cadets, both men and women. The great need of many of our officers in the Field, especially the young officers, is initiative, courage to take their lives in their hands, to risk all in order to accomplish something. They go out far too much dependent upon the word of command. Now, how can we meet this? Could there not be an enlargement of that part of the cadet's work which gave opportunity for doing things on their own, not merely things of that kind which a cadet is inclined to, but all the things that an officer should do? Will you consider?

" The discipline wants developing, not merely obeying orders, but the unity of the whole house with the spirit of the orders. Here, of course, much depends upon the tone and freedom of the younger officers on both sides, and I do hope you have been able to carry out what we spoke of in our last conversation, and let them have contact with yourself, with opportunity to tell you of their problems. They are far more in contact with the cadets than any other officers and they ought to be helped to the highest condition of capacity, of spiritual realisation and of Salvation Armyism."*

The boat broke a propeller, necessitating a delay at Colombo, and giving him his first actual contact with the East. To the Missionary General this meant much. He wrote to his wife :

" We arrived in Colombo harbour on Friday about midday and I got ashore in the Governor's launch at about two. . . . Had the reception in the blazing sun—it was really a most touching affair. . . . I have had good meetings, quite unique, of course, in my experience. I am much touched by many things I have seen, and wonderfully encouraged about the future of The S.A. ; so far as Ceylon is concerned all we need is leadership. I have thought much of Tucker and Emma, and I think I must send him a telegram.

" Ceylon is a most beautiful, fertile place, but, of course, the people take hold of my very heart-strings. . . . It was really very wonderful to me . . . how I was able to speak to them. . . . It encouraged me a little about myself, and I think *you* would

*14.4.1920.

have been pleased with me also ! I made an entirely new address (on the spot) for my second meeting—Sukh Singh [Commissioner Blowers] said next day that if I had been here six months studying the people and especially the Buddhist mind, I could not have dealt with them more effectively. He knows them . . . I only tell you to encourage you, not to boast—you know that. I was in a way surprised with myself ! I did not do so well with the officers—we were all much disturbed by a small plague of midges—they got into the eyes !

“Entering the town a great crowd had met me—with welcome—fireworks—taking out the horses they drew the carriage to the College. Here I spoke to them . . . talked an hour though the heat was to me really dreadful. . . . Going home to the hotel afterward passed through some rich vegetation and saw something of night work and night travelling. The fire-flies by thousands form a striking sight amid the dark foliage and silently-moving people came and went like spectres.”

The departure of the boat was delayed from day to day ; by the aid of the journal one may glimpse the happenings through the General's eyes.

“*Sunday*, 18th April, 1920. Colonel and Mrs. Stevens to breakfast at 7.30. Leaving at 10 for Shanghai en route for Korea to take command. Important conference. . . . I counselled him about the new problem in Korea which the growing national movement presents, and of some other matters—blessed them and sent them forth. During afternoon long conference with Mapp, Lamb and Kitching—Sukh Singh* also.”

“*Monday*, 19th April. Conference continued. French† pleased me. He has wonderfully broadened out, may make a great apostle for these peoples of the East. Long talk about many problems and *settled* some. . . . Further delay in sailing.”

“*Tuesday*, 20th April. Closely engaged on mails. Then to officers—meal at Rescue Home. Long tables on veranda—Europeans and Cingalese well mixed. Dim soft light from lamps—colour of uniforms, rich foliage of gardens on one side, flowers, etc.—and white tables, made a most picturesque affair. Spoke on some of the higher things—all seemed to follow. . . . Lamb in speaking to me afterwards said it was a *true sacrament*. I took food with my fingers. . . .

“After this I spoke to the girls of the Home—it is a Maternity Home—they presented a very sad sight—made more so that I was informed they are nearly all victims. . . . I felt glad at heart for that little harbour of refuge in the centre of that great heathen city. We must extend it.”

“*Thursday*, 22nd April. To Vagrants' Colony. . . . The children charmed me. . . . The vagrants housed in an old

*Commissioners.

†Commissioner, then in charge of Western India.

prison—a sad spectacle. Seventy women—and young children—looked very degraded—spoke to them though could find very little I had the courage to say. . . . They sang both in English and Cingalese—well—our songs.

"I called four boys—one of them the very blackest creature I ever saw—quite exceptional—and one girl, a bewitching little thing—on to the platform. Spoke and shook hands amid breathless silence and then caused a sensation by kissing one of the boys and the little girl! The children ought not to be there! but their mothers are there. . . .

"Thence to —. Asked him about his soul. He gave a very frank but unsatisfactory answer. I begged him not to regard Christianity as Jesus Christ taught it as a theory—but as the revelation of a Person! He is in *doubt* about this and that. What havoc has been wrought by the notion that a man must *understand* God before he can *love Him*. . . . To quarters for a cup of tea—to pier—good-bye to a few dear Cingalese officers—telegrams from London. The Government launch to take us to the 'Ormonde' twelve noon. . . . *Very tired*, but settled in before long and dictated reports and correspondence . . . Smith* very attentive and thoughtful."

A bad sailor though a good traveller, Bramwell Booth was inured to trains whether by day or night. Hours on rail were just as real a part of the working days as those at Headquarters. He seldom waited for the train to start before settling down to business, and his secretaries had orders to prepare the compartment that he might begin work at once. Rolling stock all over the world was judged by him according to the ease with which he could write in it, and I think part of his appreciation of his secretaries depended on the legibility and accuracy of their shorthand when he had been dictating while travelling at sixty miles an hour! He always sat with his back to the engine—his "paper case" beside him. Certain books must be at hand, and, wherever he might be, the latest obtainable copy of *The Times*. The secretary or officer with whom he wished to do business sat opposite. The noise of the train had the effect of making his hearing almost normal; the playing of a band or congregational singing in a building produced the same result and greatly facilitated conversation at such times.

When travelling for more than one day, the first moments after breakfast were devoted to prayers, the whole of his staff, whether one or more, present in the compartment. There was Bible reading, occasionally a song, usually each prayed. Many strangers assisted at these impromptu morning prayers. "Had a delightful little meeting in the train," he writes, "what a unity there is in our worship, our wonder and our love."

He was scrupulously careful about expenditure. Frugal in habit, it was sometimes felt he went to extremes, and his secretary might

*Staff-Captain, Private Secretary.

order more food for him than he had asked. Occasionally this passed unnoticed, and there would be congratulation that the ruse had succeeded. At other times the General would perceive the offending addition ; " Who ordered all this stuff ? I don't want it ; I didn't order it : now it is brought here goodness knows how much it will cost ! Well, Smith, or Bees [his son Bernard] or Cliffe [Wycliffe]," as the case might be, " you will have to pay for it, so you might as well eat it. You can't expect the ' Concern ' to pay for your mistakes ! " The distinction between his own and Army expenditure for stamps, telegrams, newspapers had always to be made with exactitude. His care to avoid expense made all his staff watchful.

He disliked eating in public. On all journeys, as well as in hotels, he took his meals privately if at all possible. Breakfast was a light meal, followed by a cup of tea at about eleven a.m. Adventures befell more than one secretary in the effort to induce restaurant-car cooks to yield up boiling water at such an unheard-of hour. The General carried his own small teapot and china tea with him. Lunch was of the slightest, salad or a cupful of soup. Tea again at four p.m. with toast or biscuits, and after the day's work or meetings dinner, chiefly vegetables. Soon after he married he became a strict vegetarian and for the first months lived on nuts and fruit only, excluding even bread, rather to the horror of his wife who was a stranger to vagaries in diet. In later years a modicum of fish and poultry was admitted to his fare.

When travelling, the chance for a walk was watchfully seized. " Come along, exercise," he would say, " it freshens you." With one or other of his staff he must have tramped miles pacing platforms beside a waiting train or on the deck of a steamer. Usually he made a rough plan for the day so that officers travelling with him knew at what time he was likely to work with each. Accurate information of the most expeditious way of getting letters to London was always required, and he would be really agitated if a delayed train resulted in missing the mail back to " 101." To the ordinary work of the travelling days were added the receptions frequently accorded at wayside stations. Sometimes the whole community was assembled, a platform erected, and his journal may record, " a good crowd and I was able to put in a shot." Even night was no protection from these additions to the programme. On the journey from Wellington to Auckland in 1920, where on arrival he went straight to a civic reception at the Town Hall, he had given two addresses to waiting crowds between midnight and one o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he himself made an impromptu attack, as when the train was delayed at a level crossing on the outskirts of a Canadian city. In the road there were a boy and bicycle, and one or two persons waiting to cross. The General stood on the platform of the observation car and began speaking to the boy. It was noticed, people came out of the houses until quite a crowd

had assembled by the time the train jolted and began to draw out. This provided him with a parting shot, "You see we are off—that's like opportunity, you do not know it is the last chance till it's gone." And then with a final shout, "Take your opportunities while you have them."

This first visit to Australia and New Zealand in 1920 surpassed all expectations. There seemed to be from first to last a peculiar link of understanding between Bramwell Booth and these outspoken, somewhat independent people. They liked his unassuming manner, the personal directness of his utterances, and responded warmly. Everywhere there were crowds, enthusiasm, moving scenes at the mercy seat. Nothing approaching it had been witnessed in those lands before. In a sense it was pleasing to him that the final meeting of the campaign, made possible by the delay of a few hours in the departure of his boat, was in a jail where, with the Governor's permission, the meeting closed with an invitation to the penitent form, at which many of the prisoners knelt. There are but scant records of his own thoughts on all he saw, but one can learn something of them from what moves him; something too of his nature. How typical, for example, that a meeting with a couple of hundred children should be for him "one of the very best and sweetest meetings of my life." Here is an extract from a letter to his wife :

"Arrived Melbourne Saturday morning amid a hurricane at the railway station—bands—banners—shouting Salvationists—two thousand—and cheering crowds. . . .

"Monday night. 150-200 children from the Homes. I had one of the very best and sweetest meetings of my life! Got a blessing. Led many children to the penitent form, for pardon, boys and girls alike broken down. A very peculiarly beautiful meeting. . . . The officers many of them overcome with joy at seeing the children so moved. . . .

"Officers' councils last night, the final meeting—a most wonderful and unexpected (by them) breakdown. . . . Many, about 250-300, offers for the East—chiefly China."*

Of this meeting the Melbourne *War Cry* says, "The General made a stirring appeal to officers to consecrate themselves to God for the work in heathen lands and to seek entire sanctification. They responded in hundreds."

"I have been *blessed* in this campaign at Melbourne. I really got a very deep touch of revelation, and here in the officers' meetings have myself twice felt a great incoming to my own soul. I praise God. He does not forget unworthy me. And I think one effect of it is that I love you all more, and the world and the *sinner*s and the children. I must tell you all about it, and will.

"The love of the people and their gratitude for the blessings I have brought them from God has been very touching to me. I could live and die for the officers. I am not sure that I shall not do so. . . . The *officers* are the great problem of The S.A."*

Commissioner Kitching, accompanying, wrote :

"Never can the General forget the stupendous welcome given him at Adelaide. Rushing straight from the station to the theatre, where the crowd had been waiting for two hours, the General walked up the centre aisle to the greeting of thunderous applause . . . and the playing of 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow.' . . . Never before have I witnessed such a scene as that experienced on our arrival at the station (Melbourne) The surging crowd broke through the barriers and besieged the arriving train. In their excitement the position became serious, and many were hurt by the stampede. Here, as everywhere else that the General has been, people eagerly surrounded him, trying to shake his hand, touch his coat, or get him to lay his hands on their children."

There are many letters touching upon this visit which show how Bramwell Booth, whom they now saw for the first time, impressed the writers. From an old officer of thirty-six years' service :

"My dear General,

"Ten thousand thanks for coming to us ; we can truly say, 'It was a true report that we heard of thee, in our own land.' But your gentleness which makes you great, the beautiful humility which exalts you—the utter absence of arrogance—the tender fatherly feeling toward us—which draws more than drives, woos more than whips, bears, reasons, melts us by kindness, wins us by love—'exceedeth the fame which we heard of thee.'"

From a young officer to whom the General spoke in one of the meetings :

"Dear General of Love,

"Pardon the presumption, but to my husband and to me you are the embodiment of love. Your whole doctrine is love. Every sentence you utter is punctuated with love. To an unlovely person like myself your love doctrine is a revelation. Having had a very hard and difficult life, where the rod was the ruling power, naturally I am a difficult person to manage. As I was ruled so I rule everybody else. You completely smashed up all my foolish ideas on Wednesday. Never in my life has love affected me like that. . . . I promise you, by the grace of God, you will never be sorry for taking the kindly interest in us which you showed on Wednesday."

*To Mrs. Booth, 20.5.1920

And a note unsigned :

" Our General,

" We, several of your young officers . . . met with an expectancy—but with more curiosity than we realised. . . . But we have sat in council ! We imagined you a leader, so great in authority and thinking in such big figures that we, as but factors in your great work, would be instructed by your experience as expressed in words.

" But we have seen you weep—we have looked into your face and seen the reflection of Sinai and the semblance of Christ—we have been helped by your words, but more by *you*. We have seen your hands extended and we have in spirit reached out and gripped them hard.

" During these councils we have lost sight of your authority, a great love henceforth compels our service. We revered you before, now we really *love you* ; you are no less a leader, but more a *comrade* for these reasons, and whether duty calls to these or other lands our service is yours, for yours is Christ's."*

Commissioner Lawley, who travelled with him, helping Bramwell Booth in the prayer meetings as he had helped William Booth before him, wrote :

" The benediction was pronounced last night on one of the most wonderful campaigns ever held in The S.A. I have been billeted in the F.O.'s [Field officer's] quarters and I have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing things behind the scenes. All I have heard goes to show that the General has awaked fires, aroused ambition, and inspired hopes in thousands of hearts that will never die. His example as a fighter for and lover of souls in the prayer meetings has written itself a thing that can never be erased."

Before the General visited Australia again, John Lawley had joined the heavenly singers. The day he died the journal records :

" *Saturday*, 9th September 1922. Railton—Rees—Sturgess—and now Lawley ! Thus the silent and irresistible Visitor enters the Temple and takes from us the vessels of gold and of silver, and the precious stones—the things we love. *But we shall find them again !* "

" *Thursday*, 14th September 1922. At 1.15, dear Lawley's funeral service. Congress Hall quite full . . . testimony to Lawley's love for souls, outstanding feature.

" Marched in the procession—1,500 people—to Abney Park. Very tender and holy influence at the grave. . . . My own spirit deeply affected—those surrounding graves ! But it is obvious that for me the time cannot be so very long. . . .

*July 1920.

"5.30 Cunningham* and *Staff Review* matters, and at 7 o'clock to public assembly in Congress Hall ; F. with me and the Chief. Place very full. Spoke on Lawley's '*Assurance*.' Mrs. Lawley moved us all. Sinners soon began to come to the mercy seat in a glorious prayer meeting which would have delighted dear Lawley. The singing of the vast crowd wonderful—all his own songs."

But Lawley was still with him when on August 2nd, 1920, the General arrived home from Australia. Mrs. Booth and the Chief met him in Liverpool, where seven or eight "newspapers" came on board, and the General says, "I gave them a short interview ; very nice men all of them." This interview was much commented upon in leaders and elsewhere, particularly what he said about work.

"I find in nearly every country there is emerging a kind of antipathy to work. This is quite a different thing from the ambition to be well paid for what work you do. It is a very serious danger, especially for the next generation, if we are going to cultivate the idea that there is something inimical to human life and happiness in work *per se*. . . . It is a frightful thing that a man should have a constitutional objection to labour."†

And so after an absence of four months he is back at "101," and feeling the burden of men's need and his own opportunity more than ever, as was natural to one of his temperament. See his journal for August 14th :

"Met the D.C.'s (Divisional Commanders)—such as had come up to my welcome—for an hour at I.H.Q. with F. E. B. Day spent mostly on Foreign business—conference with Tucker‡ and Mrs. 3 to 5.30. . . . Indian business very important. The heathen world grows more and more *the* problem so far as outside our borders is concerned ! . . . Mountains of work. . . . Depressed . . . had to fight hard. I do need Divine help."

"To-day—*Saturday*, I.H.Q. 9.45—Kitching and Carpenter§ till 3 o'clock for literary and publishing affairs, and Wilson** for an hour or so. Cost of paper a great hindrance. . . . The difficulty of making The Army known, above all of sending out its message, its call, is greatly increased by this paper problem among others. Rather depressed again to-day. Must hold on and look up. Came down with F. E. B. about 5 o'clock and walked with her and Olive for an hour. . . . My heart does cry out for *guidance* and courage."

Before he went to the east coast for furlough he spent a Sunday with the beloved cadets, newly assembled at Clapton, and instituted the office of International Social Secretary to which Commissioner Lamb was appointed.

*Colonel.

†*Daily Telegraph*, 3.8.1920.

‡Commissioner.

§Lieut.-Colonel.

**Colonel.

"*Sunday.* With the cadets at Clapton. . . . The Holy Spirit moved on many hearts and minds. . . . What a sight, these five hundred or more young people present ! What an opportunity ! What a ground for thanksgiving ! What an encouragement to us ! Some business between times."*

"27th August, 1920. All day I.H.Q., a difficult day. Conference with Lamb and Kitching on appointment of new I.S. [International Secretary] for Social and Government work. Our opportunities in this direction are growing enormously, and all sorts of societies and authorities are ready to help us if properly looked after."

The journeyings, which now until its close claimed so large a share of his life, increased the physical demands of his work, because they were added to, and did not take the place of, his normal burden of administrative and spiritual responsibility. The programmes arranged were exhausting from the standpoint of bodily exertion alone. He could not preach without spending himself. The intensity of effort made preaching equivalent for him in a physical sense to walking uphill on a warm day ; and it is not difficult to realise the strain when a day's meetings involved hours of such talking ; of what it cost his spirit we already know something. He was perhaps unduly overshadowed by the realisation that his opportunities with the people would not recur : each was in his eyes the last. Just before rising to address a crowd of seven thousand in Sweden, he turned to his son and said, "*Wycliffe, isn't it an appalling thought that we have such an opportunity !*" That thought in itself oppressed him. Twenty-five years before he had written : "I am depressed at times out of all endurance by the contemplation of our opportunity. We ought, I suppose, to measure our attainments by our opportunities—how little then, alas, have we done !"

Each journey cannot be described ; the scenes are repeated, the place or language is different, but the plan of campaign is the same, and always, before the meetings, between the meetings, after the meetings, there are cables and letters and interviews. The number of interviews with officers, to whom he talked, from whom he heard first-hand accounts of their work and difficulties, would be amazing, had his public engagements been fifty per cent. less ; as things were it seems incredible. Salvation Army leaders often joined his train for a few hours in order to take part in a conference or personal consultation ; they came to breakfast with him, or sat talking in the ante-room at the close of a meeting, or paced the railway station with him.

He had a horror of delay in business, and encroached on all too short hours of rest when matters were urgent. His secretaries had no alternative but to respect his wishes. On one of his first journeys with his father, Wycliffe remembers coming in after a meeting

*Journal, 25.8.1920.

which had been followed by a long prayer meeting. It was a Monday night, there was business of a particularly anxious nature at the time in addition to the usual, and on arrival at the hotel after eleven p.m. there were twenty-one telegrams to be decoded. A short dialogue ensued. Wycliffe, "You won't attempt these to-night will you? we shall have time in the morning?" General, "What do you think they telegraph for?" Wycliffe, reluctantly, "Because the business is urgent, I suppose." General, "Exactly, they want a quick reply. If we wait till the morning we shall delay hours and some of these may need an answer at once." So the decoding went on, and at 1.30 a.m. the General was roused, by his own instruction, to deal with the urgent matters, gave his decisions, which were coded and dispatched.

On 15th February, 1921, he left for a tour in the United States of America and Canada, differing from the usual campaigns in that it was not associated with the annual Congress, but consisted of visits to a number of the cities. Sir Auckland Geddes was on board for the outward journey, and the two met and talked.

"Sir Auckland impressed me as a powerful and thoughtful man. Opened the conversation by asking me how we managed to make the officers of different nationalities work together in such harmony? I replied by saying, 'Well, first of all, it is the dominating influence of the Love of God.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I know; but after that?' To which I replied that I had always found the best way of making people like and trust one another was to let them know one another, and I believed nine-tenths of the problems of the nations arose from ignorance.' He remarked, 'Well, I thoroughly agree with you.' Then followed an hour's very intimate talk about . . . faith, prayer, prohibition, education—on which last I was delighted to find him largely in harmony with my views."*

For this tour as for some others the General classified his congregations that he might give a message appropriate to their need. Good, this, for the hearers, but heavy going for the preacher and his helpers! For example, he reached San Francisco from Los Angeles at one o'clock, and the journal records:

"*Saturday*, 5th March. Two o'clock Press; ten representatives present. 3.30 children over ten; 5.30 young people. Good meeting. Talked about the new life. Some very intelligent young folks. Soldiers and ex-soldiers at 7.45. A happy and powerful meeting. A fine penitent form. Dealt with some of the ex-soldiers myself. Oh, how I love the broken heart! We had some to-night. Praise the Lord! Finished at 11.15, thoroughly tired, but nothing worse."

"*Sunday*, 6th March. . . . At 10.30 a.m. Soldiers only, in

*Journal, 19.2.1921.

our own hall. A useful meeting. Some very definite seeking for Full Salvation. One or two delightful reconciliations. Several promising candidates for officership.

"Salvation meeting in Savoy Theatre at 3 o'clock. Place packed. . . . Salvation again at 7.30. Very hot. Had no freedom in talking ; nevertheless, the truth was powerful. Some delightful penitent-form scenes. Two married couples ; and mother and her son. Had a curious experience in helping a lame man to the mercy seat. Got mixed up with his stick, and we actually rolled over together at the penitent form. Some of the people laughed and cried. I believe he got saved. Helped more than usual in my own fishing.* Some officers pleased me very much in the way they toiled."

The vicissitudes of "war" cloud or brighten the days, but the programme is carried through, sometimes with additions, as at Edmonton, Alberta, where the General calls a soldiers' meeting after an evening lecture. Of that Wednesday and the Friday following he says :

"*Wednesday*, 23rd March, 1921. . . . I.H.Q. cabled me that all our officers in Russia are imprisoned by the Bolsheviks ! Not a little alarmed, though *powerless*. But when we really *are* powerless I often feel more able to trust in God. Poor Russia ! My heart deeply stirred. Those devoted comrades have been so brave and true and have suffered so much : and now. . . . Well, there is always something to worry me—it comes as surely as the night comes after the day.

"Met soldiers only—after (evening) Lecture. A meeting of light and liberty and praise to God. All too short. Left by sleeper."

"*Friday*, 25th March. Regina. Good Friday—this most sacred of days. . . . Left the train at eight o'clock chilled to the bone. The morning, 'creeping from the cold arms of the night,' was indeed bitter. Mayor and Alderman and crowd of people at the station. At 10.30 soldiers and ex-soldiers. A really blessed meeting. Left [the meeting] at 12.30—Pugmire still 'going it'—in order to meet united Clubs. Found an inspiring audience and had a good time. Lectured three o'clock. . . . Awful crush.

"7 o'clock p.m. Salvation . . . talked with some freedom. 'Why did Jesus Christ die ?' Good finish. Penitent form excellent. Some backsliders in this meeting touched me very deeply ; they looked so deadly sad—as though they and joy had parted company for ever. Soldiers only at 9.30 to 11 p.m. Very rich and richly enjoyed. Most moving and tender influences."

*Army term for talking to people individually on spiritual things during the prayer meeting.

In early April he returns to England and to the general strike ; calls a day of prayer in The Army for the nation, and is busy preparing for the Social Congress, delegates to which will come from all the Salvation Army world. The intervening days are full as ever. There is good news and bad. "Good news from Russia. Praise God ! All the Salvationists prisoners in Petrograd are free." A few days later : "Lost a true friend by the death of Sir Frank Bowden, the first new subscriber of means to come forward in this country after the Founder's death." The journal gives us fragments of his thoughts these days :

"19th April 1921. . . . Yesterday I received a copy of a report on the Lambeth Bishops' appeal for unity. . . . For myself, I must confess that as life passes, with its tremendous realities, the religious ceremonials in vogue up and down the world grow less and less important. Just as Paul said in speaking of the old Jewish system : 'Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, *but faith which worketh by love,*' so I feel like saying to the Confirmed and the Unconfirmed—to the Ordained and to the Unordained—to the Baptised and the Unbaptised, '*If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.*'"

"To-day agreed to grant the Men's Social £5,000 extra for shelters and cheap food in view of the awful misery occasioned by the labour disputes in the United Kingdom. Do not quite see where it is to come from, but we cannot stand still in the presence of such misery."

"Thursday, 28th April. . . . Long business with various people. Much labour on passing affairs to-day.

"Short walk in the late evening. *Spring !* Greenery really exquisite. Trees getting on a sort of lace-like underclothing of opening leaves. Most charming—life everywhere—new world—beauty above and around.

We met the Lady April wandering ;
Her eyes were like wild violets,
And she would sing !

"Been reading an attack on what is called mystical—by which is meant spiritual—religion and really aimed at us. How very silly and very impertinent is the notion that only the highly educated and the so-called 'intellectuals' can apprehend Jesus Christ's great revelation ! I see every day proof positive to the contrary. . . . The rough-and-tumble workman of the pit, or the mill, or the forge, or the field—he lives religion with understanding, be he ever so far removed from its philosophical systems. . . . He knows, difficult as in many cases it would be for him to explain the theory of it, that religion is a personal revelation in his own soul—something which comes from outside himself—comes from above—*comes from God !*"

"May 5th. Distressed in the night by a view of the need of the world for *standards*. Opportunism in the region of morals is ruinous. . . . A most unusual thing happened to-day—anonymous donation of £2,000 for our General Fund. *The Lord knows all about the strike difficulties.*"

"*Friday, 13th May. My heart awake in the night dwelling on the world's confusion.*"

On Friday, May 20th, 1921, the second International Social Council opened. There were four hundred officer delegates. The Council lasted one month, chiefly occupied with private sessions for the delegates, but including some public meetings. The General spent one Sunday with a party of the visitors at the Stratford Empire Theatre (London, E.) and records :

"Meetings greatly helped by the *spiritual influences* that prevailed. Some excellent work at the penitent form. One hundred and sixty-four seekers. . . . How vividly the day of small things came to mind as I looked at the splendid force of Salvationists before me! *This also hath God wrought even here in Stratford.* Grieved to the heart about some backsliders with whom I personally spoke. I felt a kind of gnawing anguish over them. Home at 11.15 p.m."*

The Council was in itself a testimony to the growth of The Army's Social Work. Thirty years before, the task of fashioning the Social Scheme had been handed to his son by William Booth, who through all the stages of its growth had dealt with it after the style of his first order on the subject : "Go and do something !" As to "What can we do ?"—the answer was brief enough, "That is your affair !" Bramwell Booth had made it his affair in a very practical sense, and the fact that the work for women was, in its form and scope, his wife's creation, brought that also into the closest touch with him. His addresses, and those by Mrs. Booth, clearly delineate his conception of the aims and methods of this branch of The Army's service, and remain as sign-posts for all who desire to travel that road. The devotional meetings of the Council were intimate and moving, there were outpourings of prayer in different tongues, and the officers went away feeling they knew the General's heart as never before. The result was manifest in the quickening of the religious life of the work.

The wedding, to which all delegates were invited, of his eldest son, Bernard, to Jane Ievers Lowther, brought a personal element to the Council. The General conducted the marriage service and was manifestly happy as he stood between them, turning his shining eyes to the bride and then to his son, and it was clear enough that he loved the dark-eyed girl who became his daughter and a daughter of the regiment. His first grandchild, Elizabeth,

*Journal, 30.5.1921.

born on 1st May, 1922, easily won and kept her place in her grandfather's heart. At three she announced her intention of going to India, and when asked why, recounted with some vehemence what Grandpa had said "about little Indian children, some of them hungry," and "no one to tell them about Jesus. I shall go and tell them when I'm big enough, Grandpa said so." There had clearly been private conference between the two, and the Missionary General had taken advantage of the grandfather!

Africa claims much of his attention in 1920 and 1921. With an interval of six months, Nigeria and Kenya are added to The Army's missionary fields. Preparations go forward for sending another large party of missionary officers. Life is kaleidoscopic. The days are different, but the elements composing them are the same. The aims, interests, anxieties and occupations of Bramwell Booth's life have not changed in character for the last forty-five years or more. The Army is steadily increasing, and steadily absorbs more men and money; finding these is as ever the chief problem, but the burden of the days and nights is the spiritual need of the people. Never was this more consciously, more life-consumingly the case with Bramwell Booth than in the last seven years of his life. He lays more and more stress on all that may serve for the deepening of spiritual life amongst Salvationists and their officers. Special training sessions and councils for different sections of The Army tend to increase. He presses on with the publication of Army books, holds up the claims of God and the needs of the world by his own contributions to The Army's press.

On the whole he seems not to have had any serious doubt but that the great majority of The Army's leaders desired to maintain the standards of devotion and service already set up, and he rested satisfied that the work would be carried forward on the lines already laid down. Decisions, whether involving policy, expenditure, or the utilisation of men, were all made with the future in view, and on the supposition of The Army's continued growth. The present was in his eyes dominated by the future. This attitude of mind reconciled in him the apparently contradictory qualities of venturesomeness and caution. None could resist better than he the temptation to realise a present gain at the expense of the future. Knowing the harassment he endured from the continual shortage of money, his husbanding of The Army's resources and the building up of reserve and emergency funds is the more remarkable. Yet, when action involving expenditure was, in his view, justified, he out-distanced his most intrepid advisers.

The same spirit governed his plans for The Army's development in different lands. His was always the long view. He opposed the disposition, natural to leaders who contemplated a stay of a few years only, to concentrate on plans obtaining results within that period. And while he was thus enlarging the foundations and drawing up plans for "Our Jerusalem", as he often called

The Army, he moved from one point to another to share in the actual building. These last years are a continual round of special efforts on his part, that by one means or another he might reach men's hearts with Christ's saving Word.

At the end of September 1921 he visited Switzerland on a motor campaign. A great crowd met him at 7 a.m. at Basle station, where, standing on a porter's truck, he "opened fire." The throngs in some towns were so dense as to hinder the progress of the cars in spite of every help from the police. Factories were closed, schools assembled. The beauty of the scenes in some of the villages was unforgettable. The mountains, the sunshine, the eager crowd about the car, the General introducing the Indian cadet accompanying him, whose native dress vied with the colours of the flags brought by the local Army corps, all made a picture vividly beautiful. But perhaps the most entrancing was to see the light and shade of expression pass over the faces of the listeners. The General knew how to make fun, the translation did not hamper his humour, and how often after laughter there were tears. Sometimes such a silence fell upon the crowd that the sound of the village clock chiming seemed to startle the stillness through which the two voices flowed. For the indoor meetings all types of buildings, from churches to dance halls, were used; it is estimated that 50,000 people heard Bramwell Booth preach; and there were 725 seekers at the penitent form during the ten days of the visit.

In June 1922 he went to lead the annual Congress in Denmark and Finland, and on his way held officers' councils in Amsterdam. Tent meetings were in progress in one of the public parks of the city, and in the hope that he would take part, though not announced to do so, a crowd had filled the great tent and the spaces about it; his appearance when the meeting was half-way through called forth such excited cheering as would destroy for ever the notion that the Hollander is phlegmatic. It was some moments before the people could be persuaded to resume their seats, but the General was soon pitching into them, and in the prayer meeting afterward desperate sinners fell weeping on their knees. The sides of the tent had been lifted to allow the crowd without a better chance of hearing, and the scene as he moved among them speaking to individuals during the prayer meeting would have been surprising enough to anyone not accustomed to Salvation Army meetings. Many stood with their hats on, some were drinking beer from bottles, some laughing, some weeping. It was a Salvation battle such as Bramwell Booth loved.

This visit to Finland was his last. Urho Muroma, a Finnish professor wrote :

"I once came to the Brunns-park Helsinki, and there I saw an old man, the present General of The Salvation Army, lead

an open-air meeting. I had read of his father, how he was fervent in spirit, although a white-haired man of eighty years. I listened to the son, and I was surprised. This old man—also he more than sixty years—spoke of Jesus and His love with such a burning enthusiasm as if he had been a newly-awakened young man. This was not the talk of a man who had heard something *ten years ago*. No, one had the impression of this man's talking that the fire of the Lord was burning in his soul, and that this fire had been *rekindled just this very day*.”*

The General says of the meeting here referred to :

“In the Park we had quite eight to nine thousand people, besides the moving fringes. Deeply interesting meeting. Smith† and Samaraveera [Indian Lieutenant] both helped. The crowd, closely packed, was held for an hour and a half in unbroken attention. I noticed that smoking quite ceased as we went on. *We exalted our Saviour*.

“The coming forward to kneel on the grass of a little group of men and women as penitents seeking Salvation was just as fresh and just as beautiful as ever in the eyes of all. I suppose the congregation must have been four times the number that could be got into any building in this city. *Is it any wonder that the Devil is opposed to our open-air work?*”‡

A visit to India followed, and on his way home the General conducted in Paris the marriage of his younger son, Wycliffe, to Renée, second daughter of Commissioner and Mrs. Peyron of France. Captain Renée was working as a Field officer before her marriage, and to her came the General's first grandson. Stuart was born on 7th December 1923, on his father's birthday.

In February 1924 Bramwell Booth again set out for Australia. As the train moved out of Victoria Station he settled to work, and after about ten minutes he looked up with a smile, and to the two secretaries in the compartment, “I say, you fellows, isn't it nice to think we're on our way home?” For a moment they looked blank, but the fun in his eyes gave the game away. The return journey was to be via Vancouver ; they were on their way round the world to London ! He felt the long separation of these journeys, and faced it with increasing reluctance. Of this journey he says :

“7th February 1924. . . . I confess that I feel leaving the centre more to-day than on any previous occasion. Nothing but a sense of *oughtness* would have taken me away. . . . Worked hard to Dover. Got hold of the Army Captain there and sent him back to Headquarters with important papers. Station-Master and Harbour Master very kind.”

*“Fervent in Spirit.” Urho Muroma—published in Helsingfors, p. 20.

†Colonel Allister Smith, afterwards Commissioner.

‡2.7.1922.

The second Australian and New Zealand visit outshone the first in its happy zeal, crowds and seeking souls. More than two thousand knelt at the mercy seat in his meetings during the ten weeks in that continent. In all the records of these journeys one sees the eager, loving heart, always travelling the same path of reconciliation between God and man, for wherever he goes he is striving to bring the souls of men into contact with the Divine. This is all that really matters to him : the things that claim and occupy him are but means to that end, and in his view little else is worth noting. The sweet consistency of his love shines through the pages in which he records his doings ; his heart is still set on the same ends as when in those fragmentary journals of his 'teens he wrote :

" I see clearly how easy it is to become a winner of applause and position and honour without being a winner of souls. . . . I do not know that the condition of the people ever so deeply affected me before. What can I pray for—knowledge they have and they quite know and understand all—and yet they are going to hell. I cannot bear it, God help them. And if I feel this, how must God feel it—Jesus feel it ? "

And nearly fifty years later :

" Talked with one or two passengers and one of the stewardesses on eternal things . . . it is sad, very sad, to reflect how much of sorrow must come upon the Great Saviour from His rejection even by the little handful on this very boat."

Founder's Day was instituted by him in 1923, and at Mile End in July 1924 he led the first celebration, of which he says :

" By 3.30 to Founder's meeting in Charrington Hall, Young People's procession. I took the salute from the stone at Mile End which marks the spot of our first open-air meetings.

" A glorious procession, witnessed by great crowd. The children and the East-enders seem just as young as forty years ago ! Interesting meeting inside ; place full. Bernard spoke well. Then to I.H.Q. . . . Night, senior procession past the same spot. Thoroughly representative of London and well organised. Bands especially good. Inside building crowded ; nearly four thousand people. Dedicated Stuart. A sweet significance in our coming there to offer him to God on that historic spot."*

In the autumn of 1924 Bramwell Booth reached the fiftieth year of his service as an official of the Christian Mission, now The Salvation Army ; this jubilee was publicly noted by a meeting of which he says :

*Journal, 5.7.1924.

"Last night meeting in the Albert Hall. The people were very warm—warmer I think than I ever remember a London crowd to have been towards me. All the speaking was good, especially the Chief, Hurren and my Dear One. We glorified God together.

"To-day many letters of affection and congratulation continue to reach me. One from dear Carleton* touches me deeply; he has been associated with me very closely for a great part of a life-time."†

"My soul was stirred in last night's meeting," wrote Carleton, "I do feel so grateful to God for allowing me the privilege of being associated with you for so many years, even in a humble way, in the work which you have had so much at heart. . . . To me and my darling wife you have ever been a friend, and the many, many kindnesses received from you during the forty-two years we have worked together will ever be to me a fragrant memory. I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings in words, but I love you very much—always have and always will."

Commissioner Hurren said on this occasion :

"It has been said that you love men's souls. You do, and I will say more, they know it, and that in turn begets a love for you in the hearts of the unregenerated. I spoke last Sunday afternoon to two rough sailors in one of the most abandoned districts of this great city. Each had a bottle of beer obtruding from his pocket, and each had taken enough for both men! I spoke to them about their souls. 'Souls!' said one, 'we're sailors! Sailors ain't got souls, everybody knows that—at least you're the only people as thinks we 'ave, and *you* wouldn't if *your General didn't make you!*'"

Reminiscent this of another incident. Bramwell Booth was leaving after a meeting when a tipsy, dishevelled man pressed through the crowd and, seizing him by the hand, said, "God bless you, General. I know you would save me if you could." Such evidences of the confidence felt by those to whom his life had been devoted were cherished as most precious, were in fact looked upon as reward enough. To him it was an "honour" worth recording that at Manchester, where on a Sunday night the theatre had been crowded and eighty-four had knelt at the mercy seat, "a drunkard insisted on kissing me on both cheeks."

At its close Bramwell Booth wrote of 1925 :

"1925.—One of our great years. In life and conflict for righteousness and for the honour of Jesus Christ the whole Army has pressed on. For myself, it has been a year of much strain and anxiety. . . . Every day has proved in reality a day of battle."‡

*Commissioner.

†Journal, 15.11.1924.

‡31.12.1925.

Every day a day of battle is his epitome of the year, and it is a good year. Anxiety without the battling might well have proved too much for him, as it may for any soul ; but action subdues anxiety and helps to preserve that balance of the mind which harnesses its energies. This man's life was disciplined but not dull—he possessed that “method, faithfulness and valour” which makes for strength and turns conflicts into conquests. The strife of life was not a weariness, but an intoxication, and in that sense he was but seldom sober !

Early in the year there was a gathering for the sons and daughters of officers in London. They presented him with a new flag, the flag under which he died four years later. The meeting pleased him. Journal :

“*Saturday*, 10th January 1925. F. to meeting of officers' children at 2.30 at Clapton. There are between five and six hundred officers' children in London of the required age (from twelve to twenty-five) ; between four and five hundred accepted the invitation to be present. I joined them at five o'clock for tea. Fog delayed me. Spoke in the subsequent meeting.

“A new flag presented to me, with an Address, read by dear Muriel [youngest daughter of his sister Emma]. The officers' children have paid for it. My present flag will go into some place of safety. It has travelled with me more than 160,000 miles and shows signs of its career !

“These young people deeply impressed me. Ninety per cent. were in uniform—‘the children of the Regiment.’ There is a note of fine robust Salvationism about them. May God bring them all into His Kingdom.”

There is, as always for him, the constant succession of meetings, interspersed by the long days of conferences and interviews at Headquarters. He notes councils for Divisional officers at Swanwick, where leaders and hearers were carried away oblivious of a stopped clock.

“Cleared up and to St. Pancras 10.30. Swanwick at one o'clock. Useful talk with the corps officer at Derby 2 who came to meet me there. An experienced soul-winner. Swanwick looked cold and wintry, but F. like summer in the midst !

“Two good sessions with D.C.'s of the United Kingdom. Referred, especially at night, to Jesus Christ's own Example as a guide for us in dealing with our officers. Greatly stirred myself ; did not notice that my clock had stopped and spoke for an hour and three-quarters without a break ! No one seemed tired. Our hearts were enlarged.”*

In March he decided upon a change of leadership for the British command. With an interval of eight months, Mrs. Booth had held

this post for nearly six years. The work, strenuous and exacting, necessitated her constant absence from home ; but it was a great joy to Bramwell Booth to see her leading The Army in this country to unprecedented advances, a happy crowning of his love and delight in her service to The Army. He had indeed found a woman who, as he had said to his mother over forty years before, thought "of herself and me not at all when the work had to be considered." The journal records :

" *Monday*, 16th February 1925. To I.H.Q. with Chief : conference with him . . . Hurren. Important interview and told him my decision to appoint him the British Commissioner in succession to F. This decision has cost me and F. much thought and prayer. . . . He received my decision in every way worthily as an officer and as a man of God. . . . Is one of my most trusted helpers in this great work. We spoke of the Divine Equipment needed and assured."

On an all too rare Sunday at home, he encounters, as he often did, a tramp, an "interesting tramp" (as they all were to him) and tells :

" *Sunday*, 22nd February 1925. To my table at 9.15. A day of hard work for my Lord. Walked an hour with Cliffe. Met a very interesting tramp. In answer to my inquiry he said he was from Staffordshire—where there were 'good, bad, and indifferent, like other parts !' He was preparing his midday meal—onions, etc. Very cold, snow around. Did not seem *ignorant* about Divine things, but, I fear, *asleep*—like so many in other parts !"

Light and shade, the great and the small, are worked into the canvas which is his life. One day he is at the Albert Hall with its crowd of ten thousand, the next at Headquarters talking to a young Training officer.

" *Thursday*, 7th May 1925. . . . Albert Hall at 7 for Y.P. Demonstration ; building packed. . . . The delight and enthusiasm of the immense audience very manifest. Congratulated Bernard* with all my heart. . . . It must do good. To my own heart it spoke of the loving toil of many unseen comrades, and above all of the possibilities of the future of our work for the young of all classes and nations. . . . Praise God.

" *Friday*, 8th May. Fair night, though rather short. At 9 to I.H.Q. Interviews—many. Maltby (Captain, United States) Training ; a life-long Salvationist. Been here for instruction in educational work at the Training Garrison. *I like him.*"

Switzerland is visited for the last time this year ; the meetings are not many, but blessed. He says :

*Then in charge of The Army's work for young people in Great Britain.

Journal. "Thursday, 21st May 1925. Enormous crowds greeted us [Zurich] all classes—mostly friendly. I have received the salute from many processions in various parts of the world, none more truly joyous than this morning's or more completely oblivious to all around. The gladness of God written all over the marching host. The tent crammed, seating 3,500. Quite five hundred people standing. . . .

"I was helped to make a direct appeal for response to the Holy Spirit. We had 150 men and women at the mercy seat. God spoke.

"Afternoon—tent again packed. . . . Three dear children greeted me with a welcome song, and, holding their hands in mine, I spoke briefly to the great crowd, of parents' care for their children's salvation.

"It was a glorious meeting. The Word of the Lord was quick. . . . Again streams of penitents. At night another multitude; a smash among the unsaved. Glory to God! Marki* did well with the after meeting, so did Bower*—as translator—perfect. All day all have been helpful. . . . Over five hundred at the mercy seat for the day. . . . Left, the meeting being in full swing, at 9.15 for Basle."

The year is not without its sorrows. Commissioner Povlsen dies under an operation, an unexpected loss. Povlsen had come near to the General as translator in Scandinavian lands. He feels the loss of these men whom he has known and trusted for a lifetime. For him there are to be more mysterious sorrows yet: his heart is communing with itself, and he is comforted as it were against the day of trial which still lies hidden. See this from his journal:

"Saturday, May 30th 1925. . . . As the years pass, and one experience is added to another, it seems to me that sorrows and loss which look like being unsupportable often prove to be not only supportable, but are actually transmuted by grace and love and faith into new qualities of mind and new powers of heart. Perhaps only by the most fiery test can we see and prove that the *soul* is master—master of itself, master of evil, master of life."

Denmark too receives a last visit. On this occasion he has an audience with King Christian: is interested by him as also in the prayer meeting battle that same evening, and records in the journal:

"A good penitent form, going on till 11 o'clock, and some delightful scenes—married couples, and parents and children kneeling together.

". . . . The King. A very striking man—tall (a head at least higher than I), with great dignity and a pleasant countenance.

*Lieut.-Colonel.

. . . Impresses me as a man with a mind and knowing it, and as earnestly striving to do his best for his country in very difficult times."

Back in England for The Army's jubilee celebrations at the Crystal Palace, he leaves again almost at once for Paris, where he sees the President* and opens a shelter for nearly four hundred men. The journal gives us his own impressions :

"*Saturday, 4th July 1925.* . . . My reception in the Transept a wonderful scene of enthusiasm and joy and outpouring of affection long to be remembered. . . . Spoke through the amplifier to fully eight thousand people, in addition to orchestra—probably two thousand more. . . . *We glorified our God, none seeking to hinder.*

"Tea and business . . . and then the Memorial and Solemn Assembly. . . . Reminders of our Beloved Dead. . . . Musical Festival in the Transept at 7.30. Again full, orchestra too. . . . I spoke briefly of the places where we have no such force as seen to-night, but where the Salvationists still hold on to the old songs, 'Will you go to the Eden above?' and 'Bright crowns there are.' The whole audience joined in the two choruses—a tremendous sing! . . . How it would have delighted our dear old General! . . . I missed my Dear One.† So did the people. . . . I congratulated Hurren,‡ and through him all ranks, on the whole affair; and they will do better yet."

In a personal handwritten note Commissioner Hurren said :

"If it is not out of order might I thank you on behalf of all. . . . It was a happy day, and your own spirit was infectious and made *everyone* happy. It was a real Salvation Army Day. Songs and music and talking were the real stuff, and if I may say so your own addresses were the top note."

"*Tuesday, 7th July.* To Paris by two o'clock train. The Channel looked lovely—like a smiling maiden! Worked well en route and really got through some gritty tasks. I am learning to endure!

"Read a little. Job. What a heart cry—what a pleading—what demands to be heard at the bar of his God! Yes, and it was of him that the Almighty said: 'He hath spoken concerning Me the thing that is right.' How does God thus invite our freedom with Him.

"To Hotel Gare du Nord. The same waiter as served me there twenty-five years ago—Roman Catholic. Spoke to him freely—more accessible. Asked him what in his religious experience, looking over his past life, had really helped him. He said at once, 'Confession.' 'But that,' I said, 'only deals with

*Monsieur Doumergue.

†Mrs. Booth was in Stockholm.

‡British Commissioner.

the past.' 'Yes, every time.' 'What about the future—to-morrow?' 'Ah,' he replied, 'I speak nothing of help for to-morrow.'

"*Wednesday* 8th. The President . . . looks just what he is—a straightforward man of the people; comes of the land, loves the countryside, but knows something of the world. After the Ambassador* had introduced me, he translated for the President, and Peyron for me.

"We were soon hammering away. . . . Evening meeting very happy. Promoted Peyron to be Commissioner."

In September leading officers engaged in training cadets assembled in London for a month's Council. Reading his lectures is moving enough, but the delicate light and shade of his humour, his tenderness, his fervour, cannot be embalmed between pages. Though none knew it, this Council was in the nature of a valedictory to the Training staff of the Army world. To them he talked for the last time of that supremely loved work and in the intimate meetings opened the treasures of his heart for their encouragement and spiritual enlightenment, talking with them as teacher, father and brother. He and they were very close together during those days.

The success of his scheme for emigrating boys was a real satisfaction to him. More than four thousand boys were trained and transferred to lands overseas. Of the farewell to one of the parties the journal tells:

"*Friday*, 30th October 1925. . . . From I.H.Q. to Regent Hall for farewell meeting to ninety boys we are sending to Australia. Earl Clarendon, Under-Secretary for Dominions, presiding. H.R.H. Princess Louise beside me on the platform. Lord C. made a good speech for The Army. I followed, and said plainly the Government was not 'doing us well.' Asked for half the cost of emigrating the boys. Mr. Campbell, M.P., for Camberwell endorsed my opinion on the unemployed boys and the *wickedness* of allowing them to run wild. . . . The boys impressed me. Two of them spoke and spoke well. Some, I believe, are really saved."

"*Tuesday*, 10th November 1925. Snow and six or seven degrees of frost. To I.H.Q., Cunningham† and migration affairs. 10.15 to 11.15. With him to the Colonial Office. Lord Clarendon and Overseas Secretary present. My three proposals to them on behalf of the unemployed boys: (1) pay us half the cost and leave it at that; or (2) let us raise a separate entity to lend the boy half; or (3) lend us, say, fifty thousand pounds on account for providing the half. Very nice and even cordial, but I wonder whether anything will come out of it."

The Treasury objected to The Army's plan that assisted boy emigrants should be asked to pay back part of the costs.

*Lord Crewe.

†Commissioner John Cunningham.

Bramwell Booth, like his father, abhorred the idea of "pauperising" the poor. Father and son looked upon a spirit of personal independence as an inevitable result of self-respect and believed that both were essential to good citizenship. That tenet influenced all the schemes for the social amelioration of the needy originated by the Booths. A man may not be able to pay for what he needs, but let him pay what he can; and the General was still contending for this principle when in January 1927 he saw Mr. Lloyd George—says the journal:

"... met Dr. Macnamara coming out. He was very jolly—laid hold of Wycliffe (who was with me) and said, 'The only reason why I do not join The Salvation Army is,' in half a whisper, 'that I smoke.' Lloyd George received me very kindly and after I declaimed in my solemn manner that I had not come to make any suggestions about his great *Fund*, at which he roared, I unfolded my two matters. The Boys. Seemed touched and most heartily and readily agreed that emigrants who are helped *ought* to repay part of what they cost. Promised to see the head of the Treasury, and do anything else he can to help us.

"Then I spoke of my deep concern about the preparation for air war—war on women and children—on the home. Did he think the religions of the world could do anything. He said, 'Well, if the Roman Catholic Church would come in—use its influence, the thing might be done.'"

Repentance Day finds him in Berlin again, and he travels on to Czecho-Slovakia, holds meetings in Prague where he sees the President, of whom he says:

"A kind reception. We were soon talking with the greatest freedom of The Army's work up and down the world.

"President Masaryk is a slim and alert man, grey and with very striking eyes. Received us in his work-room. Has seen something of The Army in England and New York, and knows a good deal about us. We talked of men and unemployment, of India and its village life and peoples, the Criminal Tribes, of China, of Africa West, of our Salvation Army religion."*

From Prague he goes to Budapest, arriving Sunday morning, where he is met at the station by an enthusiastic band of converts who greet him with shouts and song. The Army has only recently opened fire in Hungary, there are but four corps, and a cornet and concertina must do duty for a band in the meetings that day. Sunday morning is devoted to soldiers, the subject is holiness, and at the close of the meeting the greater part of the congregation is seeking this experience of which most of them have heard but little. Major Gauntlett, who was present, remembers "the

General's anxiety that the seekers should be helped clearly to understand"; he says, "this was probably the smallest Army force he visited as General. He seemed to enjoy sharing the fight with the few, and appeared to us as jolly as a schoolboy. The afternoon and night meetings were held in the old Parliament House, there were scores at the mercy seat. The General left after the meeting at night for Paris." We note he is still travelling all night and working all day!

Among other meetings towards the end of the year he spends Sunday with bandsmen in Manchester. The journal as so often, records his appreciation of officers who spoke and tells of work between meetings:

"To-day bandsmen all day; 900. The flowing tide was with us! Yamamuro* and Randelin† did well. Hurren in the final session, straight. Greatly helped all day by them all. Praise God! Wrote short paper for *Cry*. Interviewed by a *Manchester Guardian* representative at five o'clock. A very nice fellow, Congregationalist, 'but I am afraid I don't go to church very often.' Hurren with me to tea, and had what turned out to be an important talk."‡

On Christmas Eve the journal entry is short:

"A bad night. Cares like a deluge! To I.H.Q. with Kath. Many letters, Christmas cables, and beautiful good wishes. Various interviews."

And so one more year is ended. Next year he will be seventy and will travel round the world. He starts the year with hope.

"1st January 1926. My New Year is for my God. In my reading this morning these words touched my soul: 'Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to usward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.' . . .

"I enter upon the year hoping for myself a continued awareness of the presence of God and believing for wisdom from the Source of all wisdom, and hoping for The Army that it may have a year of killing and making alive—of bringing to the birth—of magnifying the Son of God. I have sent out a New Year's card: 'Doth not He see my ways and count all my steps?' "

* Colonel, of Japan. †Lieut.-Colonel Hilma Randelin of Finland. ‡ 29.11.1925.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MISSIONARY

“O H, that cry, that heart-cry : the harvest truly is plenteous, the labourers are few ! ”* wrote Bramwell Booth, General of The Salvation Army ; but that cry was familiar to him long before he became General, and grew only more insistent as the years brought him wider knowledge of the fields “ white unto harvest.” It was a cry to God wrung from the heart of one who saw men divided into two companies ; those with a knowledge of Christ and those without. Vividly imaginative, one had but to hear him recount some incident to realise that, his thoughts made pictures for him, and his own clear sense of the beauty and reality of Christ inevitably intensified his realisation of the need of the Christless. He did not merely know of it theoretically, he actually saw it. Did he exaggerate it ? Can it be exaggerated ? Is any man capable of sounding the depth of the need which gives meaning to the words, “ God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ” ? How far does what a man perceives of the spiritual needs of his fellows derive light from his knowledge of his own needs ? And how much does his temperament contribute to the capacity to feel, to see, even his own needs ? Would Bramwell Booth have felt as he did about the “ heathen ” had he possessed less imagination, less sensibility ? I think not, and such a conclusion leads again to the thought that he was a chosen instrument fitted for particular circumstances, a servant set by God’s Providence in a place which gave him peculiar opportunity to carry out, and to enable others to carry out, the Saviour’s command, “ Go . . . preach the Gospel to every creature.” And it would seem that in preparation for the trust of that opportunity he was endowed with a spirit capable of feeling, more intensely than most, the import of the command.

To have missed Christ would, for him, have been to miss the meaning of life—more, to have missed really living : thus he felt : and that knowledge set the trend of his sympathy toward his brothers who also were entitled to share in the inheritance of the Gospel. His thoughts dwelt with them. “ I am strangely *troubled* about India. I wake up in the night with a *start*,”† he writes in 1895 ; and to his father in 1901, “ I am much concerned about Central Africa. I feel we ought to do something.”‡ Twelve years later the journal records :

*Journal, 15.12.1913.

†23.1.1895.

‡4.11.1901.

"China worries me. Suppose it turns out that they should form the most completely suitable human instrumentality through whom the Holy Spirit could work for the world's redemption? Oh, God help me to do what ought to be done for them as far as in me lies. I seemed to hear a voice, 'Why so late—so slow?' " *

He studied their state. One wonders how he ever found time to read, but he read almost everything of any importance on the conditions and needs of the non-Christian peoples. He was more familiar with the problems to be faced by missionaries than were many who had spent half a lifetime on the spot. When in the later years of his life he came face to face with missionary and native officers on their own ground this opened the door to their confidence.

Within the first year of his appointment as General The Army knew that he felt himself called to voice the claims of the non-Christian lands, and anyone coming into close association with him soon discovered that he suffered from a veritable hunger to reach those who had not yet heard of Christ. He wanted The Army to do something on an altogether larger scale.

"Much in thought on the East," he wrote, "I want to lift the missionary work of The Army. I hate to see their missions treated by the Churches as though they were a 'hobby'—a by-product or a 'fad' of a few extreme people! The work of making Salvation by Jesus Christ known to those vast nations is one of the most glorious and abidingly important and serious undertakings the world has ever seen, either in religion or morals—in sociology or politics or civilisation." †

His vision of the need oppressed him, pursued him, and, regarding The Army as at God's disposal for meeting that need in a fuller measure than ever before, he definitely connected the two things: the call to his own heart and the opportunity in his hand; both he felt had come to him from God. His mind had been prepared by knowledge and wisdom against the hour. He had served a long apprenticeship and knew the measure of his resources as well as something of the immeasurable need. Faith joined love in the effort of his spirit to answer the end for which he believed he had been chosen. And the result justified his belief, for events proved that The Army was ready. Was The Army's Missionary General prepared by the Holy Spirit? So also were The Army's missionaries who, when the appointed hour was come, heard and recognised and answered the call. Few could have participated in the meetings at which Bramwell Booth made his appeals on behalf of the heathen without understanding that here was a man to whom the word of the Lord had come.

Is any one tempted to doubt whether his missionary fervour was anything more than a leader's desire to expand his forces?

Let him look at the response to that appeal, the answering gift of lives upon the altar of service, and then, if he can, doubt ! In every place the General visited, America, Australia, Canada, all over Europe, those who might with truth be described as among the élite of Salvation Army officers, the flower of its youth, answered with a solemn earnestness never to be forgotten, "Here am I, send me." And Bramwell Booth sent them : an act of faith as definite on his part as was willingness to go on theirs. For the General was no amateur when it came to finances, no mere novice plunging enthusiastically into ventures and ignorant of the nature of the responsibilities incurred ; he was of that breed of campaigners who first count the cost. He foresaw the contingencies that wait upon every unit in the missionary forces. Home furloughs—sickness—death—all these spell money on the mission field. And more missionaries mean a larger harvest, and a larger harvest means more reaping and storing requisites in the shape of halls, hospitals, schools : all calling for capital expenditure which in pioneer work can never be wholly met from local resources. Where was the money to come from ?

Perhaps better than any man of his day he understood the relation of money to missionary effort ; it was not a new proposition ; he had long borne the burden of providing funds and recognised that financial responsibility must be included in any undertaking for evangelising native populations.

"Of all the Army subjects, there is absolutely none, unless it be the Training work, that so takes hold of me as India," he wrote to his father. "There is a positive fascination about the whole thing. As to the finance I am doing what I can. But no matter how we look at things there stands the overwhelming fact immovable, and refusing to be left out of the calculation, that the great mass of the people live in a chronic state of poverty, and that even the better castes—for example, the land-possessing and some of the artisan castes, the leather workers and even higher still, the brass workers—are very little better off as regards any margin to give away ; because although they earn more, the inflexible demands of their caste position make them spend it on certain fixed lines."*

As General he continued to wrestle with the task of finding funds. See this extract from a letter to Commissioner Hodder, then in command of New Zealand, as typical of his pleading with Army leaders for their co-operation :

"My dear Hodder,

"It is upon my mind to tell you how greatly I have appreciated your efforts in the late Self-Denial Campaign in New Zealand. . . .

"The news from the East is very wonderful. A review of our

*10.4.1907.

last three years' work shows a far greater advance in the heathen or non-Christian world than in any similar period of our history. The work has advanced by leaps and bounds, and I see the doors opening and the ground preparing for wonders upon wonders in the future if we can only enter in. You will specially appreciate the fact that there is a net increase of over 3,000 on the Japanese soldiery in the nine months ending September 30th.* We shall need men, of course, and we shall need money. . . . Now I do think the time has come when you (the T.C.'s), my most intimate partners in the world-work, should feel with me this responsibility, and should on my behalf loyally and openly mould and guide things so that some of the money bequeathed by our friends in the different Territories can be placed at my disposal for the salvation of the heathen.

"Look at the present position. At this very time, or as soon as the war ends, I ought to spend at least £50,000 in buildings for small places in India. Hundreds of villages have torn down the temples to their idols, but we have rarely had the means to put up anything for the worship of the Living God, and it will take them generations to do it. I ought to find £50,000 in the next year or two for Japan for halls in certain cities, for Social Work and for improved Training. The first three years in China, including the Training Home, cannot cost less than from £50,000 to £60,000.

"God has wonderfully helped me, and I do not doubt His power and goodness, but I feel very strongly that the wealthy friends of The Army in all countries (and indeed the well-off soldiery) should participate in our efforts in these directions, and it seems to me that the time has come for a definite propaganda. We should never have been able to raise the very large sums here which have come in the way of legacies if we had not talked about the need from the public platform, made appeals in our publications, and used our influence privately with friends of The Army to leave their money not specially for the local needs of this country—although you will know how great those needs are—but to leave it for the heathen. . . .

"New Zealand has done so splendidly with regard to finance that I do hope no word in this will be taken as in the nature of a complaint or criticism. It is just because you have done so well that I am encouraged to believe for still greater things, and also because you know by your experience in Japan how much money affects the position."†

There are scores of such letters, each designed to make a special appeal. He is the suppliant for the voiceless for whom his love has become articulate. To his sister, Eva, for example, he is almost diffident: "Do you not think," he says, and "might it not be possible?" "If I could give . . . just now," ah! then—!:

*Commissioner Hodder had been Territorial Commander in Japan. †2.12.1915.

" . . . You have never answered my letter as to the possibility of our raising a little money in America for China. Do you not think it might be possible? What I should propose to do would be to send a careful and wise man over to see certain people privately after conference with you. I would not propose any meetings or any public statements whatever, but merely personal visits with perhaps a letter from me and an introduction from you asking for help for our opening expenses—which I estimate cannot be less than £50,000.

" Now I do not want to take away from the United States funds a single dollar—I would not if I could; but I do believe there are people there who might feel interested in The Army's being started there, and who would not give us any the less in the States because they gave us something more for China. Tell me what you think. . . .

" Then there is a most wonderful report from the Dutch East Indies. People getting converted by thousands, and yet money is absolutely necessary in order to consolidate and organise. . . .

" *Korea* (Chosen). This is good, and although the work is small, here again money is urgently needed for Training Homes, buildings and Social Work. . . . The people are so grateful, so humble, and so anxious to be good and do good, and their children are so intelligent.

" Japan is another question for us. We need a few thousand pounds for buildings there—but the great need is for trained people, and I see no possibility of raising money for Training purposes in Japan, at any rate, not on any extensive scale, for the next few years. Half the Japanese officers read or speak English; think what an opportunity for Training that gives! But then, of course, it means money.

" Now all this has its bearing upon China. I am not without both faith in God and some prospects with regard to many of these schemes, but China stands in my way to some extent, and I would like the States to help me with it. I believe that it will perhaps prove the greatest opportunity for the foundation and extension of real Christianity in the East which the world has seen up to the present time."*

Perhaps of all the missionary enthusiasms of his life China gave him most joy. For years China had been discussed by father and son. In one of Bramwell's last letters to his father he said :

" I am much occupied about China. I feel in my bones that we ought to do something there. On the other hand I am against adding to our money commitments without some prospects of meeting them. I feel the States ought to and might help us with China."†

Within a few weeks William Booth died, but in what proved to be their last conversation alone together he laid two commands upon his son. "Promise me," the old man said, "that when I am gone from you, you will use such influence as you possess with The Army to do more for the homeless of the world. Mind! I am not thinking of this country only, but of all lands." "Yes, General, I understand." And when the promise had been given, he went on, "I have been thinking very much during the last few nights about China. I want you to promise me that as soon as possible you will get together a party of suitable officers, and unfurl our flag in that wonderful land. I have been thinking of all the nations and peoples as one family. Now promise me that you will begin the work in China. You will need money. I know that; but you will get the money if you get the right people."* The promise given, the two prayed together, William Booth placing his hand in blessing on his son's head. It was a last command and faithfully obeyed. In 1914 came the world war, that heedless devourer of beneficent projects. Who in its presence could find heart to dream about evangelising the Chinese, let alone to find men and money for doing it? There was, indeed, every reason for delay. The undertaking would have been formidable enough under normal circumstances; during the war it seemed a kind of madness to contemplate it. But men who see the invisible often do appear a little mad to others who can see only things as plain as noses on faces. A pioneer party, under Colonel Rothwell, was sent in 1915. The journal tells:

"Conference on China, Rothwell and Salter on their report, with the Chief and MacAlonan. Most encouraging—we must go on. Now 'whom shall we send, and who will go for us?' "†

and a little later, "Much tossed up and down about the choice of a leader for China. God guide me."‡ To Commissioner Booth-Tucker he wrote:

"I am much exercised about China. It is evidently going to be a difficult campaign, but Colonel Rothwell's report so far confirms very fully the impression I had already gathered upon several of the main questions involved. I propose to begin in the North and South along the line of Training being the primary necessity; and I think I shall send a hundred officers early next year, let them settle down for the first year to get hold of something of the language, adapt themselves to the habits of the people, and do such soul-saving work as lies open to them (without much pushing), and then let them spread out at the end of the year."§

Actually fifty officers, gathered from nine lands, assembled in Peking, and on 19th September 1917, the journal records:

*"William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army."

†4.8.1916.

‡15.12.1916.

§20.4.1916.

"All day at I.H.Q. Overseas conference. . . . I took final decision to send Jeffries* to China. God bless him and keep him."

But China brought sorrow and disappointment as well as joy. Have not these been the portion of all who have loved that land? He had looked with eager expectation to go there himself after his visit to Japan, when the unsettled state of the country prevented him, and at that time he and China lost a man beloved. Francis Pearce had been China's Commissioner for seven years, and his death was a personal grief to his General.

"I must confess that very few losses have more exercised my mind and heart," he wrote. "It was not only the man that I loved and valued, but his experience in the East would, I hoped, be of the greatest service, and now in these troublous times in China how often have I said, 'What a calamity that Pearce is not here.'"

"His soul was like a precious jewel that was prepared to reflect on one side the unspeakable glories of the Sun of Righteousness and on the other to catch the glimmering ray of hope in the darkest sinner's heart."†

Eight years before, he had written, "Some talk with Pearce. . . . I felt drawn to him. His heart is set on higher things."‡ The General was seventy when Pearce died, and was to miss him sorely.

The visits to the East were events to him because of the place its peoples had for so long held in Bramwell Booth's heart. The India of his imagination was a life-long love and care, and to stand upon her shores thrilled him. Commissioner Blowers, missionary in India for more than thirty years, says, "His arrival in Ceylon is an inerascable picture in my mind: his beautiful expression of joy, the crowds surging round, he seemed to me like a minister plenipotentiary of the Lord Jesus. I had known him for forty years, I knew him as a tireless champion of missionary work, all of us in India knew that the General's love for that vast continent was no new thing: but his visit to India brought me into closer contact and afforded opportunities for impressions and observations of a different nature than had been my privilege before. No one knew better than he through how much toil, disappointment, suffering, sickness and death the work in India had been built up, and so far as figures could show what had been accomplished no one knew more than he did. All through that wonderful tour he constantly said to me, 'Sukh Singh, what does it all mean, these masses at the meetings, their interest in The Army and its message?' And as though answering his own heart, he would say, 'Surely, it must mean a widespread movement towards Christ.' And to guide that movement became his constant anxiety. Heat, possibilities of infection, the peculiar discomforts of the East caused by flies,

*Charles Jeffries, afterwards Commissioner.

†*The War Cry*, 29.1.1927.

‡29.10.1918.

mosquitoes, dust and other things, did not prevent him taking measures to inform himself. He inspected Staff and Field officers' quarters, enquired about sleeping and other domestic arrangements, visited criminal tribes settlements, knelt on the mud floors of their small huts to pray, making them feel he was not only a General, but a father. On the long railway journeys he held special councils with selected officers, led prayer meetings in the rocking carriages, and with dictation of letters and instructions filled up every hour. His visit culminated in a staff officers' council in Bombay. That council will never be forgotten. The decisions made, and the influence and inspiration in those sacred hours will remain for India long after all officers participating have gone to their reward. The intensity of the General's spirit as I came to know it in India, his unfeigned love for the non-Christian people, was greater than I had ever known or imagined before. It was a revelation to my own soul."

The Indian tour for which he left in November 1922 was remarkable for the facts alone. Physically it was a feat for a man of his age ; in the country from 18th December to 27th January, he conducted between eighty and ninety meetings at which there were over 3,600 seekers. He describes in the journal one of the meetings :

"In the evening an enormous gathering—certainly between 15,000 and 20,000 people. The attention excellent. Impressed by the band here ; am told the best band we shall meet. The man in charge, Captain Ratna Das (Daniels), whom I remember in the Clapton Training Garrison, wonderfully developed.

"In the prayer meeting the singing difficult to control. We counted fifty drums scattered about, most of them the centre of a singing group. But we managed to unite them by playing Daniels' cornet through the Magnavox—a great hit ! . . ."

Of another such meeting he said :

"People seated for the most part on the ground, proper formation preserved, aisles marked out, men and women quite separate, thousands of soldiers carrying small flags of our three colours, which they raise every now and again to emphasise some point or song, or to show special approval of something said. The freedom, the shouts of praise, the songs, the music, the flags, the evident joy of all, or nearly all, combined to produce an extraordinary effect. I can never forget it.

"The platform a small raised stage, covered by a slight roof of branches and leaves, afforded the speakers protection from the sun, the ground rising from its front, and the whole scene spreading out like a fan. Spoke through interpreters. Magnavox a complete success. We were well heard without shouting or

*28.12.1922.

straining, and in fact the ease with which the people could hear helped the deep silence so favourable to a meeting in the open.

"An invitation to the mercy-seat was followed by a steady stream of men, and then later women. They prayed aloud as they rose to their feet, and their praying could never be forgotten by any one who heard them."*

There were conversations with great men, British and native. Lord Reading, then Viceroy, "seemed pleased to see me and talked freely. An interesting interview."

And this journal entry is followed by a soliloquy not without interest as expressing Bramwell Booth's view on a great problem.

"The relation of the British people, as represented by its Government here, to the Indian peoples involves a group of very perplexing (not to use a stronger word) problems. That one nation should make itself master of other nations—compelling an over-lordship, will in my view be right or wrong just as the result, or the aim and the result, are good or bad. As I look at India to-day, with some knowledge of her history and considerable knowledge of her present condition and the state of her mind or minds, and with my deep conviction that a definite purpose runs through what we call history—I feel that it may well be that the work the Anglo-Saxon has done for these peoples, especially the oppressed among them, is a Divinely ordered and appointed work. If so, then to abandon that work will be not only a cowardly thing, but a going in the face of what God has planned. And this may be quite true notwithstanding many blunders and follies."†

To his wife he wrote :

"The people are *wonderful*. Their poverty and nakedness have in my mind very little to do with their genuineness. If religion, *i.e.*, Christ's religion, is a thing of the *intellect*, then of course their wretched condition may be all important in considering their capacity to embrace it ; but (and I said this to Lord Reading to-day) if it is a thing of the *heart*, I see no reason why they should not stand with us, in the knowledge and enjoyment of Divine things. . . .

"He was so kind and nice. Gave me a long talk. . . . Spoke almost affectionately of you and with immense admiration of the old General. He looks terribly tired and *over-burdened* ! "‡

But probably the unofficial happenings were not the least important. The conversations in the train, the contact with the people as the General moved about amongst them, brought him near to them. He felt it. Typical were the doings of one night. The

*24.12.1922.

†7.1.1923.

‡Calcutta, 9.1.1923.

departing train was delayed : the meeting over : there might have been a few hours' rest. No—here was an opportunity for closer contact with the officers, and the General spent the small hours in private conversation with them.

“ He talked to me like a father,” a young officer told me. “ I shall never, never forget. He prayed with us, and then turned to me and talked to me about my responsibility for my husband's spiritual progress, and then talked to him of his responsibility for my soul. He spoke to us as if we two were as important as all the people he had had in his meeting.”

All the time it was the people that interested him. Having a day to spare in Delhi, by a little plotting and scheming he was induced to leave his papers to see some of the wonders on the outskirts of the city. Wycliffe, who was with him, says that in the seven years' travelling with him this was the only purely sight-seeing expedition he made, and adds :

“ On arrival I well remember the exasperation I felt when he refused to get out of the car in order to see the interior of the almost miraculous pile. We drove round, and he admired the colours and talked about the time and cost in money and labour involved. Five minutes later, however, he had called a halt and was out of the car watching with the closest attention a family of Indian gipsies, in all their poverty and filth, preparing their evening meal. He observed every detail, the cow dung fire, the preparation of the chepatties, and noticed the tilt of the tent cloth to shield the occupants from the heat and to create a draught. In subsequent meetings the glimpse he had had of the intimacies of that little group was turned to good account.”

Christmas Day was devoted to officers' meetings. Says the General, via the journal :

“ Officers and Locals at nine o'clock. Such prayer, confession, entreaty, freedom ! There were moments when the meeting seemed almost out of hand. Here indeed is desire, wondrous, uplifting. Faith is the need. My heart goes out to them all. O that I could find a means to help them on. As the days go by I see more and more the need for money.”*

Bramwell Booth's visit gave The Army in India an impetus which marked an altogether new epoch in its progress. He returned resolved that more must be done for India, and more was done, in particular in helping to provide halls of a permanent type for villages. The burden of the money-raising weighed upon him, but he set himself to do what he felt ought to be done, and while

still in India began preparing in various ways. He wrote letters here and there that he might draw out the sympathy of others who by their goodwill and co-operation might further the projects he had conceived. See this hand-written letter to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"My dear Hurren,

"I am seeing wonders ! The work The S.A. has done in these parts, especially during the last ten or twelve years, is indeed a marvellous one. It has, of course, many weaknesses and limitations—it is in the main among a *heathen* people—and no doubt we ought to go further and dig deeper, but when we make all the deductions which are right and proper there still remains what is the most, or one of the most, striking changes towards God and Christ which the history of Christianity can show.

"What has impressed me however is not so much what has been done—with its wonders and glories—but the vastness of the opportunity ! So far as many parts of India are concerned they are absolutely open to us if we can but take possession. Take this town (Nagercoil). Fifty thousand population, and surrounding it a vast network of villages all ready to welcome us . . . Last night—from 6.30 to 9—fully 12,500 people, the local nabobs say fifteen to seventeen thousand. We made them all hear with my new patent, and the silence and attention were thrilling and moving beyond words. We were spoiled by a tropical storm which passed *near*—but in spite of it the penitent form was wonderful and a vast crowd remained to the end, though the wind was cold for people with little or no clothing . . .

"Now I feel, as you would expect, that we ought to rise on this tide of interest and confidence and push with all our might. Money is and will be needed and it will have to be found. One of the great needs is for buildings in certain centres—another is for Training Homes. . . . Think and pray about this. Time presses. Life is uncertain and anyway short.

"I am delighted with the Western officers I have seen. So happy, so glad to sacrifice—living in hovels, some of them, which make a village corps quarters in many English, U.S.A., Australian places look like mansions of comfort and plenty—eating the rough, harsh food of the poorest and doing it all with joy. I have some deep heart-searchings about some of our expenditure !! But that is another matter. . . .

"God be with you. Feel cheered that the fruit of our struggles to find them money is to be seen in these victories. Much, much, much remains to be done ! But we are moving.

"I hope the S.D. Appeal has done as well as we needed, and that you and Mrs. Hurren will have a great and victorious year at home and everywhere."*

Notice how delicately he assumes in the recipient a zeal not less

*Nagercoil, 30.12.1922.

than his own. Having sketched the picture—"Now I feel, as you would expect, we ought . . . to push with all our might," and then thrusts home with: "Pray about this. Time presses." And see the generous heart's recognition of this man's share in the Indian triumphs. "Feel cheered that the fruit of *our* struggles to find them money is to be found in these victories."

To Commissioner Laurie he wrote:

"This campaign continues to be one of extraordinary interest and bountiful success. I am deeply impressed. The difficulties, dangers and disasters are innumerable. Battles are won and battles are lost every day, but I am convinced that our great campaign for India will succeed. Pray for me. I remember you."

On 17th September 1926 he said good-bye at a meeting at Headquarters, before setting out for Japan, Korea, and China. In Japan there were 2,640 seekers. A public welcome was given in Hibiya Park, Tokio, where on the evening of his arrival an immense concourse assembled. The road to the open-air amphitheatre was lined by two thousand Salvationists with lanterns, and as the General rose to speak—

"An indescribable tumult of shouting, singing, chanting, instrumental noises, and flashlight broadsides suspended operations for so long that in any other country fears for a restoration of order might have been entertained, but at length silence fell again, suddenly and completely, and the General's voice was heard at the far end of the auditorium as easily as though he were speaking in a small hall."

On Monday morning following his first Sunday in the country the General was received by the Crown Prince, then Regent of the Japanese Empire, and drove straight from the Palace to the municipal workhouse where he talked to the company of completely destitute men and women.

Ensign Alfred Gilliard, son of Major and Mrs. Gilliard, was one of the General's staff on this tour. He describes two of the meetings.

"When the General arrived (Kyoto) his car was held up by a dense mass of people unable to gain admission to the building. Standing on the step of the car, he spoke a few heart-felt sentences to them before a passage was fought for him to the theatre, where, sitting in the gangways, crowding into every crevice and climbing through the windows, the people insisted on seeing the General, and their veneration, expressed by the profound silence of thousands indoors, compared strangely with the clamour going on outside. Announced to give a lecture on The Army's work, the General was constrained instead to make a Salvation appeal.

The response was tremendous, sweeping the supporters off the stage, for the seekers overwhelmed all accommodation. Ere the proceedings had closed, over two hundred were recorded. Three Buddhist priests, business men, a publican, and many students were among the captures secured in this unique attack."

And this of the Sunday night prayer meeting in Osaka :

"The General has made his last appeal to the four thousand people sitting as still as stone images. A pause, in which the hooting of distant motor-cars is heard. 'Let every head be bowed !' A wave of movement sweeps over the building as the entire congregation literally obeys the General's request. Lieut. Commissioner Yamamuro, who for the last three-quarters of an hour has been translating the General's address, begins to explain the use of the penitent form.

". . . The stream of seekers begins, like a spring suddenly forcing its way out of a flat rock. A man from the back picks up his hat and coat and walks to the front, folding his coat as he comes. Another man follows.

"The penitent form is filled. The platform is swept clear of everything except empty chairs, and the stream of seekers is directed there. Band, instruments, and table are all bundled out of the way. There is no ceremony, no exception, no room for anyone but the seekers.

"No one leaves the building. The bulk of the congregation sit watching with utmost gravity and interest. None of them gossip or even speak to each other. Something wonderful is happening before their eyes. Many of them are Buddhists, many Shintoists, many born into those beliefs but without any interest in them, but all sit respectfully conscious that before their eyes men and women are worshipping God in a new way.

"So the meeting goes on, and all the time the General moves in and out among the people, directing here, watching there, arranging chairs, discovering difficulties and officers to meet them, every now and then lifting his eyes toward Heaven in earnest prayer. . . ."

The meetings were notable for the number of youths attending them. At the Universities of Keio and Doshisha the General addressed the students. Of the meeting at Tokio Gilliard writes :

"Five thousand young men tried to crowd into an auditorium built to accommodate three thousand ; climbing to window-sills ; pushing vigorously through swing doors, upon the crowd within ; balancing perilously high upon the second balcony ; until from immediately below the rostrum right up to the white ceiling an unbroken expanse of youthful faces gazed eagerly

toward the speaker's table. 'It is the man inside that needs change,' said the General, 'and that change which God makes in the heart lifts up the soul into the place of government.' Moods and temptations were described until on the upturned faces, expressionless as Japanese faces seem to appear in Western eyes, could be noted the sign of an inward discovery. 'This man knows how I feel! He has come across the world—but he knows *my heart!*' 'God inscribes a law on every heart,' the General continued. 'You are Confucianists, or Buddhists, or you belong to some other thing, but in the heart of every one God has written His law. This change of which I have spoken is necessary in order that we may follow that law, and there is not a heart in this gathering that cannot be changed.' . . . The Director's earnest words follow, 'You must have been moved by such holy and precious teaching. Remember it, but above all carry it out. I pray that many of you may be given the power to live as General Booth has spoken to us.' "

A student in one of the meetings was asked by an officer whether he had ever been to a Christian meeting before. "No sir," was the reply. "Then what impression have the General's words made upon you?" questioned the officer. "Sir, he has made me realise my own sin," was the solemn reply. And to see the people helped into deliverance from the sense of guilt was Bramwell Booth's greatest joy. He said :

"It was wonderful to see those crowds kneeling at the penitent form, crying to God, the God they did not know : the God Who was a stranger to them—crying to Him, and then to see the change come over them when He spoke back, and the joy that came to them. It was something never to be forgotten through all eternity. I saw it in Japan."

The meetings in Korea were not less wonderful in their way, and the last meetings of the tour were conducted in Sumatra. Here he met the officers from Java and visited one of the leper colonies. Of his meeting with the lepers—three hundred were well enough to attend—he wrote :

"It was one of the most moving moments in the whole of my life when I listened to a group of some forty kneeling at the mercy seat, singing together the chorus, 'Oh, take me as I am!'"

Bramwell Booth has been criticised for impoverishing The Salvation Army in the old country in the interests of the missionary lands. Maybe. It depends upon how one regards the question of giving. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, then the giver can hardly be poorer. He had very definite views upon the

relation between giving and blessing. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." He considered it to be a principle proved to the hilt in Army warfare, that whether applied to the individual or to a corps or to a nation, the giver is ever richer ; but that so soon as the blight of self-preservation settles upon any community of Christians, poverty, in all the essentials to life, follows. It would be of interest to study Army history in the light of such a theory. It is certain that there was never a time when candidates for officership and gathered funds were more plentiful in the British Isles than during the years of Bramwell Booth's Generalship, when the greatest sacrifices in men and money for other lands were being made. Hundreds of missionaries were sent to fields new and old during the years of his command. The Missionary General was used to kindle a missionary flame in Christian lands. A new understanding of the needs of non-Christian peoples and a keener sense of responsibility for them was awakened in the hearts of Salvationists the world over, and *it was good for The Salvation Army*.

But Bramwell Booth was not satisfied ! At Liverpool in October 1927, after telling Salvationists of the advances in heathen lands, he cried out passionately, "But I am not satisfied," and then with sudden laughter, "You would not expect me to be satisfied would you ? My name is Booth !" Continuing, in his earnest, pleading way,

"I am not satisfied because of my need—the need of the world. One of the real trials of my life is to receive appeals from different parts of the world that I am not able to meet. Again and again I kneel down at my office table and say, 'O God, do help me to meet this call.' I have a letter from Rhodesia—Southern Rhodesia has been an Army charge for some time, but we have not done very much. We have had wonderful campaigns but we have not been able to gather the people as we had hoped until three years ago. Now there is a great change. Southern Rhodesia has twenty thousand enrolled soldiers under our flag. They love us ! They want us, so that everyone who goes there says, 'If only you could send us a few officers !' It is the same in many parts of India, and it is so in some parts of West Africa and East Africa, and it is going to be so as soon as the present trouble is over in China. . . . We want officers, and we shall want you !"

It had been his hope to send out large reinforcements in William Booth's centenary year, which was to have been a year of great advances, a year of praise to God for the Founder's life and work. But in Salvation Army history 1929 will be remembered for things quite other, and for its Missionary General it brought a call that silenced all others. The fruit of Bramwell Booth's love for the heathen will be seen in the devotion of many whose hearts were

awakened by his enthusiasm, men and women now living who have left all to make Christ known in the dark places of the earth, and who would have been content to live and die in their homelands if Bramwell Booth had not unstopped their ears and caused the scales to fall from their eyes. He was a father of spirits. To Salvation Army officers as to the Corinthians it may be said, "though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers." And to his sons and daughters "after the Spirit" is given the sacred task of maintaining undimmed the compassionate zeal for the Christless multitudes which was kindled at the flame of Bramwell Booth's love, and which is fed, as was his, from the Heart of God.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SOUL-LOVER

THE story of Bramwell Booth is the story of his loves. He had no ambitions, he had no duties, he had only loves ! "For love's sake " might well be written across his life. The more closely it be examined the more apparent it becomes that the inspiration, the mainspring, of his incessant work, of his schemes, his prayers, his joys and of his sorrows, was love. This would probably have been so for him in no matter what walk of life. Affection was the strongest constituent of his nature. For the love of a woman, of a friend, or of a cause he would have spent his unmeasured energies, and joyed in his labours most of all because they were the servants of his love. But nothing could have intensified this innate quality as did its dedication to the God of love as revealed in Jesus Christ. Worship of the Christ quickened the native ardour of his heart and fed love's fires there. Taught in his babyhood to look upon Christ as the loving Saviour Who sought the love of every heart, he, from the hour of his conversion to the hour of his death, consciously set love to Christ above all other loves. "I want to be bolder for Jesus Christ. . . . I do love Him," wrote the boy of thirteen. "This is the great test . . . how far do we know and love and live Jesus Christ," wrote the General of The Salvation Army.

Love being the ruling passion of his life, it was logical that Bramwell Booth's religion should be expressed by love ; that the result of communion with the world's Great Lover should be a growing likeness in the disciple to the Master : and that with increasing love for Christ should come increasing love for men and deepening pain over their sins. He believed his Lord's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it . . . ye did it unto Me." "Love to God means love to each other," he said, and asked himself, "What is love for souls without sorrow for the world's sins ? and what is the love of Christ without fellowship in His sufferings ?" To the question, "Am I my brother's keeper ?" his answer was most emphatically "Yes." "The longer I live," he wrote, "the more I see that the vital sap of true religion is the love of loving souls. Nothing else really can be called religion at all."

His love for men was discerned even by those who understood little else about him ; and those nearer to him and in touch with different phases of Army work recognised and claimed his love as directed in particular to that group. Thus in any company of men and women who knew him, if they talk of him you will hear someone

speak in this fashion, "But he loved the young people. Don't you remember as Chief the time he spent on them when no one else thought them worth bothering about! And see what he did for them as General!" And another may reply, "Yes, but how he loved the heathen! After all he was the Missionary General!" To another circle he is "the Bandsmen's General—for whomever else he loved, you can't deny he had a special love for the bands." Or, as I heard someone say, "Cadets? Nobody ever loved and understood cadets like the General. If you never heard him talk to cadets you never heard him at his best. He was different with cadets, he loved them"; and so one might continue.

Bramwell Booth *cared* about men. His solicitude, his love for them was as everyday a part of his life as breathing or eating; it was not reserved for a preacher and congregation relationship, but was there for every soul with whom he came in contact. The man in the railway carriage! He could talk to him and draw out all manner of intimate confessions. The driver of the cab or the steward on board ship might be questioned, as "Are you married?" "Have you any children?" "Do you think this life is all we have?" and in thirty seconds he had found some means of expressing his "care," and more, he had made the man to whom he expressed it believe in its reality. A young officer, Gerrit Claeijs, of Holland, says:

"I was appointed as A.D.C. to the General during his stay in Amsterdam, for the Congress, 1925. After a heavy day, when he had spoken in the 'Concertgebouw' to several thousands of people, I had to accompany the General to his hotel. The lift-boy took us up to the floor where the rooms were reserved. It had been a mighty day and the General was evidently very tired; he didn't say much. When we left the lift, he greeted the boy with a kind, but absent-minded nod. All of a sudden he turned back, looked at the young fellow with a father-like expression and said: 'Do you ever pray, my boy?' Of course it was up to me to translate these words, because the boy was so amazed that he didn't understand at all what the General was saying. It is impossible for me to repeat all the kind words the General spoke to the lift-boy. At last he put his hand on his shoulder and said: 'My boy, have you a mother?' 'Yes, General.' 'You must promise me that you will pray at home.' Tears were then running down the boy's cheeks. As we went on together to his rooms he repeated in the passage, 'Oh, Captain, the boys! the boys! the boys!'"

This young officer continues:

"When I was a cadet I happened to meet the General at the exit of the hall, just after the holiness meeting. He acknowledged my reverent salute, but on this occasion he turned to me,

and although his whole staff was waiting for him and the motor-car was ready he found time to enquire everything about me—my work in the home corps, etc. Perhaps the way in which he did so was of still greater value to me than the words he said.”

This was as General, but his “way” had not altered! One evening in the early ’eighties the Chief has to be met with important letters. A messenger boy of thirteen is sent with these from Headquarters to the station. The Chief is wearied with his campaign, pre-occupied with a score of anxieties. The boy must accompany him in order to return with replies. There is only a four-wheeler available. “Get in,” says the Chief to the boy, who was expecting to mount the box, and from Finsbury Park to Clapton Common he talks of the lad’s home, of his future, of himself and of the Lord Jesus.

“I felt he understood me, and, excessively nervous and shy, I wasn’t easy to understand in those days! He won my heart as we sat shaking along through the dimly-lighted streets. It’s forty years and more ago, a long time, but the feeling that he cared about me and understood me has never left me.”

Thus one of The Army’s leading staff officers recalls the first time Bramwell Booth talked to him, and, though the details would be different, in substance the story could be repeated scores of times.

Here is a variation of it. Theodore Kitching, destined to be one of Bramwell Booth’s friends and a Commissioner in The Army, describes his first meeting with his General-to-be.

“I was only a boy at the time. The occasion was an All Night of prayer, held in a town about twenty miles or so from the corps where I was a soldier. What a meeting it was!

“A small crowd of us went to the railway station to see the Chief off again on his return journey to London. We watched his every movement and would have spoken to him but were too afraid to do so. Suddenly he seemed to notice me, and I heard him ask the Divisional officer, ‘Who is that boy standing there—the one who spoke in the wind-up?’ ‘Oh, his name is Kitching. He comes from Southport. He’s not a bad sort of a boy, but he’ll never be strong enough to make anything as an officer,’ was the reply which I overheard, and which cut me to the quick. But what happened next was that the Chief came straight up to me, and, placing one hand on my shoulder, and with the other grasping my hand, said, ‘God bless you my boy! If you keep good and go on, I believe you’ll make something for God and The Army.’ I think it was meant as a lesson to the D.O. I know it was a lesson to me.”

He saw men as individuals, regarded each as worthy of his special attention. This was why he was always ready to spend time and effort over the *ones*. There are only stray records of his efforts to reach the hearts of those he met individually. The journal for 24th November 1918 records an interview with a lawyer :

“ Mr. —, his talk on business over, talked very definitely and faithfully about his soul. He has given up all faith—once had some definite trust. ‘ But one big man after another has come along and knocked away first one and then another of my supports and now they are all gone.’ Very sad ! Two boys dead in the war. Wife apparently not in sympathy with the higher things. ‘ I feel I have done nothing with my life either for myself or for others.’ Tried to help him—perhaps I may have begun a work—but no sign of it. I must pray for him.”

One of his secretaries recalls walking with the General at Barnet. He says :

“ We came across a tramp—as unkempt a fellow as ever I saw—who, seated propped up against the toll-gate watchman’s shelter, was endeavouring with needle and thread to close up sundry apertures in his nether garments. Although wearing a private cap and dark glasses at the time, the General was easily recognised by the tramp, who hastily scrambled to his feet and bowed a smiling and respectful salutation. To my surprise the General knew the man and recalled having met him on about the same spot of ground a year previously when, as now, the tramp was making his way to the annual fair at Barnet. During the months which had elapsed the General had journeyed many thousands of miles, and had looked into a multitude of faces, yet he remembered the face of his tramp acquaintance. The man’s satisfaction at being recalled to mind was really delightful to witness, and a somewhat lengthy conversation took place between them. Provoked by various enquiries from the General he gave a graphic account of the conditions under which those live who tramp the countryside year in and out. Then the General, following on the man’s own remarks concerning the highway, spoke to him of life’s other ways—the broad way of destruction and the narrow way to eternal life. It was a sacred moment.

“ In the crowded theatres with thousands literally hanging upon his words I have watched the General a score of times and listened to his tender and passionate presentation of Christ’s claims, but I shall long remember hearing those claims so simply and beautifully urged on that September afternoon when he spoke to the tramp on the fringe of the common, telling him—as if he were the only man in the world that mattered—of the path-way of life and the Friend who would accompany him upon it.”

In this paragraph from one of his letters there is an echo of what must have been a somewhat similar conversation, but with a writer (a doctor of philosophy) instead of a tramp :

“ I confess to having had some searchings of heart about you since our last conversation. I am afraid that I was not sufficiently earnest in putting before you what I felt about the claims of God upon your own life, and the claims of the people whom you might bless by the gifts you undoubtedly possess. It seems to me that notwithstanding the gifts of mentality you have, which you must realise are out of the ordinary, you are in danger of falling into that simple, common-people’s mistake of looking for some emotion before casting your whole soul in faith upon a Living Saviour.

“ Do not be angry with me for speaking in this way, but believe me, I am sincerely desirous of seeing you entirely consecrated to the great purpose for which I believe you were born and for which I know you were redeemed.”

“ Do not be angry with me ” was the spirit in which he often approached the resentful. One day, going up in the lift of an American hotel, he failed to hear his floor called, and, discovering his mistake, caused an outburst of insolent protest from the lift “ boy ” by insisting on being taken down immediately. Late the same night the General returned from his meeting, and as soon as the lift had started on its upward journey he said, “ I am sorry about this afternoon. You see I’m deaf and did not hear you. My son (turning to Wycliffe who was with his father) will tell you what a nuisance my deafness is sometimes.” The man muttered an apology, but Bramwell Booth went on, “ You know, some people are deaf to what God says. He speaks in a hundred ways, by the love of a good mother, or the innocence of a little child, or death—but they are deaf and don’t hear His voice. Do *you* hear God’s voice ? ” By this time the sixteenth floor had been reached, the lift was not in request : they stood talking. It transpired there was a little child, a motherless boy, “ innocent, sir, as you said, and all I have to live for.” Now they were sitting in the alcove opposite the lift and presently they were kneeling together and there were tears and prayers, and a penitent heart not counted among the seekers in any meeting.

Early in life Bramwell Booth made it a law for himself that whenever he was alone with anyone he would accept the fact as an indication that he ought to speak of spiritual things. He kept the law and sometimes planned the occasion. The ardour of his love gave him almost uncanny intuitions about people, enabled him to see the meaning of signs unintelligible to or unnoticed by others. Travelling to Plymouth, he decided contrary to his custom and preference to take lunch in the restaurant car. As soon as they

were seated he asked his A.D.C. if, when passing down the corridor, he had noticed a lady with a fox terrier alone in a first-class compartment ; he had. "As soon as you have had food I want you to go and open a conversation, tell her who I am, and that I am interested in dogs. I will follow you. There is sorrow there." Instructions were obeyed rather reluctantly, the secretary had not seen any sign of sorrow ! Soon the General appeared, joined in the conversation, which was proceeding somewhat lamely, and in a moment gave the sign that he wished his companion to leave him. There was sorrow : there had been a journey across the sea to the bedside of one loved but estranged, arrival too late to speak the reconciling word, and now she was travelling in bitterness of heart to await the arrival of his body and to lay it in the grave. God had been unjust to let him die before she could reach him, before she could say "Forgive me." All the story was soon told—a long talk ended in prayer, and another heart was saved from despair and helped back to faith. Why did he go to the restaurant car that day ? And what did he see, when passing the carriage ? Whatever it was, it led to the rescue of a soul.

To those familiar with his "way" as General, how characteristic to find in a diary of 1877 such entries as :

"Preached at night, very good influence indeed. . . . Three backsliders kept me till half-past one."

He preached to thousands at a time, spending his very life, as must all who preach from the heart, yet the preaching alone seldom contented him. Sometimes the eye might sweep some vast building in vain search of the tell-tale white head, to find him kneeling at the penitent form with a seeker whom he was helping into the light. He constantly called upon some officer or soldier to help him in order to make sure he heard aright. Often, after having ascertained the nature of the need, he would explain the position and give advice to an officer who he felt was suitable to deal with the penitent. To one of whom he had known something years before as a cadet he said, "I want you to help this woman. It's a difficult case, you must have patience." And then, with a smile, "You and I were both difficult cases, R. ! What patience the Lord has had with us." "Think of the General remembering who I was !" says R.

Many a note, often in his own handwriting, found its way to some officer, as :

"Dear Mrs. —,

"Would you try and follow up that Canning Town woman for me ? Her husband is said to be a good fellow.

"I have asked Mrs. C. to send you the name and address of another woman in whom I should be very glad if you could be

interested. Her husband is a drinking man. I may ask you to see one or two others. Let me know what the expense is.

"I was so glad to see you looking better on Thursday—though tired."

Or, again, writing to an officer of his wife :

"Give my kind regards to Mrs. ——. I wonder whether she was able to make anything out of that poor thing dressed in black under the gallery? It was a sad story. . . ."

To a Colonel :

"I was very interested in a backslider in the meeting on Sunday night. He is an ex-officer. His name is ——. He was at one time a wonder—could pray and sing and talk and never tire. He was really deeply taken hold of on Sunday. Wycliffe got his address. . . . I want you to be at a little trouble to follow him up. . . . *He would be a champion if he were right.*"

The wife of an Ensign in Australia had helped a man in one of the meetings and the General wrote to her,

"Your faithful and tender dealing with him blessed my own spirit. . . . I do hope he will stand firm, and even if he gives further trouble we must not on that account give him up."

This last, so characteristic of his unquenchable faith and of the love drawn forth even by these transitory contacts. After one of his motor tours he wrote to the officer in charge of the division :

"I have written to Mr. H. of S. I wonder whether you will have had an opportunity of seeing him. I have thought much about him, and wish we could see him really blessed with the assurance of salvation. I have sent him a book, but I cannot say that I think he is likely to get much from books. What he wants is to come to the Living Saviour in the simple faith of a little child.

"The short motor campaign turned out a real success. May God be with you in your Division in mighty power this winter."

In the very first days of the Christian Mission Bramwell Booth began to give special attention to the character of individual evangelists, as Army officers were then called. He notes his judgment of them in his diary after visiting their stations, sees with awful clearness that the character of the work will, to an important extent, depend upon the character of the leaders. "O for shepherds who *care* !" he wrote at twenty-one to his Mother, having

just returned from a "discouraging day at Limehouse ; the man in charge of the station I fear has little religion. . . . It is heart-breaking to see a fellow put in charge and to find him letting the work go to the Devil !! Oh for shepherds who *care*." This last phrase is a theme which recurs in Bramwell Booth's letters and journals throughout his life. An "air with variations" to which his heart gives expression, often, one feels, because it is so insistent that he cannot suppress it. He apprehends that the nurture of the sheep will depend upon the nature of the shepherd ; that The Army will never be what it ought to be unless the officers are what they ought to be. In 1892 he wrote to his sister Emma :

"Oh, our opportunity . . . our responsibility ! What a *chance* ! I am crying to God to help *me*. I need more compassion and more courage. The whole world seems to me to be a real harvest field and there are so few reapers. I cried myself to sleep at Manchester over the officers, and brought a heavy heart back to London. Is The S.A. going to be ruined like everything else by its priests ? *No*—not if we can help it."*

To his father nearly ten years later :

"The officers *everywhere* are the question of questions in The Salvation Army. In fact there does not appear to me to be any other."†

"These F.O.'s. They hold the key to our position—the keys of Hope and Mercy and Victory hang at their girdles !"‡

"The F.O. is on me day and night. *He is our hope*, our one hope, our only hope after the Holy Ghost, and even the Holy Ghost must rely upon him !"§

To his wife, only a few years before his death :

"I have been much exercised this journey [to Australia] about the *officers* and their relation to the future. I see more plainly than ever that The S.A. can only be, or can be only what they make it. And I see also how dreadfully liable they are to change and weaken in the very matters which matter most. . . . No doubt we suffer because the *Leaders*—chiefly the T.C.'s and D.C.'s—fail to realise the vital importance of keeping up a certain standard, and they are themselves a part of the problem. They are open to special dangers in that they rise and grow powerful and sink into a kind of opulence which makes them obliged to look with some indulgence upon the easy-going-ness in the lower ranks.

"Now I feel a 'concern', as the Quakers say, about this. . . . I feel that I ought to make the cultivation and instruction and inspiring of the officers—especially the Staff—my chief employ-

*28.6.1892.

†25.10.1900.

‡12.2.1900.

§25.6.1901.

ment and vocation for the remainder of my days. All else should be arranged to be secondary to this. Whether I write or talk, do work in public or in private, this should now be my principal objective—to help in any way I can the *officer*—and I want you to help me.”*

If it be possible to fall in love with a class of men, Bramwell Booth certainly fell in love with The Army’s officers ! In the early years their affairs came to his own hand. He wrote to them, interviewed them when discouraged, dealt with their failures and attended to their health. Writing about the care of an officer’s wife to the officer responsible, he said :

“ I have sent you a wire saying give Liebig’s Extract, milk and arrowroot. But if there is much inflammation do *not* give the Liebig. I do hope you have got a woman of some sort and gone down and seen to it yourself. I sent £5 yesterday to help with the extra expenses, so you need not bother on that score. Push on with the treatment. Make — go to bed, or he will be down. . . . *Insist on it.* If you want advice quickly about anything don’t be afraid to telegraph, we *must* save the woman’s life.”†

At a time when he was in the midst of exceptionally anxious circumstances he writes to Emma, “ I think Lawrance ought to have some Turkish baths. They would distribute that inflammation which is making her knee bad.”

This was Harriet Lawrance, who became Colonel and was for twenty-three years in charge of the Women’s Training in England. At that time she was a cadet suffering from an injury to her knee as the result of a kick at an open-air meeting.

On his early tours of the Mission stations he spent much time working with the officers in order to help them ; visited converts and members with them. Writing later to Ballington, Railton said :

“ Nothing could be so good as the sort of visitation Bramwell did amongst the North Stations in 1877 and which has never been done before or since. He got thoroughly to see into both officers and men had left them unspeakably better than he found them. . . . The one great need to-day is to have just what Bramwell’s visits used to do, done everywhere.”‡

The officers themselves early came to look to him for help in need of all kinds. A typical note from an officer on the Continent in 1883 :

“ Dear Mr. Bramwell,

“ I do not like to trouble you, but I don’t know anyone with sufficient authority who can do this for me.

*27.4.1924.

†5.3.1878.

‡1879.

"I want very badly another suit of clothes. The cloth here is very dear, so I thought if you would give orders to send enough cloth (for long jacket and trousers) in a little parcel by post to the enclosed address . . . and I would have nothing to pay for the making."

And though the number of officers increased so vastly, he never lost the habit of feeling a personal responsibility for those he knew or came in contact with. It was not that he felt it a duty, it was a spontaneous outcome of his interest in them and all that concerned them, and it was irrespective of age or position. Sometimes his habit of observation amused them, as once when after taking tea with a company of officers he incorporated in his talk some remarks about health, its value and the importance of giving proper attention to the body, and proceeded to say, "Some of you here ought to have your teeth attended to. Now you are smiling and say to yourselves, 'Dear General, how does he think he knows that!!' Well, I'll tell you. While we were having tea I noticed two or three who could bite only on one side." There was great laughter, but that was not the end. One of his secretaries was instructed to communicate privately on the General's behalf with the two or three, a visit to the dentist was in each case found necessary, and where lack of funds was the obstacle assistance was given. The whole story of his personal relations with and care for officers and their families would be almost interminable. His enquiries and advice touched their spiritual and bodily health, their diet, clothing, quarters, marriage, friendship, methods of work, reading, their children and their children's salvation. He was interested, he *cared*. He wrote thousands of letters, many with his own hand, and quite apart from official correspondence, because his heart went out to the individual. Picked out at random and typical :

"My dear Cater, [an old officer living in retirement]

"I wonder how you are? You will have felt dear Lawley's death. I thought of you. We had a very impressive day in connection with the funeral, but the years fly, and the birds are going home! . . . Stoker, Gregory, Lawley! Only Cater is left! Well, Hallelujah, you have something to look back upon, as well as something to look forward to.

"Pray for me. I am hard at work at the old business, and in the old way, and with the old firm. Hallelujah."*

"My dear Colonel :

"I was glad to see you yesterday, but I did not think you looked so well. Are you not much stouter than you were? Is this good? What does the Doctor say? I feel concerned about you, but of course this is quite between ourselves. Send me a line at your convenience. Remember me to Mrs. —."†

*15.9.1922.

†15.9.1922.

" Dear Mrs. —,

" I want to say that I appreciate your part in the sacrifice involved in the Colonel's going to India. Much as I wanted him I hesitated long about asking him to go because I thought of you and the children. But when he told me of your decision, and of the way you communicated that decision to him, I felt that God was guiding you, and that as He had guided you so *He would bless you.*"*

" My dear Ensign [on missionary service in India],

" I wish to tell you how pleased I was both with the hard work you put in for our campaign and with the spirit you manifested all through. *I praise God for you.* . . .

" You must at times feel very alone. Praise God that you are able to carry that cross, and for His sake and the people's to give yourself with joy, without reserve, for His glory. Let Him be the centre of all things in your life. Yours it is to give Him the crown and the sceptre. To do for Him what is denied to the angels ! Hallelujah !

" Yours with loving confidence for the New Year."†

From Sydney to his daughter :

" My dear Catherine,

" You will remember that I promised that *deaf* Officer in — that I would send him one of my ear machines, and that when we returned to London I found I could get nothing because of the war.

" I understand that that difficulty is now passing and that imports are taking place. . . . Will you therefore instruct Freeman to obtain a machine similar to mine and send it to him with *full instructions how to use it.*"‡

To an officer whose health had given serious anxiety :

" I am much concerned about you. . . . I feel that in view of all you have passed through during the last two or three years we ought to make a rational and sustained effort to get you really right before we put the burden and anxiety of any labour upon you. I want you to live, but I want you to live that full abundant life which will enable you to do the best that one hand and heart may do for the Salvation of the people. . . .

" Remember me to your son. I ought to have answered the letter he wrote to me which was in reply to mine to you. Tell him I have been very occupied and did not like to write about so intimate a matter except with *my own hand, but I am in his debt.*"§

Their sorrows touched him, and when all that as Chief or General he could do to bring practical aid had been done there would still

*22.9.1924.

†25.12.1922.

‡15.5.1920.

§8.7.1915.

be the word that could be spoken only by a friend and brother. That word his love must speak, however difficult it might be amidst the turmoil of his over-crowded days to snatch a moment's pause for its expression. The very writing tells of haste in this to Commissioner Lamb on the death of his son :

" My dear Lamb,

" This must have been both a sad blow and a sore trial. I do not know what to say beyond what everyone who knows you is saying. Some things in their entirety are mysterious. Life without mystery would lose half its power to make us, and half its occasions to lead us to God. That this lad, your first-born, should suffer and now be stricken is a matter none of us can begin to explain. It is one of God's dark things—but none the less *God's*. And His dark things go on to the day—you remember the lines.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day.

" You will see it all when that dawn rises and know the why of the way you have travelled.

" I pray for you and Mrs. L. I hope that in all this sorrow the Son of Man will be revealed in a new sense and that your own perceptions of the Divine may be quickened and strengthened. Big sorrows deepen the river bed in our souls and let in more of the living waters. It has been so with *me*. May it be so with thee.

" Believe me always in true sympathy and affection and confidence,

" Your friend and brother."*

Colonel Dean dies in New York, and to his daughter, with her husband stationed in Peking, the General writes of his sympathy, though the loss was expected, " but wherever death comes it is a shock as well as a loss," and he goes on to speak of cause for gratitude in the loss.

" Your father was a very able man and had many of those qualities which belong to true greatness. Above all, he was a sincere lover of his fellows and a true servant of his God. I feel confident that the work he did . . . is still bearing fruit, and will bear fruit to God's glory and for the advancement of The Army for many years to come.

" I hope you are both happy . . . here we are more interested than we ever were in China. Feel free to write to Mrs. Booth or myself at any time."†

To an officer holding one of the most important posts and high in his General's esteem goes a hand-written scrap which tells of love's remembrance :

*10.5.1909. †27.2.1922.

"Various circumstances not known to the crowd will make your father's passing a moving event for you. Well—God has been good. Perhaps you owe more by His grace to the difficulties in your early life than some men owe to their helps and helpers! What a reunion is ahead! Glory be to God.

"Affectionately yours, W. B. B."

His interest in officers' children came at least in part from his love for their parents; to see them sharing the fight as officers themselves was pure joy to him. One often finds a line in business letters as:

"Give my love to Mrs. — [the officer's wife]. Tell her that we were especially pleased with the appearance of the children. . . . You have great reason for gratitude to God with regard to them all," or "I have heard a good report of your son in Sydney."

And to officers abroad:

"I hope all the arrangements have turned out well for the young people—all I hear of the cadet is good. I saw him the other day; he is working well."*

From the journals it is easy to gather that the officers' children and their salvation mattered to him.

"Meeting at—, *some wonderful cases*. Among them —'s son—a wondrous scene when he broke down at the penitent form during his father's prayer. No less than thirteen officers' families represented at the penitent form this day."†

"Back to the city about five and further with Hurren on his list on the way. *Glad to hear from him that both his boys are working for God.*"‡

It is really impossible for any who was not close up to him during the first thirty years of The Army's existence to realise how large a part of his thought, time and energy, was taken up with finding and helping the officers. Many of them were quite unaware how eagerly he watched their progress and noted every sign of promise. Again and again he referred to individuals in his letters to his father.

"I have serious difficulties with —. It would take me a quire of paper to recount the whole story. The fact is she has contrived to quarrel. . . . I am very much afraid also that she has seriously influenced A. If I followed my own instincts, I think I should say to her, 'My dear girl, you are not in a fit state to do

*2.6.1922.

†Journal, 22.11.1913.

‡29.5.1922.

any work of any kind, go away for six months' ; but I am not sure how far you would approve this. . . . However, I am doing the very best I can, and bearing in mind her value."*

"I was pleased with E. yesterday. He is a coming man, but he is *afraid* of his *reputation*. He wants more of the reckless. It is a want I suffer from myself."†

And of others :

"He does not go deep *enough*. He hesitates. At one time he surprises you by his courage and directness, at another he is absolutely invertebrate—back-bone-less ! *Still, he is not old*. Surely he is not. (What are we to do with the men who grow old ! ! !) But he is not, and ought to mend."‡

"Be open with him, but *clear up as you go* [a motor tour is in progress]. He is very valuable, but he is *sensitive* and feels he gets no approval. I should like you to give him *praise* when you can. You cannot expect to go through what you are doing without *some* breakdowns that are nobody's fault."§

"Owing to neglect or something else on the part of my people, I have only just now discovered that — is to be with you to-day. Now in your talks with him I want you to say a word or two *kindly* and not so as to create in his mind an idea that you do not fully trust him in the matter named, but yet so as to be a caution to him.

"It is all in one word. He is very 'commercial.' Howard says 'the spirit of the Stock Exchange has got into him.' Now this is probably a figurative putting of it. But there is no doubt he has been of late greatly occupied with the Social side—emigration—hospitals, etc., etc. It is the fault (if it be a fault) of the circumstances, and in some measure it arises from our pressure. But it has made me anxious, and a few words, not by way of fault-finding, but advice and counsel and inspiration of the greatness of the main business, and the danger of the other things just because they are easy, etc., will help him very much."**

No small part of his work for officers had perforce to be done through their leaders. In his letters to men about the officers under their command Bramwell Booth reveals how unceasingly he yearned over them. From the first days to the last he pleaded for them. To his sister Emma he wrote of an interview with an officer and his wife :

"— seemed to finish fairly well. I think we have got a long way on, especially with *her*. Now we must take care and complete the work commenced. My impression is that we have perhaps *expected* too much of —. We have to learn the lesson that we must deal with people as they are, as we find them, and

*3.1.1896.

†27.6.1901.

‡8.7.1903.

§1.8.1909.

**3.8.1909.

not expect more of them than they can give or be. It is no reproach to the fir tree that we don't get apples or acorns off it, nor to the laburnum that it does not produce roses. I am convinced both —s are sound at heart and mistakes in judgment and blunders in tactics are less important and can be remedied. . . . But, oh, for men with heart and energy.”*

To a Territorial Commander and his wife :

“ You must, my dear sister and brother, try to set that high value on men which is one of the true instincts of Leaders. *To love them, to trust them, to value them* as highly and as often as you honestly and possibly can—to *lean* on them as little and as seldom. Remember that none is perfect ; — has gross and glaring faults—no doubt—so have we all, but it is the good in men you have to work with and conquer with. You cannot have them of all one weight or height or emotion or depth of character or strength of mind, and *yet you have to use them and convert them into conquerors. You will never do it by belittling them ;* your recent letters have distressed me intensely in their slowness to express any satisfaction in your officers.”†

To a Commissioner in a missionary command :

“ I don't want to make too much of the case of —, but I cannot help feeling that if he had been taken care of, *watched, made to do his work,* shielded from some of the temptations that came upon him . . . he might have been brought through and made use of. . . . Leaders are not made merely by *being left to guide themselves and lead as they like.* They have to be directed, corrected, inspired, hammered into the shape we wish them to take.”‡

To a Chief Secretary he writes :

“ I wish I could encourage the younger officers to do something *out of the ordinary.* I am afraid that many of the D.C.'s are so nervous about their making *mistakes* that the young people get to feel *they had better* do nothing.”§

To an officer abroad on his appointment as Field Secretary :

“ Your appointment to the position of Field Secretary is one which exercises me very deeply. The position is among the most influential in The Army, because it has such intimate relations with, and may have such a powerful influence upon, the Field officer . . . ”

“ The danger of all officials is to be content with working smoothly the machinery of The Army, and, while the stream flows on with some degree of freshness and regularity, to be

*13.8.1893.

†1.2.1895.

‡17.1.1917.

§6.12.1922.

content. Now I beg you to lay yourself out to urge the Field officers to higher experiences, to more fruitful work, and closer communion with God, to greater victories over the Devil in the various populations, great or small, to which you send them. Do not be content to have officers under you who are not soul-winners, or at any rate are not struggling with all the powers they possess, and all the hours at their command, to pull men out of the fire, and lead them in the life of God.

"You will need wisdom, and the sort of wisdom which you can get only by thought and prayer and faith ; and you will need patience, that which only comes from love. I pray that these blessings may fall upon you in their fulness."*

To the British Commissioner :

"My dear Hurren,

"Thanks for yours. Truly we have seen the hand of the Lord in our wanderings through 1926 ! I am with you in high hopes for the New Year ! But we shall need to *fight*. You are singularly blessed and so far as I can judge you are gaining confidence all the time.

"I wish we could bring a few new—younger men to the front. No training is or can be complete for us without *responsibility*. And that we cannot give them without *risk*. God keep you. Aim high but plough deep. I am planning to see you early next week *re* D.C.'s Councils, etc."†

When officers were in difficulty he did not hesitate to seek the aid of comrade officers who might exercise a helpful influence. A man of capacity and energy was unsettled, contemplating resignation ; all had been done officially to help, when the General sent this handwritten, private message by an acceptable emissary—and the resignation was not tendered.

"My dear Colonel,

"Will you tell —— for me that I am waiting for his answer ? He knows my heart—I am all for God and souls and The S.A. and doing all I can to lift up Jesus Christ and push *Salvation*. *Is he with me ?* If so I am ready for him. I really must know. Give him my love and express my sympathy with him in all this."‡

In his letters to his father the officers and their needs and difficulties were discussed from every angle.

"One of the matters which have pressed upon me very much with regard to the Field officers especially—and it is a difficulty which seems to me to be growing on every hand—*they have no friends*. It is less felt, of course, in the case of married people,

*21.7.1922.

†3.1.1927.

‡10.11.1916.

but even with them it applies with very great force in many cases, and it is sometimes just as real a difficulty when it is not perceived ; and with regard to the great mass of single people it is an ever-present and growing weakness in the system. . . . Here are in this country two or three thousand of these young people, placed in difficult positions of great strain and danger, burdened with very heavy responsibilities, watched, regulated in a simply marvellous degree by a lynx-eyed system, a very large proportion of whom are absolutely without a friend to whom they can open their minds. They may not write home, that would induce difficulties even greater. They find it exceedingly hard work to take into their full confidence their immediate superiors : if for no other reason, because they are harassed with the suspicion that any weakness they shew or depression they admit, or wrong they confess, may be misunderstood, and so may militate against their future interests. The consequence is that many of them bottle up their tears and fears for a certain length of time and then break down and disappear.”*

“ I have been thinking much about the improvements of our officers. There is an officer of sixteen years, an F.O. who is an Adjutant. He has, I should fancy, made no important advance in the ability which is required in his profession as an S.A. officer for at any rate ten years gone by. . . . He has stopped. Now this seems to me to be the root of a great many of our difficulties. No doubt there are many reasons for the stoppage ! The cares and burdens of the work themselves tend to hinder its being done on an improving principle. The spirits go down and the impulse which started such men on the path of officership flickers out or burns low, and they have no motive to *improve*. . . .”†

“ I am full of anxiety about the Field officer. My visit to Scotland and my association there with — and — made a very bad impression upon me as to the extent to which some of these men we have put up over their brethren *care* for the F.O. ; and the F.O. is the key to the position.”‡

“ My whole heart was drawn out to these officers yesterday. [He had been conducting officers’ councils.] It is religion they want. Not money, nor training, nor even *outlines* ! ! but *religion* and leaders. Their own souls get rusty and heavy and *slow*, and then idleness and low aims and littleness assert themselves and down they go. And their leaders are so like them that they do nothing much to raise them. The four hundred people I saw yesterday ought to be a *mighty* force.”§

Until he became General he usually conducted the annual officers’ councils in Great Britain himself, and afterward in all the lands he visited ; rarely would he consent to public meetings

*10.2.1899.

†24.10.1901.

‡26.5.1900.

§27.6.1901.

in any country if there was not to be an opportunity for meeting the officers. More than once, however, he went to meet officers when there were no public meetings. The meetings for officers as a rule lasted two days, and it was at such councils that the officers and Bramwell Booth came into close contact. He looked upon this opportunity of influencing the leaders of The Army as the most precious of his life. Here, as they sat at his feet, Bramwell Booth impressed his spirit upon those able to respond. Writing to a friend, and with no idea that any part of his letter would find its way to these pages, one of them says :

“ I humbly claim to be of that company who are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, mind of his mind, spirit of his spirit, in an *indestructible* sense ! He was the focal point, and the living embodiment of Salvationism. That part of his work was so deep, so born of God, that it will survive. For myself, my dearest hope—next to pleasing God—is that I may be a true interpreter of all that Bramwell Booth taught me. Who can touch that work ? None ! It survives and will survive.”

As The Army developed, Bramwell Booth worked steadily for the improvement of the officers' material position ; he introduced a system for the payment of minimum salaries to Field officers, made allowances to officers for their children under sixteen, and established a scheme by which at certain ages officers retire from active service and receive half salary. But spiritual riches were what he coveted for them, and if his thought and prayer and love could have brought them such gifts the officers of The Army would have been rich indeed.

As he saw The Army grow—during the sixteen years of his Generalship the number of officers rose from 15,988 to 25,658, he felt an increasing anxiety lest officialism should injure the relation between officers and their leaders. Perhaps none saw more clearly than he that The Army's continuance and unity must depend upon the mutual confidence and sympathy of its officers, that if these were materially weakened it would not long hold together.

“ Much in thought about the care of the younger officers of The Army,” he writes when General. “ Their natural (after our constitution) guardians—the D.C.s—are so largely absorbed, I fear, by the temporalities that they can give far less time to the work of spiritual guidance than was originally designed and expected. One cannot *blame* them—or anybody—and yet it is a great weakness and lack. No doubt it has arisen in part owing to the increase of The Army and the growing complexity of our internal organisation. Still, I want to correct it in some way. The mere multiplication of processes has a great fascination for some minds—they look for *movement* rather than progress !

I have had it in mind to give more definite responsibility to the Chancellors (Divisional) in the hope of releasing the Divisional Commanders from part of their secular burdens. . . . I see an utter hopelessness of advancing The Army to the fields of misery and sin without the maintenance of spiritual fervour and vigour among the officers. Oh, that God will help me to raise up '*Bishops of souls*' in that wider power and illumination which we need to-day more than we have ever needed it before."*

There were rough places to be traversed, hard corners round which men needed helping, if not coaxing, and Bramwell Booth's way of helping was often a handwritten letter, patient, kindly and firm. Here is part of one written in the early years of his Generalship to a Territorial Commander disposed to resent certain decisions :

"I have your short personal note *re* changes. I have not written you, as I intended, for two reasons : (i) I was rather taken back by the difficulties you expressed. If we hold back owing to difficulties and imperfections we shall not accomplish much ! No men will be found entirely worthy of what we have to give them or wholly capable of doing what we want to get done. (ii) As things developed I felt the need of someone coming to see you and was preparing to send ——. . . and I shall now hope that he will have some time with you, when he can speak many of my thoughts. . . . I fully appreciate all you say in this note. Many circumstances have been against you, against us all. Still, our Lord knows all our struggles and surely will not leave us without special guidance and help. We must be more careful of our faith in Him and careless of the opinions of the world, which will no more have His rule than when He walked about Jerusalem 1,900 years ago."†

The last handwritten letter of this nature I am able to trace is dated 3rd February, 1928. I give an extract :

"Your letters have been a real pain and sorrow to me—but more still have they been a surprise. I had thought that you were able to put aside personal considerations and feelings. I have seen you in various trying and difficult circumstances during the last twenty-five to thirty years, and nothing that I can recall would have led me to anticipate the present situation. I say this for two reasons : first to explain my surprise and second to help you to measure my regret.

"I can quite see from your own and Commissioner ———'s, letters that the circumstances were very difficult and trying. As I see it at this distance, and with a knowledge of the parties, there appears to me to have been a good deal of *misunderstanding* mixed up with the situation. If you had better *known* each other

*Journal, 18.9.1915.

†6.2.1919.

I do really believe this trouble between you and Colonel —— would have been less—both in itself and in its effects. But now we are *in* the trouble and the question is, what is to be done—what is right to be done?

“You know The Army, and you know how many different types of character *and* experience work in its ranks, loving the one flag and trusting the one General. You know also something of the problems which come to the front when people of different races have to work together. And, knowing these things, you know also that I as the General must act with fairness and impartiality as between the different peoples and different individuals. Your request that I should take away Colonel —— or (as I understand you) remove you because you declined to work with the Colonel, is not a proper request. If you think you have reason to complain of the Colonel, or to challenge his rectitude or loyalty—lay your case before the Chief of Staff and it will be enquired into to the roots. But you must see that the control of The Army—even the control of a corps—would be impossible if officers were to dictate to I.H.Q. or N.H.Q. or to others of high rank as to whom they would or would not work with. Do think of this and consider us here at I.H.Q.

“Now I dare say you were tried and burdened by the position when you wrote that first letter, and you did not take sufficiently into account how I should feel in finding you, an officer in whom I have had for many years a special trust and to whom I have showed this very recently, so hasty in concluding that I must take away an officer in whom also I have had the greatest confidence. I want you to see that, and to say that you will not act on your threat but will go on as I desire till I see my way to release you.

“Now, my dear ——, there have been other times of difficulty in your life—times when you have not seen your way very clearly before you and you have sought my advice, and have followed it, and things have come out right. Can I not ask you in *this* matter again to be guided by me? I think I see further than you do—and I believe that in a little while you will prove that my present advice is wise for your happiness and for God’s glory. Say no more about refusing to work with anyone—above all, cast away any misgivings about the future—go to work to help the Commissioner as a man sent from God and not afraid to encounter trial and difficulty, and *God* will help you to overcome.

“Give my remembrances to Mrs. ——. I rely upon her to help you to help me in this difficulty. Remember, both of you, that the work you are doing is for *God* and The Army.”

It is significant that during the years of his Generalship no Commissioner of The Army withdrew from the ranks because of disagreement or dissatisfaction. The personal correspondence

between Army leaders and their General undoubtedly helped to keep a full understanding between them, though he did not hesitate to point out what he felt to be a fault, as in this hand-written letter to a Colonel in charge of a Territory :

" This is a private note to you alone. I am anxious to say a word or two to you which may help you in your difficult task. I have the impression that some of the people think you rather harsh. I am sure that it is only your *manner*—but, of course, there are some things in which the appearance can work as much harm as the things themselves. You are, to some of them, a *foreigner*—you can't help that any more than I can ! But in view of the fact it becomes important to cultivate a kindness and gentleness of manner—especially when giving orders, etc. I mention this with confidence that you will not take it amiss. You know I only desire your success. We are to be all things to all that we may win some.

" I should think some of your officers try you very much by their slowness. They did me—and I was only there a week, or less ! But even so, try to avoid anything that looks like irritability. Patience must have her perfect work, and some people take more notice of a hasty word than they would of a much more serious matter.

" In your personal contact with officers make them feel that spiritual life and power and results are *first* with you, and strive to bring them up one by one to higher standards. They are our hope for the future. But they will fall back unless we hold them up. Write to me. You have a great opportunity.

" Remember me to Mrs.—. She has influence. She must use it for the Lamb that was slain. Pray for me and for the whole world."*

Here are two to those entering a new command ; both are in addition to the official letters :

" My dear —,

" I have appointed you to — under very difficult circumstances. You have seen Commissioner —, and you know from him something of the special conditions under which our work for God and man in that country is being carried on. I will not, therefore, enter into details here. . . . There are one or two matters upon which I desire to say a word or two as to my wishes. Remember that your appointment indicates my increasing confidence in you. . . . I believe that you have powers both of mind and heart which *you* have not yourself yet fully realised, and although you may think it late in life to explore them I want you to rise up and to use to the utmost the larger freedom which the first position will give you. . . .

" Beware of anything narrow or petty in your leadership.

Look for great things. Keep your heart fixed on the great aims of The Army and on the great purposes of our loving, holy God.

"Carry your religion into everything more openly than ever. The *spiritual* power is the great power. You have proved it. Well, I greatly desire that you should more fearlessly demonstrate it to others and especially to our officers. The life of love and of faith and of seeking after souls is one. These things go together. Leadership in each is equally important. You must give it. You will !

"— needs a firm hand, but above all it needs a heart in its leaders which is a fountain of sympathy and compassion. You know the vital importance of discipline, and you know something of the importance I attach to it. You will not misunderstand me then when I say that with it I want an abundance of the milk of human kindness and of the compassion of Jesus Christ for the wrong-doer. God will be with you in this matter, and I have not the slightest doubt that your wife will be a great help to you.

"I shall not enter here into any questions which arise out of the political situation. I will only remark that you will strictly adhere to The Army's non-political attitude. You know no man after the flesh. . . . Your only chance of coming through as I desire is to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."*

"I write this brief covering note to a longer dictated letter. You have, naturally, been very much in my thoughts the last week or two, and in promoting you and giving you the important Command to which you have been gazetted I feel I ought to say a few words which will come better from my own pen than through another.

"I love and believe in you and your dear wife. That is *first*. I believe, nay, I know, that God loves you and I rejoice with you in it. . . . I have I think a just estimate of your *devotion* and your *ability to apply that devotion as I want it applied*. In short, you are so gifted and experienced as to make me quite sure that you *can* do all I want if you *will* ! And I believe you will.

"You are well fitted for —. You know the people. You know the weak places in former administrations ! You know how steady work and unflinching application of our principles must produce results to our wishes. I send you in full expectation that you will carry out our plans on these lines. . . . *Determination*—you will need it. *Discipline*—it is absolutely necessary. *Daring*—you must *run risks*, or you will finish by running away ! *Devotion*—you will I know set a high example. And in all I say I am speaking to your wife also. Her labours are well known to me—she is an example. Now I want her to be very wise and patient and tender-hearted and long-suffering. I mean—to be more so than ever. God will go with you. You have *ground* for trusting Him.

“Your new rank brings you nearer to me and the great problems of the vast undertaking in which you are now a leader among leaders. Cast yourself on your Lord for wisdom. Look on the *whole* world ! Live for the one great end—the glorious *Gospel* of our God . . . to . . . every creature.

“My dear Brother and Sister, care each for the other’s soul as one specially entrusted to keep the other spotless and unmoved to that Day.

“Believe me, Your affectionate General.”*

But it was not only to the Commissioners he wrote on such occasions ; from the boat on his way to the East he wrote to a young British Staff officer :

“There are other men who will think they ought to have been chosen before you, but I have faith in you, and although I think you should give special attention to cultivating the spirit of simplicity and obedience, I trust you will go through. You are young. You have not had any very great experience of dealing with men, especially men older than yourself, and you will need to be watchful and humble.

“Give my love to your wife. She will now have an opportunity of helping you greater than she has had since you were at a corps. I beg her to use it to the utmost and to stand by your side as a learner and a leader in this glorious work. I shall reckon on you both. I am on my way, as you know, to Japan. Pray for me. The news of your father is very good. Praise the Lord.

“P.S.—I hope that as a D.C. you will watch and pray and fight for the children and young people.”†

*10.11.1919.

†20.9.1926.

CHAPTER XXVI

HIS FRIEND AND FRIENDS

WE have said that Bramwell Booth was by nature a mystic, and with all mystics he loved the solitary places. "Solitary places fill me with a strange awe, and nature seems to speak to me of the abiding things when all other voices are silent," he writes in the journal, the nature passages of which show that he felt a kinship with God's works. He was no formal admirer but an intimate in the house of his friends.

"I have many friends among the trees," he writes, "they attract me. It is not merely that they please and soothe me—they speak to me! 'The tree of the field is man's life!' Every kind has its own special beauty and its own message."*

Well might it have been said of Bramwell Booth :

"He is a man of feeling in the noblest sense of the word ; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother. . . . Love, in fact, is the atmosphere he breathes in, the medium through which he looks. He loves the green earth with her streams and forests, her flowery leas and eternal skies ; loves her with a sort of passion, in all her vicissitudes of light and shade ; his spirit revels in her grandeur and charms."†

Hear him through the journal pages :

"I have lived such a crowded life, that I have had little time for the beauties and charms of nature. All the same, when I do, in passing along the ways of life, give myself for a moment to her, she returns double to me in inspiration and—yes, even in revelation of her Maker and Lord."

"I find myself tuned—I do not like to say, inspired—but certainly deeply touched by the world of nature and by some of its common things—the trees—the brook—the smallest wild flowers—flashing birds—corn—all speak. I think it is Wordsworth who says : 'In rock and plain, in earth and sky . . . Shall feel an ever-seeing power.' I feel . . . that 'ever-seeing power' embraces me amid the fields and woods and speaks an inner calm."

". . . With what joy God must still, as at the first, behold His work in Nature ! Even allowing that much has been marred,

*Journal, 17.8.1922.

†Carlyle of Richter,

if not spoiled, by man's sin, how much remains that is delightful—impressive in the highest sense—overwhelmingly beautiful ! If in the beginning the Maker reviewed His handiwork and found it good, why not now ?—assuredly the sky, the hills, the seas, are glorious as ever.”

The wilds and woods and waters drew him. In their presence his soul momentarily laid down her burden and went free, sometimes on wings.

To know him intimately it was needful to know him at such times, for then beauties, before hidden, were unveiled. To all men come moments, transitory, rare, when the soul stands naked : if some other soul, gifted with perception, be present, those moments will reveal what a lifetime of association might fail to discover. For Bramwell Booth nature was an environment favourable to, if not actually productive of, such revelations ; and it contributed to the perfect unity of spirit existing between them that his wife was capable of responding to him, whether by silence or by speech, understanding his need. She shared with him the brief spells when he was free to consort with earth and skies ; and the journal entries give some idea of his sense of rest and well-being in her presence when in the freedom of a lonely countryside, as :

“ Flo drove me out—a beautiful autumn day. We are gloriously united in our sympathies with all the world of nature, and it strangely adds to the charm of all we see and feel at such times.”

Or,

“ Delightful evening—walked in a sense of great peace with my Dear One for an hour or so by the sea. Oh, for a larger faith ! More than anything else perhaps we ought to thank God—for God ! ‘ He rides upon the storm.’ I console myself, amid the malignity of the nations and the impotence of men to attain to what they know and admit is best, by reflecting on the abundance of the love of God as He shows it in the hearts that receive Him. But for that I think the world's woes just now would make me mad ! ”

Of his furloughing days in 1918, spent on the East Coast, he writes :

“ My dearest has been most precious and inspiring company, and many things together have worked for my peace. I praise God.”

It is not possible to speak with freedom of the friendship consummated by these two while Florence Booth is still alive. For the same reason but limited use can be made of their letters to each other. If confirmation were needed that their coming together were of God, it surely could be found in the perfect harmonising

of their two natures throughout the forty-seven years. They were knit together as one soul, and, as it ever is for lovers, whether present, or absent from each other, every moment of keen impression glad or sad was lived together. "You are ever in my thoughts," he wrote to her at seventy when on his way to Japan, "in the eye of my mind and heart." Years before when absent from each other for but a few days he had written :

"You have taught me to love you, and to be unable to live without you, and to cry out for you with *all* my wants, so joy in it and don't think of me except as being *all* yours and as wanting you all mine. You have taught me how all the world can be in one being—all its light in one pair of eyes—all its joy in one dear frame and all its music in one sweet voice—you have taught me and I have learned it, and you are to believe I have learned it, and to accept all I give you as from the heart of a man to whom you have once and for ever taught the lesson of love and rest."

Justly to appraise Bramwell Booth one must take into account the influence of the courageous and beautiful woman at his side. She was his counterpart. Clear-seeing, calm and unwearying, she companioned him on all the paths he travelled, and not merely was able to comprehend his view and its effect on him, but was competent to bring a new aspect of it to his notice. And—a rare attainment—though temperamentally his antithesis she was able to appreciate the emotional toll his life levied. Men and things did not affect her in the same fashion, but she knew intuitively how they did affect him, and she knew how to make him conscious of the comfort of her understanding. He writes to her in 1908 when on the way to Stockholm :

"It is thirty years within a few days since I first travelled over this route ! I slept last night in the same hotel in which I spent a night then. I had many reflections. I have had many disappointments and some disillusionments, but what a wonderful succession of mercies and grace and love my life has been ! And among all the benefactions of that thirty years—the lifetime of a generation of men—you have been the *greatest*. I wish I had done more for you—for all—but especially for you."*

And thirteen years later he wrote in his journal :

"Some precious moments of heart-to-heart talk with my dearest, who seems so bright and alert and full of plans. I can never tell all her friendship has been to me. All through the uplifting emotion of my love for her she has been like a driving force pressing me on to the highest things—never content—always

reaching up and on to the best, and helping me to learn through the discipline of the lower the significance and beauty of the higher. We have gone on together to know God, and, while enjoying His gifts of love and trust and comfort in each other, to find out that only the Giver can really satisfy. And the future ! Well, I agree with the old writer who says, 'One chief use of this life is to form friendships for the next.'**

Such love cannot be displayed in words. Its fairest aspects belong to the friends alone. The German Doctor Clasen, who came to England to study The Army and the two men who were making it, said of Bramwell Booth, "He loves his wife romantically"; a noticing man, he soon discovered that ! Had he lived with them he would have found that their association never became prosaic. Bramwell Booth is not a young lover but has been married thirty-two years when he writes in his journal, "Flo drove me out at one p.m. Again the trees, the commons, the seashore, the stubble and turnips, all made their subtle appeal—that is a sweet, strange thrill we feel together in the presence of these silent servants of our Master." In the spiritual and intellectual realms, as well as in the kingdom of the heart, these two conversed in perfect harmony and never lost the "sweet, strange thrill" with which being together endowed even life's commonplaces, "the stubble and turnips." To be apart from each other was the greatest deprivation duty could demand. It was the separation from this heart-friend that made the long journeys of the Generalship years a hardship.

On the eve of one of his departures his wife writes to him :

"I felt in the night that as we are not gifted with foreknowledge I should like now, while the pressure of the coming separation is upon my heart, to put down in black and white a thought or two that I want you to be certain of, if the separation should be longer than we think."

And after speaking of her spiritual experience, continues :

"I do want to say—but no words can—that your goodness and gentleness and everything that love means have made me greatly happy. No woman ever had such a husband. Dearest Beloved, do let our love *rest you* till we are together again. Your only fault has been you have ever begrudged yourself happiness or rest.

"Do trust God with The S.A. Never mind if it looks like going to pieces. Materially much of life lives in that way, breaks up in one form and lives more abundantly in the many forms. God has used you to do wonderful things, to establish and hold together this mighty force. Rejoice in it and leave it. 'The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall

they say, Lo here ! or, lo there ! ' . . . I have so enjoyed my work on N.H.Q. I wish things could be simplified and more opportunity for goodness to come out, but it is the greatness of the affair makes that difficult."

To his daughter Mary he wrote when about to sail :

" We are just off. I have said ' good-bye ' to your darling mother and I do not find it any easier to part than when we met and parted first—43 years ago. Do what you can to cheer her."*

But the journeys were not the first of their separations, for The Army work had robbed them of each other from the time when their honeymoon was cut short. Both acquiesced, for both had accepted that the " Concern " had priority rights ! Nevertheless, the recurring renunciation of each other's company was costly to them both. Upon Florence Booth, in the years when the children claimed her, the strain was probably greater than her husband realised. Good health and her uninterrupted self-control enabled her to protect from encroachments leisure to devote to him in the all too few hours he spent at home. The exception was her occasional demand for his criticism and help with her " sermon " notes. The necessity for husbanding financial resources thrust the greater part of the education of the children as well as the making of their clothes upon her hands. " Flo is terribly taxed, the sewing has become a perfect plague to life ! " he wrote, and in a letter to his father talked of restraining her. The old man replies :

" Flo. I am glad to hear you talk about putting the brakes on. When shall you begin ? I think I should have put them on a long while ago if I had been you. A herculean woman could not very well keep up the pace she was going when I left England."†

Yet Bramwell Booth experienced a compensating delight in her ability for the work, and manifestly enjoyed noting her doings. As :

" F. E. B. had a good day at Derby. . . One of the penitents—a man of some means—came the day following to offer a gift of £300 to put up some building—temporary—in a new part of Derby. Travelled owing to the crowd in the guard's van from Derby, and hopes she got the guard saved. Spoke to five hundred railway men at Derby station at 8 a.m."‡

When he was absent, their letters took the place, in a measure, of their conversations. They exchanged views on everything. The greater part of his letters was taken up with setting forth The Army's needs and opportunities and his desire for it. As, for example :

* 1.10.1924.

† 19.3.1898.

‡ 26.9.1919.

" I have had some very serious thoughts on this journey about the importance of developing the future leaders of The Army—I see more clearly than ever that it is upon the character and capacity of these men that the future success or failure will largely depend. . . .

" We have but little opportunity of judging their real understanding and devotion to the Army system as expressed in the phrase 'love and law.' If they 'get on' we are disposed to be content, and 'getting on' may mean only that they are clever in giving way when they ought to stand fast—without letting it be seen, or that they see their way to get through difficulties without really tackling them. We have not instructed them, at any rate effectively—in the importance of holding fast to the *Army way* in times when there may be another way : their personal feeling, bias, pity, anger, love of reputation and personal interest, all come into play.

" We have no way of knowing what they do to inform themselves about The Army—they read or don't read our history as the fancy takes them—so that when they come again into circumstances which are only a repetition of history they are no better for our experience.

" We are largely ignorant of their inner feelings—their criticism does not reach us—their weak places towards the central government are not known, and so we are unable either to fortify them or to make provision for the time when these weaknesses may involve serious trouble in great affairs.

" We have little real way of grounding them in *Doctrine*—and yet we are *built* on certain truths which are assailed everywhere ; our own people are gaining in education and need to have their difficulties met.

" Now, without going further—what is to be done ? If during the next five or seven years we could bring on some promising men, if only a score or two, what a blessing and strength they might prove when we are gone ! There must be men and women of real worth ! How can we get hold of them and let them know us without spoiling them ? ”*

Even the short "last moment" notes were mostly taken up with affairs in one form or another :

" My dear Love,

" We leave to-night at 6.15 for Marseilles. I enclose note from Mrs. Peyron. Write her sometimes. Her deafness increases.

" Remember what I said about my *Reminiscences*. Also M——'s request for his book. . . . I leave it to you.

" Did you read the House of Lords debate on the Divorce Bill in yesterday's *Times* ? If not, do so ; I agree with the Lord Chancellor. Get the Bill. . . .

"Have a word now and then with —— ; he loves The S.A.

"Take care of thyself. I shall now get no letters from thee for six weeks !! But my heart and thought are ever with thee. Only God's work and God's glory could reconcile me to such separations."*

The letters show spirit claiming spirit, as when he writes to her from mid-Atlantic :

"Have had a walk about an hour. Very cold but crisp and bright. Sea quieter though still rolly. *How I wish you were here !* I kept my thoughts for you and felt a moment or two as I do sometimes on the 'Back Road' when we wander a little while in silence ! "†

For the very reason that the work made such relentless inroads upon their time together, the annual resting days became a species of fleeting treasure enhanced far beyond the value of any ordinary holiday. They were a veritable sacrament of communion and worship. Brief affairs—a fortnight until William Booth's death, and later not more than a month—they were always broken into by at least one visit to Headquarters or the fulfilment of some public engagement. Having in mind Bramwell Booth's intense nature and comparatively delicate constitution, it is to be regretted that the annual respite was not more genuine. He never attempted a rest without work, not even a week-end, until that last rest, which proved too long for some, and which was, alas ! not long enough nor restful enough to bring to him the restoration of strength he needed. He had gladly recognised the right of the "Concern" to intrude its needs, and while he had the strength he gave it ; but when at seventy-two he was compelled to ask for a real and prolonged rest he was wounded that it was denied him. He said then, "It seems strange I cannot be granted time." *How strange* can perhaps only be understood by those who look into the record of his labours.

It was not that he did not know the value of freedom from work that his furloughs were so interrupted, as this note to his sister Emma shows : it also makes it clear that he failed to get that freedom himself.

"I wonder whether you are feeling any more resigned to going away for a time ? It is the absence of the everlasting commotion which is half the battle of rest. I know you will always be concerned and burdened about something, but in the mere physical distance is a large degree of protection and relief. The work is so really a war that we are ever subject to the alarms and the uncertainties of warfare. It is these which, I am certain, are most dangerous to you at this time.

*26.3.1920.

†21.2.1921.

"This is a very quiet place, and the country around is exquisitely beautiful. I shall come home for a Staff meeting to-morrow and to meet the General on Thursday, returning here after Flo's meeting at Regent Hall. I think I am already really refreshed, and as I have slept and eaten wonderfully well I am hopeful of getting permanent good.

"I have yours *re The Officer*. . . . I will do what you asked—but I fear I cannot promise it till Saturday. I have had quite a pile of letter-writing, also a leader for *The War Cry*, some important work for the future, besides the necessary writing to Headquarters which always comes when I am away. I also wrote rather a long letter to *The Chronicle*, which perhaps you saw, on the Christianity-played-out-question. I have only been here nearly three days, and so you will see I have had a good share. I am not complaining and I will try to do a paper which will do somebody good, though I confess I am discouraged about all sorts of writing.

"Tender love from us both. Flo is very sweet and grows in faith and love and is a well of spirits and joy for which I thank God all the day."*

His furlough time, until latter years, was usually in late autumn, partly because if Bramwell were away William Booth did not like being in London, and autumn as a rule found him on campaign abroad. On the ground of economy he several times took his holiday at home. In the midst of one such he wrote :

"I find it extremely difficult to get even three hours without business. Even now with all my precautions and entreaties I have had some three hundred letters and telegrams while I have been away, many, most in fact, of them on most difficult and trying subjects, and many requiring careful replies. I have no desire to go in hiding, but to get some rest of mind and brain. I really do not think you, or for that matter anyone, quite takes it in—the strain I live in from day to day without any break or relief from year's end to year's end. I am so constituted that matters of concern and importance do take hold of me—I do not throw them off as many men can—I carry them, some of them all the time ! I do not think it is very much to be allowed to disappear for fourteen days in the year even from everybody, so long as I make proper arrangements for prompt communication in case of need—which I have done."†

Before the nineties were out it had become a settled plan that a secretary and typewriter should contribute to the restfulness of the rest, which they certainly did. He was for many years served on such occasions in the most assiduous and unobtrusive manner by Brigadier Caroline Gregg, an officer who was his wife's private

*Haslemere, 31.1.1893.

†To Emma, 3.10.1895.



MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

1920

secretary, a daughter of Bishop Gregg of the reformed Church of England. A few hours' work with her in the morning released him until evening, when he signed the letters, adding to them where necessary in his own hand. But for such assistance it would have been impossible for him to keep pace with the work or to get any rest.

Looking through the copies of letters written at such times, it is difficult indeed to reconcile them with the idea of the writer being on a holiday! Twenty, thirty and more there were in a day, and on such a diversity of subjects. Yet he considered that he owed it to some to send a line by his own hand, as this to Commissioner Howard :

" I have several letters from you. I must ask you to look over any seeming want of consideration on my part in dealing with them, but this particular furlough has, with the exception of the one which was cut off at the end of the fourth day, been the most unfortunate I can remember in respect of the amount of business demanding attention, business not only of considerable volume, but of a very trying and perplexing nature. Some of it you know about. I do not complain. Soldiers may not complain of anything which pertains to war. I only mention it at all to account for my silence when you would under more favourable circumstances have had a note or two from me."*

Probably it was an error of judgment on his part that he did not insist upon a more real release from work when on furlough. The fact was that for many years he could not have been even comparatively free without serious risk to The Army, and when afterwards he might have left things more fully in the hands of others, he could not himself be at rest in doing so. For, although there were undoubtedly times when he longed for a cessation of work, normally he was not really happy for more than a few hours at a stretch " out of range " !

His wife introduced him to Dartmoor, which he came to love more and more as the years passed, and to which he returned again and again. Their first holiday there was in 1888, when they lodged at a farmhouse near Princetown. There were hardy little horses, and the greater part of their days was spent riding, driving and walking over all that lovely land.

Scraps of a journal kept at the time survive. It opens :

" We arrived at Beardown Farm, near Princetown, Dartmoor, on Monday, September 24th, 1888, at 11 o'clock in a storm of wind and mountain mist. . . . Flo persuaded me, with her natural sagacity and never-failing perception of what will please me, to come to these moors, and accordingly we came. . . . "

And further :

“*Saturday*, 29th September. While dressing yesterday morning a most interesting confab on the present position and prospects of the married women officers in The Army. Flo strongly of the opinion that now the majority, at least of Staff officers’ wives, are unhappy, unsettled and disappointed with their opportunities and work, if not with their husbands ! I am of opinion that this is an exaggeration. . . . There is no doubt some ground for these reflections, and I wish very much more could be done for our married people and their children.”

This habit of utilising the dressing hour as a discussion time was early formed and held its own to the end. Arguments not concluded were carried on at breakfast. Ideas were born during those morning conversations that survived to some purpose. It was especially a time when his wife was able to bring forward matters concerning her own branch, the Social Work for women, which, rapidly growing, was linked with work of a similar nature in other lands. She wanted him to understand it from the women’s standpoint, and he was more accessible in the rôle of husband than as Chief or General. There was more often laughter in the morning than at night, for both were wearied by then, though seldom so weary that “talking Army” did not go briskly forward. That Dartmoor diary goes on :

“Breakfast at 9.45. Then a walk three miles towards Dartmeet, very pleasant. Reading *Times*, *Pall Mall Gazette* and John 3 and 4. After lunch, letters. Wrote strongly to — as to sense of vegetarian diet and folly of flesh-eating. . . . My observation of all sorts and classes of men leads me to the conclusion that one half the diseases of ordinary mortals in this country are brought on or aggravated by this degrading custom. Of the other half probably three-fifths are due to over-eating ; gluttony is so common that we have almost forgotten her name ! ! . . .

“At 3.50 after two miles walk to Princetown met at the Railway Station there Dr. Soper, Lilian, Evie and Fred.* . . . Nice walk. Long chat with Fred . . . at Merton, freshman, seems very quiet. . . . Brightened up about electric lighting, and also about old Christopher, and some men up there who he thinks are A.1 for God. Hope he is right.”

“*Sunday*, 30th. Very good night. Breakfast 9.45 ! Appetites improving. No letters, in this district the Sabbath is a day of rest.

“Exquisite day. Shades of light and colour on sky and moor and mountain tops simply superb. There is nothing in nature more beautiful than the sky, and to me very few things have been the true pleasure, inspiration and recreation (all in one) that this has been for years.

*Mrs. Booth’s sisters and brother.

"Wrote letters. Much business going on in London, chiefly *re* Foreign affairs. Railton brings an awful account of the condition of morals in Holland, and Nicol ditto Denmark . . . Deep sense of gratitude to God came over me during morning walk. I revel in mercies and could not count His gifts to me and mine, if all my life were given to the calculation. Flo, the children, our own family, the General (what an honour to live at the same time), my comrades in England—all over the world, The Army—wonderful catalogue of God's prodigal goodness to an unworthy and unprofitable servant.

" . . . Took a lovely walk along the road to Dartmeet and sat reading for an hour or so by the side of a cheery brook, in the sun ; glorious !

" *Tuesday*, 2nd October, 1888. Another lovely day. Short walk. Sat afterwards behind buttress of bridge over 'our river' at Two Bridges—in the sunshine, within earshot of the rippling water and jumping trout. Talked with Flo. Then read a chapter of *The Egoist*. I think it clever but rather overdone and long-winded. Wrote letters, lounged, dozed, and idled *ad lib*. Played chess at night. A little of the microscope—the intestines of a grasshopper. Most wonderful and most instructive.

" *Thursday*, 4th October, 1888. Rose at 7. Hour's walk before breakfast at 9. Not so bright and weather dullish. Out driving in this farm's two-wheeled gig. Not so bad when you are started ! To Dartmeet. Charming. Road winds, the latter part, along the side of a hill—Tor—with valley below and river Dart here, then yonder, everywhere sparkling, singing like a living spirit of the hills and moors. Dartmeet itself two or three houses—at the head of a valley under the shadow of two splendid hills, where the East and West Dart join their waters, a lovely spot combining the mountainous freedom from hedges and boundaries which so charms the eye in the highlands, with the luxurious verdure seen in myriad tints of leaf and tree and field and meadow for which Kent—my county by choice—and Devonshire seem to be famed. The silence—save of the leaping waters—the autumn sky, the flickering sunshine, even the half attempt at a shower which overtook us while I gazed upon the scene, all made up a wonderful impression of the perfection and sweet wiseness of God's work. My soul expands and takes in a deep breath of light and faith in such moments. They fortify me for those seasons when I pass through the valley of the shadow and the valley of hell. Flo drives, she is venturesome and nearly frightened me into being disagreeable coming home. She rides as though for the Derby and drives like Jehu. I get nervous and cry, 'My bowels, my bowels !' This rather adds to the fun."

One entry is of special interest from the Army point of view ; it deals with the first Self-Denial week organised for The Army as

a whole, by which £13,460 was raised in the British Isles : in 1928 this had increased to £195,380.

“*Friday, 5th October, 1888.* The whole Self-Denial arrangements now quite complete, and I think the effort will be a success. It is a grand idea, and the evidence of our being able to raise a considerable sum of money by it, is, to my mind, one of the least of the good points about it. The thing itself in its operation and effect on individuals is good, healthy and useful.”

Twenty-eight years later he wrote of the moor :

“Two perfect days—most delightful—moor—river—sky—weather—all very beautiful and silent and comrade-like. Most grateful to God. . . . The lights and shade on the moor were wonderful. Walked to Denham Bridge, exquisite. F. inspiring. The silence robes me round like a soft restful garment.”*

In 1893 Dr. Soper retired and went to live in his native town of Plymouth, and he gave his daughter one of the Welsh ponies, bred on the home farm at Blaina, whose mother, Little Dorrit, had been a favourite mount. Panks lived and worked at Hadleigh Colony and was available with a trap of the “governess” type to accompany his owner for the holidays, adding much to their joys. Swift enough to satisfy his mistress, he often rather startled pedestrians in the Kentish lanes, by the speed at which he travelled. One day the closing of a gate behind him startled him, he bolted, drove through the next five-barred gate, and a grave accident was but narrowly averted. After this escapade he was not allowed his part in the holidays, and for a time bicycles did duty in his stead.

Florence Booth was one of the first women to ride a bicycle and occasioned much fun to village boys and others, particularly when accompanied by a small daughter on a machine specially made for her by Mr. Starley of the Rover Company. Extracts from their mother’s letters to the children give an idea of the holidays and some other things.

“How I wish you could be here with us. We have had two lovely days. Yesterday we did fifteen miles and got on very well. Papa was careful and I shall keep reminding him. The motors are horrible but we shall keep off the main roads and they are nice and wide and very good.

“God will take care of us. I feel He will. Papa needed his rest and I think is enjoying it. We are putting all worries aside. Certainly Papa has too much work—those sermonettes of the General’s to edit, and heaps of letters, but Gregg is very helpful and I hope soon it will be done. I do hope someone will send along some money that he may be less worried. I am praying it may be so. Several times a beautiful unexpected gift has come while we were resting.”† The money, of course, was for The Army.

*Journal, September 1916.

†Sevenoaks.

"Papa is picking up. You know we have new bicycles and I think they are very fair. I am enjoying the riding. I have invested in two more bicycle baskets. Papa carries one and I have two smaller, one in front and one behind ! I make Papa his tea out of doors this way, and have my books, etc."*

"We have perfect weather here, but rather hot. We did not ride yesterday, it seemed too hot. Papa has a great deal of writing to do, but he is better. He had a wakeful night last night and got writing letters at 3 a.m."†

But walking remained the chief recreation, and as the increase of motors presently made cycling too dangerous for one who was partially deaf, the custom of earlier years was revived and a pony and trap carried the tea-basket and books to a point from which, the pony resting in some farm or inn-stable, walking went forward. During the war the kindness of a friend placed a car at Bramwell Booth's disposal and in later years this was used at furlough time, bringing a wider range of country within "walking" distance. The distraction motoring brought was of special value to one whose recreations were so limited. Seated beside William Pritchard, the officer whose devotion and skill made driving whether on duty or off a delight, the General would launch into discussions on agriculture, the condition of crops and stock. Possibly in these hours he was more really free from work than in any others. Pritchard's familiar presence on the furloughs made him a valuable aid when Bramwell Booth fell ill. How carefully he piloted the car along almost impassable lanes or up to a point where a good view was to be had. His presence was manifestly a comfort to the General, who in the last months of his life talked and prayed often with the man who had driven him on the motor tours and through the hasting journeys of his full working days.

Except as infants and from necessity, the children did not accompany their parents on holiday ; that would have made accommodation a prohibitive expenditure ! There were exceptions, thrilling to the children. Once a few weeks were spent with Mr. Newberry at his home in Whyteleafe, where their father joined them, driving up and down the Surrey hills behind a pair of wonderful bays. Several holidays, by the kindness of Mr. George Cadbury, were spent at "Wynds Point" in the Malvern Hills. Here they once or twice had the delight of their father's presence for part of the time. Then there were long tramps over the hills, bicycle parties of five or six, sometimes accompanied by "the little ones" in a pony-trap, a picnic more often than not being a part of the excursion.

There is one ever-to-be-remembered day there, when all things smiled. The sun shone as the "cavalcade" of bicycles and pony trap defiled merrily down that straight stretch of road which takes you to Upton and the Severn. It was one of those rare occasions when mother and father and the seven were together. The boat

*7.7.1905. †15.7.1905.

selected, the party and accessories, including the dog, safely aboard, the pull down-stream began, father at the tiller, elder youngsters in turn at the oars. He was a keen critic of rowing and it was a proud day to take him down and up without mishap, "feathering" as was the fashion then. Lunch was eaten on board in friendly shade, tea at Tewkesbury, after an inspection of the Abbey. Towns were seldom visited when he was on a holiday because of the risk of being recognised, to which he greatly objected. Re-embarkation was in progress, everyone in high spirits and the young people congratulating themselves that the incursion into the haunts of men had been satisfactorily manœuvred without recognition, when the chatter of the party was drowned by a stentorian voice, "God bless the Chief. Hallelujah! God bless Mr. Bramwell!" The voice belonged to the driver of an empty four-wheeler, who in his excitement was standing on the box, waving his whip overhead and shouting at the top of his voice. There was nothing for it but to wave and shout back, but the party shot upstream for the moment rather crestfallen. That quiet evening is a sweet memory; once well away, singing was begun and continued at intervals till Upton came in view.

This house on the hillside presented ideal conditions for the tired man, complete isolation and access to the freedom of the hills, with space for "office room," often a problem in the "apartments." He loved it.

"Wynds Point more beautiful than ever. Cliffe greeted us, and at once off walking on the hills—glorious—uplifting and the very sight of surrounding beauty and charm speak back of God's goodness to me."*

In 1909 he first visited a small town on the East Coast, where afterwards, when his daughter Miriam was ill, an empty cottage was rented for her. "This place suits me," he told his father, "it braces yet soothes and quietens my restless spirit." His wife's sister Evelyn, who for many years shared his home, built there a little house close to the sea; left at her death to one of her nieces, it afforded him many restful spells. From here he looked out over the North Sea, tramped along the shore and over the commons, and was occasionally eloquent on the subject of the golfer's encroachments on common land!

He regarded the earnest playing of games by adults with a tolerant amusement. Sport in the ordinary sense made no appeal to him, save cricket, which he played well as a boy. If in the course of his walks he came upon a game of cricket on some village green, he could seldom resist lingering to watch. He thoroughly approved of games for the young in which physical development was combined with discipline and self-control, so long as they were games and not merely a kind of work in fancy dress. But he regarded the craze

*Journal, 4.9.1914.

for looking on and gambling on the results, while paid professionals performed, as wholly pernicious, and he deeply deplored its increase.

All his life Bramwell Booth loved the sea "viewed from the land" as he was wont to say with a wry look; for to a bad sailor the sea observed from a boat wore a quite other aspect! At times of weariness or anxiety, walking alone with his wife, or with one of his sons, the sands or cliffs of some quiet shore seemed to provide the most helpful environment. His mother loved the sea and died within sound of the waves. This may have contributed to his interpretation of it as melancholy; but to certain natures rest of mind is associated with a kind of uplifting sadness. The sea, a great wood, or a wide expanse of moorland always stirred the pensive sombreness which was native to him, and in such scenes more readily than anywhere he would talk of the beauty and brief solemnity of man's life, the majesty and immanence of God. From Brighton, where in 1885 he spent a few days with Canon and Mrs. (Josephine) Butler, he writes to his wife:

"My own Love,

"The sea is very beautiful and the weather lovely. The Butlers are nice and kind, full of a scheme for working the middle and upper classes on Army lines.

"I feel I love you more than you think I do, and I must try to make you think I love you more. The sea has made me quite sad to-day, its waves are like the days and years flowing ceaselessly on and away. I must try not to be so occupied and burdened with my work. What a darling love you are never to say one word of complaining to me about anything. Mrs. Butler would very much like to see you and the baby down here. I suppose you would not care to come—I like her in some ways much the best, and she likes you.

"God keep you, my own, in all His keeping. The sea around me to-day speaks to me of His power and love. They encircle us all the time and ceaselessly call for faith and love in return. And the sea speaks to me of you also—I know that all your love and faith have girded my soul around so that whether I turn this way or that you are there with never-failing tenderness and trust. My own, be cheered and do not worry about me or anything. We have to work our work for His glory Who sent us, and to rejoice in each other and not to fear."*

"What a glory and what a mystery is the sea!" he writes thirty-five years later. "What a reflection of eternity is caught on its face! What a life-giving, death-dealing power it bears! What a mighty Master its Master must be—Who maketh its deeps to boil like a pot and then maketh it like a pot of ointment! I rest in the wisdom of Him Who shuts it up with doors, saying, 'Hither shalt thou come, but no further.'"[†]

*15.11.1885.

†8.12.1922.

His powers of observation unusually developed, the countryside gave him inexhaustible pleasure. Those sharing a walk with him might think him engrossed with matters under discussion, when he would suddenly stop to notice an early bloom. The journal often records his 'bag' of wild flowers. It meant much to him that the country was accessible from his home.

"I walked an hour. Country in its spring dress most charming. How wondrously beautiful and continuing it is !

Spring after spring the violets come,
Year after year the corn.

"Many flowers. I noticed spurge, bird's-eye, celandine, the first buds of honeysuckle, wild dianthus, dog violets, bluebells, and some lingering primroses. The may—gorse—a kind of white broom—some blood-red clover, and a field like a waving world of gold. All beautiful ! How the perfection of God's handiwork makes man's greatest efforts seem incomplete.

"Saw a kestrel hunting, two wild ducks flying, and some moor-hens. (We are only twelve miles as the crow flies from the heart of London.) I think I also caught sight of a tiny wren in an old habitation, and I put up a rabbit on the road-side within ten minutes of my gate. They all looked happy !"*

He delighted in watching birds, and though his deafness deprived him, to a great extent, of the joy of hearing them, they remained for him one of the most fascinating examples of "God's sweet wisdom."

When they were older it was sometimes arranged that one or other of his sons or daughters should spend part of the holiday with him. And then, what walks ! What talks ! By the sea, or all about Dartmoor, talking, walking and worshipping, for though topics were as varied as life itself, God and the spiritualities always came in. And another delight was to be read to by him. Time to read was one of the chief enchantments of the furlough days to him, whose reading had so often to be at night, or merely in snatches. His deafness made it possible for him to read while those about him were chatting, and he would burst out with, "listen to this," and then read. On one of the last holidays I spent with him, I remember he read aloud Quiller-Couch on Job ; some, to me, unknown poems of George Herbert (he had lately obtained a complete set of Herbert's works); and, as only he could, or so it seemed to me, favourite passages from his beloved Milton.

His holiday programme was usually to open his letters before breakfast, work with his secretary until early lunch, consisting of a cup of tea and biscuit, and then be out and away for a drive, tea at a spot from which there was a good view, reading while the kettle boiled, after tea a walk, and then drive home. Such a jaunt

was considered fully satisfactory if it could be said of the walk, "we didn't meet a soul." When on the moors this was easy, for one could drive well out, and then strike into the heart of the moor and *feel* the blessed silence. The Suffolk commons were nearly as good. After dinner he walked or played chess : he and his wife were sufficiently well-matched to make the issue of the game uncertain, and a problem was a constant addition to dinner fare.

He last went to Dartmoor in 1927. I find he says :

"Left at 10 o'clock with F. in the Cadillac for Chagford. Dartmoor ! Have long desired one more visit. A delightful journey. . . . Liked the look of the house—or half house, another 'let' being in the other half. . . . Cleared up some papers and put things ship-shape."*

One more visit ! The words sound ominous now, looking back, but it is a pale ray of comfort across the lowering sky of his life's last summer, when sorrow and sickness wearied out the days, that this little mundane longing to be wrapped once more in the silence of his beloved moor was granted him. And his Love was with him in the land he loved. The five words which close the journal-record of the first day of this last holiday are a felicitous epitome of the gifts which that combination, Love's presence in a loved environment, brought him—rest and delight. "Through Moreton Hampstead to the moor. Walked. F. very restful. Moor delightful."

*4.8.1927.

CHAPTER XXVII

LAST CAMPAIGNS AND NEW DANGERS.

BRAMWELL BOOTH'S seventieth birthday was to him a happy event. He felt himself singularly blessed. The growth of The Salvation Army had been phenomenal, and signs of vigour which promised still greater expansion were not lacking. Joy for him still centred in The Army; "our people" and all the lost to whom they were sent were still the burning interest of his life. His wife, the love and friend of his heart, was at his side, she and all their children devoted to the work of The Army. On this anniversary not only his children after the flesh, but multitudes to whom he was father after the Spirit, opened their hearts to him and in one way or another spoke of their love. "O that you may be spared to us!" was the refrain. There can hardly have been a time when he felt more conscious of harmony of spirit and unity of purpose with his leading officers. The whole atmosphere was happy, hopeful, even buoyant.

He seized upon the occasion to raise additional funds for the beloved missionary work. The programme, involving in the main capital expenditure, comprised hospitals, including a leper hospital, dispensaries, Training Garrisons, village halls, social institutions and improved printing facilities; details and apportionment to the different countries were set forth in a pamphlet by the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner E. J. Higgins, explaining the 70th birthday thanksgiving scheme to officers. In the opening paragraph he says:

"The General is enshrined in the affections of his people in every land where our loved colours wave. Nevertheless, Salvationists as a whole realise but faintly the greatness of their debt to the General, who for more than half a century has given the utmost of his great qualities of heart and mind and strength to the bringing in of the Kingdom of our Lord. He is our Fighting Champion! Next to the Divine presence, his love to God, his vision and purpose, together with his manifold gifts and abilities, are surely our most precious possession. In every aspect of the life of the movement are to be found his hand and influence in unmistakable clearness. He is a grand example to the whole of his people in love for souls—What is he ever saying to us? 'I want the whole Army to be an Army of soul-lovers.' With him all roads indeed lead to the penitent form."

Bramwell Booth's journals reflect the cheer the writer experienced at this time, tell of the bestowal of the freedom of the borough of Halifax, and incidentally show there was no waning of work.

"February 23, 1926. Said good-bye to Morrison* from Training Garrison. He is going to West Africa for Training work. A delightful spirit. Bedford† on the Annual Report [appeal to subscribers]. Our united prayer, '*Lord, help us to send out the right thing!!*' Saw Govaars‡ on translation work (books). What an opportunity! Chief and long list. The Birthday money is coming in."

"March 5th. Yesterday (4th) left London at 1.50 with Bees [his son Bernard] and Cliffe [Wycliffe] for Halifax, via Bradford. Worked well going down. Some tender reflections to-day on the many providences of my life. . . . The ancient function of bestowing the Freedom carried through without fuss and with no little picturesque detail in the really beautiful Town Hall. I praised God and acknowledged His hand in my life, and paid a tribute of affection and esteem to my mother. . . . Made an appeal for *godly mothers*—the great need of England to-day. Many people present were deeply stirred. . . .

"Later in the evening in our own hall at 9.15. Supper with three hundred soldiers. . . . If our soldiers can only fight they will shake the world! Left at 10.30. To-day (5th) left Bradford 7.25 a.m. Very cold; much snow. I.H.Q. about 12. Some work coming along—settled with Chief a list of promotions. May God bless every one concerned! With F. to Clapton for a birthday supper with the cadets in Training and their officers. Two hours of pure delight. Many marks of affection. Hurren‡ and Jeffries‡ spoke well. I talked for an hour and a quarter."

"March 6th. Hard on most of the day. Mary [his second daughter, then in command of The Army's work in Germany] here for a visit. Full of interesting matters about progress in Germany. It fills my heart with joy. Lucy [his sister, then in command of Norway] with us. A cheerful party; many loving wishes. A kind of birthday 'spread' with much of benediction from on high."

"March 8th. My seventieth! Gave myself afresh into my Lord and Master's hands a little after midnight this a.m. Looking back to-day it seems to me that the Mercy of God is the greatest of all things in my life. It is not merely that by that Mercy I have lived at all or am spared to this day—but it is that only by that Mercy anything I have been able to attempt has been made to prosper. To Him my heart ascends in unmixed adoration and praise. Walked three-quarters of an hour with F., our first walk together in my seventy-first year.

"To I.H.Q. . . . Brengle, and important talk, and promoted him to be Commissioner. He promised me that he will more and

*Adjutant.

†Colonel.

‡Commissioner.

more employ his pen. To Albert Hall about seven for one of the Birthday Demonstrations. . . . A great reception—one might almost say a moment of a life-time so far as that kind of thing goes. I praised the Lord in the inner temple of my soul, and the people shouted aloud to His glory. The gifts of money for the Birthday Fund brought by representatives made a total of £164,000. A kind message from the King came in just as I went on to the platform. I thought much of the Founders and some others who have gone to God. In my own short address I outlined what I hope for in certain directions in the coming seven years."

Wednesday brought a luncheon at the Connaught Rooms, with about five hundred friends of The Army, at which Mr. Lloyd George presided. The General says of him :

" Really very good eyes, a youngish expression and a charming smile. Some interesting talk. Said most earnestly, ' You are outside politics, keep outside ! ' "

From the luncheon the General went to Headquarters for a dive into " business," then to tea, meeting following, with a thousand women who had passed through The Army's Social Homes. The meeting went on its happy way, with song and testimony, laughter, tears and talk. The General says of it :

" What a contrast to the Connaught Rooms ! We carried on till 8.30, Hurren helping in the glorious prayer meeting. For myself I was stirred to the depths. Thank God we are doing something for these our sisters ! "

The next day brought a missionary demonstration in the Albert Hall. At this meeting the " Birthday Seventy " officers from Great Britain and European countries, were dedicated as missionaries. The General made a passionate appeal for the " Heathen World." A stillness came upon the people, they were moved. He too was moved " in the deep places of my soul," he says, and goes on :

" I must guide all the present interest and concern for the heathen into practical ways of helping them and saving them."

The next morning found him in conference at Headquarters, with the Chief and others, on his coming visit to the United States, and after the day's business he attended another tea meeting—this time with a thousand men from the London shelters. Saturday morning he spent trying to overtake what he called " accumulated arrears of work," and afternoon and evening were devoted to meetings with about fifteen hundred London officers. The journal says of this last :

"Lucy spoke well. I was not very effective. Tired, and no wonder. Feel we have had a notable week, I have been blessed and cheered by the spontaneous manifestations of affection and confidence. All has touched me deep down to high hopes for the future."

The next week was as strenuous. On Monday he travels to Glasgow. The journey as ever is an opportunity for work of one sort and another. He says of it :

"Chief with us on the 10 o'clock train. Some important business with him and F. for an hour or two. Worked on *Staff Review*. Read a little—Clarke—'The Holy Spirit.' Do we believe as we ought in Him and His Presence? Do we seek Him as we might? Do we exalt Him as we should? Do we realise that in Him we have the fulness of the Saviour's promise for ourselves?"

Hundreds fail to gain admission to the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, seating 3,500, which is packed to suffocation ; the crowd outside is so great that there is some difficulty in getting the General in. After this meeting, at which he is happy to hear his son Bernard speak "with great effect," he admits he is "rather tired, and glad to get to rest—and that with a humble and a thankful heart."

On his return from a similar meeting in Bristol he went straight from Euston to three "poor folks' teas." Spoke to each company. These were part of the seventy thousand who took birthday tea with The Army on that day. Manchester, on Monday 22nd of March, concluded the birthday meetings. The crowd in the Free Trade Hall welcomed him as perhaps only a Manchester crowd could. The journal records :

"Sent West Indian singers to begin an overflow meeting in the lesser hall, and later, while F. was speaking, went through. . . . Afterwards late open-air meeting in Market Street with an immense crowd in biting wind, to dedicate Motor Battery given from the Birthday Fund for work in West Africa. God use it. The West African party received it from me on behalf of their people. Walked to billet with escort of police because of dense throng surging round. All friendly."*

Though it fell early, April 2nd, Good Friday was said to be the hottest in London for fifty years. The crowds at the General's meetings in the Congress Hall, Clapton, were so great as to hamper the proceedings. Queues began to form in the street at 3.15 for the evening meeting ; attendances for the day were over twelve thousand. This was his last Good Friday engagement on that old battle-ground. But none felt any presage of it, least of all the General himself, who, preaching to the crowd and then talking to

individuals in the prayer meetings, shared the Salvation attack with assisting officers. "Felt the heat very exhausting," he says, "others did also—but we all fought." The next day, Saturday, found him at Headquarters, where he received a report on the work in South Africa from Commissioners Lamb and Simpson who were there, and news of Commissioner Lamb who on medical advice was travelling for nine months.

"Glad to find Lamb is very much improved in health ; has undoubtedly benefited by his long journey," says the journal.*

And on Sunday :

"I seem to have much to do, and I can and do praise God for it. It is that so much remains undone, *that* is my care."

"So much remains undone, that is my care." Here speaks the anxious heart, never content with its offering, seeing ever in the task accomplished an evidence of some greater opportunity. This man was never satisfied, never able wholly to rejoice in victories won ; always the thing not yet achieved challenged his peace and lured on the hardly taxed mind and body.

Misgivings about his sister Eva, who for some time had been fitfully at variance with him, added to his anxieties. The Army's progress in the United States had been won by hard fighting often in the face of obstacles peculiar to the situation. The secession of more than one of its early leaders and the establishment of rival societies produced problems not experienced to the same extent elsewhere. Bramwell Booth's attitude to his sister was undoubtedly influenced by his desire to avoid another break with the international movement. He was prepared to sacrifice much, certainly to cede with unlimited forbearance plans and preferences of his own to this end.

During the years of his Generalship he saw with joy loves and loyalties strengthened and the American officers increasingly imbued with The Army spirit. In 1924 Commissioner Lamb, then International Secretary for the United States and the British Colonies, wrote :

" 10.10.1924.

"My dear General,

"After you left New York last night I saw . . . [in this paragraph the Commissioner names a number of leading Staff officers].

"I think you may take it that respect for, confidence in, and loyalty to I.H.Q. were never deeper or more sincere than at present. (I have been coming and going now for the past 21 years—ever since the lamented death of the Consul.) Obviously this state of affairs cannot be entirely agreeable to the few who

*3.4.1926.

wish to see dissension (and perhaps ultimate separation)—with personal aggrandisement. . . .

"We must hold on. And be assured, dear General, of my continued devotion, loyalty and affection.

"Yours very truly,

On 7th April 1926, when the General left for a campaign there, he gave himself the happiness of taking his wife with him. This was the only long journey they allowed themselves in each other's company. It proved to be his last campaign in the United States, and was, in some respects, the most blessed. Greater crowds than ever before sought to hear him. In Chicago the spacious Moody Tabernacle, which he ranked as "one of the most perfect places for hearing I have ever spoken in," could not contain them. One present said :

"Not only was every seat occupied, but every doorway was jammed with standing people. . . . At night the main auditorium was crammed an hour and a half before time and three overflow meetings at each of which the General spoke. Commander Eva was with him, but she had been ill and was not able to take much part in the meetings."

The nineteen days of the visit were as crowded as ever. Bramwell Booth preaches, prays with penitents, talks to officers, pleads for the heathen, and confides to the journal of the missionary meeting in New York :

"Splendid moment when party of young officers from this Territory for service abroad was dedicated. My appeal was with power, and the glorious stream of souls set in towards the Sea of Love and Grace. Moved to-night myself by the call of the heathen. This country will yet do better for us in that matter. May not the Dark Lands be the means of introducing into the life of the United States some wider thought and ambition for the good of the world as a whole ? "

His last council with American officers gave him profound joy. He felt them near his heart in unity and desire, and hoped great things of them for the future. Of these councils and final conferences with leaders in New York the journal tells us :

"Officers all day to-day in the Mecca Temple ; about 1,400. The rising tide with us. Great unity apparent, and intelligent attention to my messages. Oh, the need of Heavenly vision and wisdom ! " Of the second day : " F. took the afternoon session. At night the breath of God came 'from the four winds' and breathed upon us."

" *Thursday*, 29th April 1926. Staff councils all day. . . . Helped in all I said by a gracious unity and holy desire. . . . London news not very good. Coal strike seems imminent. It will be a calamity no matter how it results."

" *Tuesday*, 4th May 1926. A broken night, but to work by seven a.m. Estill [Commissioner in charge of Eastern Territory] 8.15 ; my final talk with him. Some things are very pressing on us. Urged him to push on while it is day ; the night cometh ! *He is resolved.*"

Estill and his General have worked harmoniously together since the days of their youth. They will not meet again. For both " the night cometh." Estill's day will close first. He will not be by his General's side when new dangers threaten and the last campaign is fought, though he will be sorely needed.

The General sailed for England on 5th May, the guest of the Cunard Company. It was a satisfaction to him that with hardly an exception all shipping companies, and some railways, gave him accommodation free, as they had begun to do for his father. He always used to say it was in honour of " the dear old General." The journey was uneventful, though marked for him by the sunshine of his wife's presence. We may picture him pacing the deck with her, talking hopefully of the effect of their visit. The special anxiety concerning his sister's attitude was lessened. There had been intimate talk with her, and he arrived in England heartened and vigorous. The general strike was in progress and Southampton wore a new aspect. The journal tells :

" *Tuesday*, 11th May 1926. Last night a long talk with some fellow passengers ; feeling after the truth, both of them. Walked with F. for some time. Cunard wharf of Southampton Dock about ten o'clock. Evidence of strike very apparent. Gangs of voluntary workers, University undergraduates, and clerks, taking up the work of gangway moving and handling luggage. It was a heartening spectacle—anyway for us who wanted to get ashore ! Cath here to meet us ; looks well. We are very thankful. Got away about three and home at six."

" 12th May 1926. Good night. Morgan at 9 and dictated. To I.H.Q. with F. and Cath. Traffic not so bad as I feared, but every conceivable character of vehicle, ancient and modern, on the streets—a most picturesque display. What a wonder is London ! What a wonder are the London people ! We must do more for them. . . . Conference with Chief on United States affairs. General Strike to be called off. What a blunder it has proved ! Am plunged into a very whirlpool of affairs."

Thus life's march proceeds with unabated pace, Sundays and week-days, now here, now there, in this way or in that, for Bramwell

Booth every inch is fighting ground. Turning the pages of the journal almost at random, one may follow him.

"29th May 1926. Lamb with Chief, and migration affairs for a couple of hours. Deeply interesting. It is a very trying part of my work to contemplate the immense opportunities before us and to see how we are handicapped for want of a little money."

"31st May. Yesterday (*Sunday*) with Cliffe at Sunbury all day. [Staff College, where young American and English officers were taking a course]. Three sessions; my last with the Anglo-Americans. About twenty officers from other lands with us. A very pleasing and restful day. Some precious testimony and delightful prayer. A spirit of liberty and of power amongst us. Several interviews between times. To-day I.H.Q., Chief and his long list in view of his going on furlough."

"4th June. Early to work and at 9.30 to I.H.Q. with Cliffe. Pearce [Commissioner, China] writes about need of a man for X-ray work in the coming hospital. Sends a good report of our new doctor. Among my interviews De Groot,* Switzerland; Cunningham† *re Staff Review*; Kitching,* Editorial list; Hurren,* long and important conference. Strike a serious matter. Granted him £1,000 for immediate relief of our own soldiers thrown out of work through no fault of their own. It is merely a drop, but I cannot do more. Discussed with him the Greater London scheme, the Bible reading effort, his great need of officers, and a proposal for preliminary training."

"7th June. To work at 7. I.H.Q. 9.30. New York news improving. . . . Larsson*, South America, and his important work there. Long and interesting conversation. He is to translate for me in my coming campaign in Sweden. Hoe* on his return from visit to India. Gives a good report; progress marked. Future leaders the great question for us. Spoke very warmly of the devotion of our present leaders, both Western and Eastern.

"Many documents to-day. How they accumulate! From 5 to 7 conference—Carpenter†, Govaars†, Cliffe, on certain points of language in statements of doctrine, with especial reference to requirements of other languages into which we are translating. Home at 8.15 and put in a good hour.

On Friday the 11th of June he sets out on a short motor tour:

"Ran into Leeds," says the journal. "Received by the Lord Mayor at the Town Hall. Much rain, but a fair reception on the whole. Bradley from South Africa, did well, and the Holy Spirit was manifestly with us. Why *did* the band forget the drum? Penitents most earnest. Some good offers for candidature. Backslidden bandmaster from near by gave us great concern, but would not yield, even though Cliffe and others held on to him until long after the meeting was over. What a grief our own lost sheep are!"

*Commissioner.

†Colonel.

Twenty places were visited on Saturday, and this is Sunday as described in the journal :

"Quite a run into Sheffield. No stops arranged, but the inevitable happened, and we had to pull up two or three times to speak to crowds. The open-air in full swing when we arrived at Barnsley, pleased me very much. The holiness meeting at Sheffield a season of rich blessing. Wonderful penitent form scenes. The Lord was very near.

"Interesting 'Waysides' in the afternoon, including Mosborough, Chesterfield and Kirkby, all beautiful ! Cliffe tells me *I have made twenty-six separate addresses to-day !* At one place the colour sergeant put the flag across the road in order to make sure that I should stop. 'Ah knoas 'im. He'll niver ride ower t'flag !' Finally arrived at *Nottingham*. Met on the outskirts by a Police motor escort, which was not altogether an unmixed blessing as, being late, we could have hurried a great deal more than the escort permitted ! A great reception. I shall not soon forget the mighty crowd in this, my dear father's home. The Royal Theatre is a fine building and certainly a wonderful sight viewed from the stage, packed from floor to ceiling. A good meeting. Young (Ensign, U.S.A.) and others did well, and the tide rose ; we finished up with over seventy at the mercy seat. Hallelujah. *Very tired*, but when, at 10.30 p.m., I found the street jammed with people wanting to catch a glimpse of me I could not resist having a last shot ! A short campaign, but everyone has done well."*

Lt.-Colonel Bradley, to whom the General refers, says of this tour :

"I shall never forget the General's pleading in the open-air, in one of the large towns we visited on Sunday. His message was to the fathers who were present ; he asked them if they prayed, then he pleaded with them to commence to pray, to take their children and pray with them. When the General had finished there was scarcely a dry eye among the crowd, and there was a great number of people gathered to hear him."

This was his seventh motor campaign in the homeland, there were to be two more. It is impossible to describe the gaiety and spontaneity of these tours. No one taking part could resist the infectious happiness of the excited groups at the roadside and the eager throngs in the open spaces of towns and villages. Children were lifted up for blessing ; at points of halt some local celebrity stepped into the car to bid a welcome and often came in for a share of chaff when the General spoke. On each occasion some officer or cadet from missionary lands accompanied him, and always his



LAST SCOTTISH MOTOR TOUR. DRIVING INTO MOTHERWELL
MAY 1927



THE GENERAL INTRODUCES A DARK-SKINNED LIEUTENANT

introduction of the visitor was made an opportunity for words about the needs of non-Christian peoples. Thousands will have received their first idea of the meaning of missionary work from these open-air expositions by Bramwell Booth—his hand meanwhile upon the arm of some dark-skinned Salvationist. Sometimes the zeal of the people to hear him frustrated the ends dear to his heart. More than once he retrieved a defeat as at the end of a day during a tour in the Midlands. Oguntinyinbo, a handsome Negro of the blackest type, from Nigeria, was accompanying. He had greatly pleased the General at the open-air reception and elicited a shout of laughter from the waiting thousands by introducing himself with, "Dear friends, I am a nigger." The Town Hall where an indoor meeting was to be held had long since been packed out, mostly by the 'respectable' and religious section of the community. The General preached, but when it came to the prayer meeting the response was slow, not more than thirty knelt at the mercy seat, and the greater part of the congregation, no doubt weary from their early arrival in order to get in, left the building. The square without was still full of people. "Invite them in," said the General, and in ten minutes a fresh start had been made. It was said to be the shortest meeting ever led by him. The hall had to be vacated by ten p.m. : there was just over half an hour for the onslaught. The congregation, mostly men, crammed in excitedly, many still wearing their hats and some smoking. A verse was sung, and the General was on his feet. Pointing to Lieutenant Oguntinyinbo he said, "You heard this fellow say, 'I am a nigger' ; so he is." And when the laughter had subsided he went on. "I like him for saying so in that straightforward fashion. He did not present himself as an 'African prince,' as he might have done, being the head of a tribe, or by some title or other, and it is in this way we must come to God, honestly, simply, not making ourselves out to be better than we are." Then, every phrase a stab, he spoke of sin, and man's pitiful pretences and expedients, and led them to the place of confession, of contrition, where a man speaking to God says simply, "I am a sinner." A number responded to the invitation to kneel at the penitent form. The Lieutenant and the General had contributed to one more improvised attack and won !

On 22nd June, he left for Scandinavia ; on the way he spent a day in Paris and opened a Women's Hostel, in the acquisition of which he had taken a special interest. At the Hotel de Ville he was met by the President of the Municipal Council. The General wrote of it :

"The President made an appreciative allusion to the Founder. What thoughts leapt to one's mind ! The despised Armée du Salut ! The butt of the most exquisite ridicule of Paris for so many years, from the very first day when my dear sister and my dear wife 'opened fire' ! And here we are—*received as friends* !"

"At 3 met friends, with M. Durafour, the Minister of Labour and Health, and went through part of the new Hostel for Women with them. Everyone impressed. It is so much more easy to speak of seven hundred rooms than to realise what that means!"

"Mr. Herrick, U.S. Ambassador, very warm and made charming address. The Chairman . . . is not a believer, yet he thanked us most earnestly for coming to his help and benefiting the people. 'The Government recognises that there are some great matters outside all laws with which they cannot deal, but The Salvation Army can!' In replying, I said, 'Yes, the law of mercy is the mother of all good laws.'"*

The annual Norwegian and Swedish Congresses in Oslo and Stockholm followed their usual course. The cities reverberated with the sounds of singing, bands of music and marching feet—Salvation Army flags and uniform were everywhere in evidence. To these northern peoples whom he loved, Bramwell Booth now preaches for the last time. It is almost fifty years since they first heard him, in the half-built railway station in Värnamo. Of this his last Sunday in Sweden *The Salvation Army Year Book* records laconically: "upward of 20,000 present at three public meetings, 370 seekers for the Congress." He specially notes the officers councils in Stockholm, and a visit from one of the converts of the Värnamo days.

"*Thursday*, 8th July 1926. Wonderful final meetings with officers last night! . . . The Holy Spirit moved amongst us. He worked the works of God. These officers ought to take Sweden for their Master.

"This morning rather tired, but to work at 8. Staff meeting and breakfast at ten. About eighty present. Met the D.C.s [Divisional Commanders]. Also later. Some plain words. God is using and will use them. Hotel at three. Mrs. Duncan, widow of Mr. Duncan, who translated for me at Värnamo forty-eight years ago, called. She spoke with gratitude of her own salvation and with joy about her children. We referred also to some others who were blessed in those meetings. I found it very interesting and not without its satisfactions. Voices call to me to-day from the long past and they cry aloud—'Press on! The night cometh and the morning!'"

"The night cometh and the morning"—and between them that darkest hour which is before the dawn; this too was to be his portion. But he had no premonition of it when on the 18th of September he left for his campaign to the far East;† Japan, Korea, the Dutch East Indies, from which he returned on Boxing Day. All his powers of mind and heart were taken up with work and plans for The Army. Probably he was at no time in his life more engrossed

*23.6.1926.

†See page 425.

by the vision of what God might use The Army to do for the world's sinful and suffering than during this journey, when the needs of the Eastern peoples were so vividly before him. How fittingly do Matthew Arnold's words describe him !

Radiant with ardour divine ! . . .

Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.

His health was wonderfully maintained in the face of immense exertion, and he had every reason to enter 1927 in good hope. That he did so is clear from his journal :

"*Friday*, 31st December 1926. Walked twice with F. Delightful weather. The closing year. What mercies ! I do humbly praise God. I feel so *unworthy* of the least of His goodness—sometimes I tremble when I view the marks of His Presence. . . . Whatever anxieties 1927 may bring we have a rich heritage in the blessing which God has showered upon us in 1926 to dwell upon."

"*Saturday*, 1st January 1927 ! May it prove a year of our Lord indeed ! Many many letters of greeting. I think Kitching's is one of the best, he quotes as his wish and hope, 'And the Lord thy God will make thee plenteous in every work of thine hand for good ; for the Lord will again (in 1927) rejoice over thee for good as He rejoiced over thy fathers.' And he adds, 'And there shall be with thee for all manner of workmanship every willing, skilful man for any manner of service.' Well, God's gifts to me have been many, but few more precious than the willing, skilful men He has given me and The Army. May He bless them."

Thus Bramwell Booth enters his last complete year of service. More than forty years before he had described himself to his wife-to-be as "a servant of servants," and not the least of his service to them has been his unfailing prayer for those he served. His thoughts are with them now as he looks into the unknown new year ; whatever anxiety it brings there remain for him, he is confident, the record of past mercies and the help of the "skilful men" for whom he prays. On the first day of his last, unfinished, working year, it will seem to him that some have unaccountably failed him when his need is greatest ; when he is sick and broken-hearted he will miss the expression of their love and loyalty, but he will not cease praying for them : it is a habit of heart too deeply rooted in his love for them to know any change.

Nineteen-twenty-seven is in its general contour like a dozen or more preceding years. Bramwell Booth the statesman is occupied with projects concerning The Army's future. The greater part of

his time is spent in conference with the Chief of the Staff and other of his "skilled men." The journal entries tell the same story over and over. Take as typical two days before the night journey to Aberdeen, where the morning sees the opening of a Scottish motor campaign.

"14th May 1927. Haines;* signed Assurance accounts for year. In view of disputes in industry not unsatisfactory. H. himself doing very well. Determined on spiritual work. Hurren,† long and important list. United Kingdom recovering from strike and going forward. Must have more officers. Loss last year on that side under 5 per cent. Greater London—agreed to three more halls."

The day's record concludes,

"A heavy day. The burden of the Lord!"

The next day opens:

"Cliffe at 9.15. Arrangements journey, etc. Chief at 10.5, with him and F. to I.H.Q. 12.30. Long and important list. God is good. We see many marks of His approval of our late decisions. Some matters with F. Single women's quarters throughout the world a problem. Retired officers also."

The affairs of The Army in other lands are pondered and piloted at the Over-seas Councils, often designated by the General, "World councils." Here, with the aid of the International Secretaries and their assistants, letters and reports, Bramwell Booth, the administrator, keeps contact with his people in distant parts, supplementing his information by interviews with officers from the countries. And, he writes! His letters, in this year are as many as ever.

Bramwell Booth the preacher goes on preaching. The year opens with two days' meetings in Westminster. After the first morning meeting he gives an interview for *The War Cry* on "Death," of which these are the closing words:

"Death defeats so many efforts, even good efforts; seems to join hands so often with the enemy in shattering our fondest plans and hopes. Not least, death is so silencing. . . . Notwithstanding, written above the grave of every true follower of Christ, is that marvellous promise—'It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.' . . . Above all, death is the instrument of Jesus Christ. Listen to these words of dear old Richard Baxter,

He is my dearest Friend,
And doth no harm intend
In calling me away.
For why should one fear ill
Whom Love itself doth kill
And numbereth with the blest?

*Lieut.-Commissioner.

†Commissioner.

“Yes, that is it! Love over all! Love triumphant. *Let Love do what seemeth Him good!*”

Between the afternoon and night meeting the journal tells us :
“Hurren to tea and fixed D.C. Council matter.”

These councils follow the public meetings, and the General ardently pleads “the duty of caring for the souls of officers.” Not without significance is the fact that in this last year he meets groups of officers representing almost every section of Army work. With Headquarters officers he spends a Sunday, a day’s meetings are given to those engaged in collecting funds, Social officers are given a day. He meets Field officers from Scandinavia in session at the Staff Training College, and leads the Life Assurance officers’ councils : of that day’s meetings he says :

“My chief theme in the morning, two sessions : soul-saving and using the agents for this. Evening, the responsibility for pressing the truth as to holiness on those officers themselves. It was an oblique attack. I hope good. The whole company impressed me very favourably. Advance is apparent and Haines has evidently taken hold *well*. Some heart to heart talk with him. Salvationists are Salvationists in everything—my soul stirred. Useful talk with Henry [Chief Secretary, Toronto] and Slattery [Divisional Commander, Melbourne].”*

These two were taking part in a Staff Training session for officers engaged in work for young people. Delegates from all over the world, one hundred and sixty in all, attended the session, which lasted from the 20th of May to the 12th of June. This was the first world conference for Young People’s officers, and preparation for it occupied much of the General’s time and thought. No one has any doubt his heart was in it, least of all the officers gathered who heard his burning words. They understood afresh why Bramwell Booth was called the Young People’s General, for they came near enough to him to see something of what he saw of future promise in The Army’s work for the young, and of the importance of keeping that work a harmonious whole undivided by race or national prejudices. But it was not only what he said to them in the lecture room, or during the spiritual meetings he conducted with them, that showed them his love for the young. One of the delegates wrote :

“It will probably remain for an unborn generation fully to estimate his [Bramwell Booth’s] genius and his administrative aptitude, but to me he is never so great as when I see him kneeling by the side of a grimy little lad from one of the slum corps . . . as at Alexandra Palace.”

*Journal, 28.5.1927.

The Alexandra Palace was the scene of a week-end Life-Saving Scout and Guard camp. On Saturday there were displays and marches, on Sunday, meetings. Delegates in session at the Staff College were present. They were also at the annual councils for young people, the last the General was to lead. Every year with few exceptions since 1897 he had himself conducted meetings of this character ; some years in several centres in addition to London. There were about two hundred and fifty young people at the first ; in 1926 over seventeen thousand attended similar gatherings in the British Territory alone. But that he and those about him have grown accustomed to such days, this last would seem phenomenal. Sixteen hundred young people were present. The meetings began at 9.30 a.m. and continued with short intervals for refreshments until nearly ten p.m. He is happy in their midst, clothing these young men and women with the beautiful garments woven by his love and faith for them. They are the warriors of the future, who are to carry on the traditions and ideals of The Army.

The annual bandmasters' councils, led by him ever since he instituted them, were held in July. Would those who gathered have listened more raptly had they known they would not hear him again ? I think not, for they hung upon his words, and he could hardly have put more urgency into his message. "I wish we were going faster, that is my daily cry to God," he said, "that is the prayer that comes above all my other prayers. 'Lord, send Thy Salvation—Lord, let that Salvation go over the whole world !'"

Bramwell Booth's administration may one day be criticised for his leniency towards some who showed personal animosity toward himself. There is already a body of opinion in The Salvation Army which considers that the authors of widely-spread false statements about him and his children should have been more effectively dealt with. He had few enemies, was of a conciliatory spirit ; even men who thought they had good ground of quarrel with him were disarmed when they met him on the matters in dispute. An intimate word has somehow survived which tells of one such meeting. A rather serious report had come to the General's notice, and he decided to see the young officer concerned. Afterwards came this note :

"My dear General,

"I would like to express to you my sincere thanks for your great kindness to me this afternoon. I came to you apparently an enemy and you looked upon me as a friend. Needless to say your attitude touched me deeply and I can't fully express to you my deep appreciation for the fact that you did not judge me until you had heard my side of the situation.

"Perhaps you will never have occasion to hear of me again, but if you do, I trust the memory of me will not be clouded with misunderstanding, but rather may I hope that you will think of

me as being absolutely loyal to yourself and The Salvation Army.”*

He possessed the capacity for seeing the force of arguments against his own view and for finding all the mitigating circumstances which could be marshalled in favour of an opponent. Did he pride himself on being able to disarm antagonism and reconcile contrary spirits? Perhaps his very success in doing so aggravated his disappointment that his relations with his sister Eva were not as he would have wished them to be. She did not approve of his decisions on some matters for which he held himself alone responsible. The atmosphere between them was not of the clearest when in October of 1927 she came to London. He had hoped that his visit to the States in the preceding year had helped, and now again he hoped that personal contact would do much to dispel mists and re-establish the harmony between them which had of late been but intermittent. His hopes were not fulfilled. She presented him with a memorandum in which, as quoted† before a Select Committee of the House of Lords, she declared :

“ . . . The time has arrived when some change must take place in the Constitution of The Army, particularly with respect to the appointment of its General.

“ It could never have been in the minds of the few Evangelists who consented to the proposal to invest the Founder as Sole Trustee for all temporalities of The Army, and give him such absolute power, that it would grow to such huge proportions.

“ While the Officers were content during the Founder’s life to entrust him with all authority, including the appointment of his successor, it must be apparent that with the changing conditions some alteration in the Deed Poll must be brought about . . .

“ Surely the methods adopted to create the Deed Poll can again be adopted to amend it. The legal aspect therefore may be set aside, for if other religious bodies can change their constitution it must be clear that The Salvation Army can.”

In her interview with her brother she stated that certain Commissioners shared her views, including Commissioner Higgins, the Chief of the Staff. The General was frankly incredulous, the Chief never having expressed any such opinion to him. The assertion was further discussed in the Chief’s presence, when he said that, whilst Commander Eva Booth had no authority to name him as in agreement with her, for he had not told her or others of his views, he nevertheless had sometimes thought that there should be some change in the method of appointing a successor to the Generalship, adding that he recognised it was a matter for the General’s decision, and that in no case would he be a party to any attempt to agitate The Army on the question. About a year later, writing to Mrs. Booth on the subject, he said :

*14.5.1926.

†By Sir Lynden Macassey, 29.6.1931.

“ You know as far as I am concerned the General’s decision, whatever it is—will be law for me ; I shall raise no voice in any protest—privately or publicly—even though that decision may not carry my judgment.”*

Commander Eva Booth returned to the States six days after presenting her demands. Bramwell Booth now feared that it might be his sister’s intention to rally a party in favour of altering The Army’s Constitution, and that as a preliminary to this she would endeavour to prevent him from appointing his successor. He considered that a definite statement of the position would make it clear that no attempt to change the Constitution could be made except in direct opposition to himself, and he thought she would hesitate to take such a course. His reply to her memorandum was prepared on consultation with the Chief of the Staff and the Army lawyers. In this he declared :

“ . . . I come then at once to the proposal or request that I should alter or seek to alter the Constitution of The Army in a certain essential particular. As I understand you, it is said that, having regard to the proportions to which our operations have attained, the existing method by which a General appoints his successor ought to be done away with, and that each succeeding General ought to be chosen by election. It is also said that as certain other religious associations or bodies have power to change their constitution ‘ it must be clear that The Salvation Army has that power,’ and as you stated in the conversation referred to, that I as the present General have to make this alteration, and that I ought to exercise this power at once.

“ Let me say at the outset that neither I as an individual nor The Army as an Organisation have any such power . . . neither I nor any other General, either with or without the consent of any officers, has the power to alter that Constitutional Deed, nor to change the Trusts or Doctrines or Constitution as there set out, upon which The Salvation Army has been built and upon the faith of which it has attained its present position and received almost world-wide public support. . . .

“ The Founder did, however, contemplate as time went on that the Foundation Deed might in certain remote, though possible, events be found not to have covered the whole ground, and the Supplementary Deed was, after much prayer and with great care and circumspection, passed and adopted in order to supply any possible omission ; not, it will be noted, to contradict or alter or supplant the Foundation Deed, but to supplement it, if ever a great or unforeseen emergency should arise—an emergency not covered by its provisions.

“ . . . Our present Constitution, as embodied in the Deed Poll of August 1878, and our present safeguards against unforeseen evil or difficulty as set forth in the Supplementary Deed, are both

gifts which were left to us by our Founder. If experience had shown them to be defective, if the Work to-day were really suffering because of this, if it now appeared that whilst sufficient for the days when (to quote the Deed Poll again) 'the said William Booth commenced preaching the Gospel in a Tent' they were nevertheless breaking down to-day, and if it could be shown that I had the power to make the suggested changes, even then I should only with sorrow and great reluctance have contemplated making them. But the Gospel preached by our first General and the Tent used by him are still our Gospel and our Tent, and when I am asked to tinker with his Foundation and to alter in a material part his conception of our system in order to meet evils which have not arisen and which, if they should arise, are already provided for, I cannot take upon myself so grave a responsibility.

" . . . As to the appointment of a succeeding General, your suggestion aims at cancelling the General's most urgent duty—his duty to discern and name his successor ; and it aims at this for no useful purpose, for if the named successor be a person whom the Commissioners generally consider to be fit for the Office, why interfere ? If, on the other hand, after due consideration and trial he be found to be unfit by the Commissioners, they already have the power of deposing him and of electing a fit person in his place. So far as the present suggestion would make any difference, that difference, instead of curing any existing defect, would entail delay and uncertainty, and an appreciable, if not serious break and stoppage in the control and administration of the Work, and possibly engender personal seekings and rivalries which might break up the unity and spoil the teamwork of the higher Command, and even spread downwards, weakening the whole Organisation. . . .

" But your references to the Founder lead me to remind you of another circumstance which I confess has considerable influence with me . . . I was—possibly to a degree permitted to no one else—familiar with his various experiences during the formative years of Army history. He shared with me for a period of nearly forty years his most intimate desires and plans, and this matter was one of those on which I came to know and to understand both his hopes and fears. Nothing in the whole range of Salvation Army life and growth appeared more important to him than providing—so far as human foresight and wisdom could provide—for the appointment of future Leaders who should be free from the danger of having to rely upon popular favour, either national or international, in order to obtain or retain their positions. It would be idle to say that he did not realise that certain risks must attach to any method of appointment, but after long consideration and constant seeking for the guidance of God, together with the closest study of the needs of The Army, he concluded that the method of appointment on which he had decided in

1878, and which, on the occasion of the settlement of the Supplementary Deed in 1904, he carefully and anxiously reviewed, was on the whole the safest and best. My own subsequent experience of the expanding work of The Army, and of the increasing capacity, devotion and sacrifice of its leading Officers, leads me to the conclusion that he was right.

"I feel, therefore, that I am doubly debarred from embarking upon any scheme for changing what he entrusted to me to preserve, or for altering what he placed in my hands, expecting that I would pass it on unimpaired to my successors.

"You will see, therefore, that I am opposed to the suggestion which has been made. It does not, in my judgment, meet any avoidable disadvantage which has not already been provided for. It appears to me to be based on what is a desire for change, and on what are largely, if not purely, theoretical grounds, or upon a want of understanding of the safeguards which already exist. Moreover, it misconceives the fundamental character of the Office of the General. He is not the maker or unmaker or alterer of the original Trust. He is the Trustee, the servant of the Trust. His great duty is to conform to its terms, preserve its integrity and spirit, to guard and fulfil it, and to hand it on in complete and unimpaired efficiency to his successor. That has been and is my aim.

"I cannot conclude this Statement of the position without expressing my most earnest and affectionate hope that you will support me in this aim. You are, as you remind me, one of the oldest living officers of The Army. You are a loved daughter of the Founder. You are my own sister—you have fought by my side for more than forty years—and we have fought together for the things which he held most precious ; I rely upon you still to maintain the principles he proclaimed by his life—the principles which, to the glory of God, are manifest in the whole world to-day, in the spirit and constitution and achievements of The Salvation Army."*

This official pronouncement was accompanied by a hand-written note :

"My dear Eva,

"I enclose what I have written re your Interview with me. I am, of course, anxious to carry your judgment and have treated the matter seriously and fully. You feel, I trust you feel,—nay, you *must* feel—that I only desire the prosperity of Zion, The Army we both love.

"It is sad for me that you seem to misunderstand me, but I am praying that the Lord will really show you the light and that we may yet stand together as one for His glory and in His love.

"Yours affectionately,

"Bramwell."†

The tenor of his reply was exactly what should have been anticipated by anyone who had even a superficial understanding of his nature. He was the one person in The Salvation Army who could *not* act in opposition to William Booth. Even a modicum of imagination might have spared untold sorrow and suffering to one who deserved some consideration, and whose views could not be said to arise from any lack of experience or knowledge, either of The Army's history and needs, or of the wishes and opinion of its Founder. If there be anything written upon Bramwell Booth's life for any to read who will, it is surely his faith in, and devotion to, his father. None about him ought to have been able to conceive the possibility that he would depart from what had been enjoined by The Army's first General.

Time played its silent part in preparing the way for the tragedy which overwhelmed the close of his life. Had the aspirants to the post of General been younger, it is probable Bramwell Booth would have been left to finish his course in peace, and any who really desired to change The Army's Constitution would have approached his successor. As it was, the General's conversation with his sister showed him her views with painful clarity. Alteration in the method of appointing future Generals was but a preliminary step. She desired, as her memorandum clearly foreshadowed, that Parliament should be invoked to change The Army's Constitution. Bramwell Booth knew what were his sister's aims and her reason for bringing them forward at this time, but he did not believe she would be followed by The Army's leaders should she appeal to them. He foresaw grave dangers as the result of her attitude and envisaged difficulties not less forbidding because undefined. This was without doubt for him the saddest and most anxious time since he became General. He was working at high pressure even for him ; and was apprehensive and heavy-hearted. To his wife in a note :

" My dear Love,

" It looks as if we were in for sorrow. Peart* declares himself in agreement with Eva as to changing the Constitution. I fear he is more with her than with us.

" I am so sorry for our dear children to be scandalised as they will be unless God interferences. But somehow I feel an unusual calm in a kind of assurance that He is watching over us."†

It was unfortunate that just at this time his Chief of the Staff became indisposed, and was ordered a rest and change by his doctor. The General made arrangements for him to visit Canada and the States, where his sons lived and where he spent Christmas. He was the only one apart from Mrs. Booth with whom the situation could be fully discussed. In all the differences with Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner Higgins had professed himself to be in

*Commissioner in the United States, retired 1926.

†October 1927.

whole-hearted sympathy with the General, who had frankly shared every development of the position with the Chief of the Staff. Now his absence necessarily threw an increase of work upon the General, at a time when perhaps more than at any other in his life it would have been an advantage to Bramwell Booth to be relieved from the sense of drive which pressed upon him ; and, more important still, it deprived him of the presence of the one person who, by position as well as from personal assurances of loyalty, was counted on by the General as his chief support. Had his Chief of the Staff been able to stand by him as his heart took on what was to prove its last and heaviest burden, how different the story might have been ! The Chief left England in November. The journal entry for the 27th records amongst other interviews, " Chief, good-bye. Prayed with him. He was very warm."

The last days of the year were full of anxiety for the General. He went to Berlin for Repentance Day meetings, which cheered him. The Circus Busch was one of the few halls outside England where he and his father had campaigned together. This time it was father and daughter. Mary, in command of Germany, was at her father's side. Wycliffe accompanied him as A.D.C. It was a fine day's fighting, and at night in the prayer meeting father, daughter and son, all eagerly on the same quest, were to be seen speaking to the anxious.

There followed an interview with President Hindenburg. Mary, who was present, says it was evident they took to each other at first sight. As soon as they were seated, the President said to the interpreter, " Tell him I want to thank him for all that he has done for my poor people in their sorrow and need. It will always be remembered. I wish also to thank him for the work of The Salvation Army for the poor in Germany." Talk about The Army's Social Work followed and then the General said earnestly, " Of course we are religious. At the meetings yesterday we were speaking to the people about their sin : the first step toward making them better is to help them to see their sin. The German thinks of himself as intellectual, as all intellect, but that is a mistake : he has *heart* as well." " Auch Magen ! " * growled the President, looking across to Mary with a twinkle in his eye. At parting the General complimented him on looking so well, to which he replied with the German equivalent of, " Ah, General, old soldiers never die ! " Four days later Bramwell Booth was talking to King Albert in Brussels. Is it not fitting that the last rulers to receive him should have been the German and the Belgian, and that Bramwell Booth, who had ministered to both their peoples when they were suffering the torments of war, should go from one to the other in this his last year of service for The Salvation Army ?

On December 15th a bust of William Booth was unveiled on Mile End Road. Army processions converged on the spot from various points. The day was bleak, but there was no mistaking

*Stomach too !

the warmth of affection in the crowd gathered to receive The Army and its General. Windows and roofs in the vicinity were seized upon as vantage points. The Army's scarlet and blue banners spread out in the breeze, the brass instruments and uniformed Salvationists interspersed the crowd with colour. On the temporary platform, with a group of officers, stood the son who for sixty years had honoured the name and furthered the work of his father. "Beloved son and inheritor of the burden of spiritual poverty and mortal woe of the nations," someone wrote of Bramwell Booth, and truly. Anyone watching the faces of the crowd as he spoke that winter afternoon would know that after their own fashion the people understood it and loved him back for himself and for the love he bore his father. The journal says :

"With F. to Mile End waste. Scurr, the M.P., unveiled bust of the dear Founder. Looks well, faces the road—as near as we can make out to the spot on which he held his first meetings—and on which I remember well seeing him at work. What memories ! Flawn—Dowdle—Cook—Monk—a handful at most—but calling men to God and not without effect. I spoke fifteen minutes. Cath ten minutes—Mr. Scurr ten—very warm and appropriate. 'You of The Salvation Army think William Booth belonged to you alone. You are wrong, he belongs to the whole world. In the name of every Catholic, every Protestant, every Jew and every Gentile, I take this memorial into the care of the people of this Division.' "*

On the 23rd of December he left London for the sea :

"Determined to get a few hours' quiet. Really need it. *Very tired*, and somewhat depressed," he confides to the journal, and later, "Very severe storm in the night. A cold and boisterous day. Walked an hour with Cath. Cold. Wrote a little. *Many* letters and messages. Some work on proofs, but not much of importance. Nice note from the Archbishop of Canterbury. — evidently seeking to injure me. *It is very sad and cuts me to the heart.* May I prove to be mistaken ! *I turn to God for his help.* . . . Many letters—including Chief's from Toronto of December 10th."

In this letter, the Chief said, "On Wednesday I met the Staff here and had a meeting with them in the evening. They all appeared very hearty and desired that I should send you their expressions of love and loyalty. As far as I am able to judge, the spirit is all you would desire."

Back at work on the 29th, somewhat refreshed, the General sees the New Year in at a watch-night service in Plymouth, spending

the first hours of 1928 on his way back to London. The doings on the last day of 1927 are thus recorded :

“ To Plymouth by 10.30. Traffic arrangements dislocated. No privacy. With us two charming children and an old nurse. Going to Cornwall for warmth. Best behaved travelling children I have ever met. Not excluding my own ! Well in hand ! Children can, and often do, make journeys by land and sea a torture.”

One of the children, about six years old, busied herself with pencil and paper, laboriously writing a letter which the nurse gave to the A.D.C. It began :

“ Dear Mamma,

“ We were in the train and there was a gentleman wif us in the train and the gentleman had a beautiful face it was like Jesus face ! ”

The admiration was mutual !

The journal proceeds :

“ Officers’ Council in our new No. 2 Hall—a fine body of men and women. Laid the truth before them. Soldiers at 7.30 in Congress Hall. Another intelligent gathering. Watch-night at 10.15. Much disturbed by a drunken man. Numbers at both these meetings affected by storm. Left with Freeman at 12.15 a.m. for London to meet pressing duties there.”*

One sees in the letter he writes to Commandant Hayler, the officer in charge of Plymouth I, the evidence of his unrelenting care :

“ I have thought much about you and your wife since I was at Plymouth. I was not very happy about my own meetings that day, and I think I realise some of your difficulties with that corps and town. I would like to say two things to you.

“ 1. Rope your people in so far as it is at all *possible* to take part in the platform work both outside and inside the hall. I am sure that in many corps, and I feel that Plymouth I is one of those corps, we have a great deal of unexplored riches, both of talent and experience, and that if the soldiers and locals felt the responsibility of speaking to the people words of life and truth they would fit themselves for this work. This would relieve you of some of your platform responsibilities, and thus enable you to tackle other work.

“ 2. Give full attention to the teaching and testimony of Full Salvation. This is sometimes an uphill struggle in some corps because a certain section of the soldiers, especially where they have become prosperous in this world’s goods, and where they have come into the middle years of life, have been disappointed

in themselves or in their comrades. Our aim must be to open the doors of hope and faith, and set before them the way of Holiness as a *way*, as a *progress*, as a *life of Victory*. Do help me in this. Do not too much regard indifference or coldness in some of the people if only others are coming into the life of purity and unity with God.

"I had a few words with your dear wife. I wish she were stronger, but I was glad to hear of the blessed influence she exerts, and I hope she will be strong enough to do more in the way of testimony, particularly on the deeper things of spiritual progress.

"May the Living God be with you."*

"Live in the love of Jesus" is his New Year message to The Army for 1928, in the pages of *The War Cry*. Knowing as we now do that it was his last, knowing too what the year brought him of sorrow, the words have a special significance.

"Christ's love," he wrote, "*was the Love that forgave*. In the moment of His greatest agony His thoughts were of the forgiveness of His enemies. Our love must have the same precious quality—towards the bad and the bitter people—towards those who will not receive us or listen to our word—who nurse a grudge and will not allow it to be removed. . . . The Love of Jesus has the same quality in His people to-day. So come along, join together and let us have a year of unity and faithfulness in Love, a year of loyalty to Jesus and His Love. Again I wish you all a happy, conquering, loving year."

He enters the last lap, but still he does not know that the race is so nearly run, and we see him unconsciously rendering his last loving service to his people. Now among the slum children at Clapton, a day or two later :

"Sunday at Leicester, for bandsmen's council. 1,080 accepted invitations, and 1,050 counted in the morning meeting"; and the journal proceeds, "A day of quiet earnestness in seeking the truths and receiving the light of God. The singing was remarkable. Reverence, prayer, attention to the Truth, evident agreement, all apparent."†

It was from Leicester during these meetings that he telegraphed instructions as to further measures to be taken for the relief of sufferers from the disastrous Thames flood.‡ On Monday he visited the scene. He began the "slum work" himself when a youth, and invented the idea of having Slum officers. Their prompt and valorous service in the hour of need at the Thames side rejoiced his heart,

*13.1.1928. †8.1.1928.

‡On Saturday, 7th January, 1928, high tide at Westminster resulted in floods in which ten people were drowned and hundreds rendered homeless.

but most precious to him was the confidence of the slummers ! The Army was able to help, largely because The Army "lives along of us." A city admirer said, "What I want to know is how your officers got there so soon," laughingly, "they must have come up with the flood !" To which the reply was, "No ! they were there before the flood." A few days afterwards and he is 'swearing in' soldiers, captures of the Salvation Siege in November : on Wednesday, January 18th, in the Ring, Blackfriars, 500, the next night in the Congress Hall, Clapton, 470, and on the 23rd in Manchester, 600. These are the last soldiers he will enrol under the Army Flag.

I, having been engaged elsewhere, was called for on that Wednesday night, that I might steal the joy of the journey home with him. The crowd, determined to catch sight of him as he left the building surged about the entrance to the hall and round the car. The hall was packed to suffocation : it was after 10 p.m. : traffic had diminished and the waiting 'shut outs' were excited and eager. Men and women peered into the car, and spying me, greeted me first from one side and then from the other : "It's one of the family," "It's Catherine," and one and another shouted to me, "We're waiting to see the General," "We love him !" "He belongs to us as much as to you !" "I'm going to have a look at 'im !" "You give 'im my love !" There was something almost brutal in their fervour ; these were not Salvationists, though distinctly of those whom sixty years ago and more William Booth had described to his son as 'our people.' I felt unaccountably saddened. These, and crowds like them, had claimed and as it were devoured the gracious presence who was my father ; for *me* there had been only brief moments, as was to be this drive home. Always between us, his own, and him, had come the claims of the people—"The Army." "He's ours as much as yours !" came the hoarse voice. I felt almost resentment, and thought : when he is really old *we* shall have him for a little. And then a shout went up, "Here he is," "Good night General !"—"Good-bye, God bless you," as they parted for him to pass, and he, smiling, waving, calling a greeting to right and left and so away. "A good meeting," he said to me, his face alight as it always was after a salvation victory. "You can't beat a London crowd, Cath, no matter where you go. Sharp as needles. Our sort of people to-night. I must do some more week-night meetings in London."

He refers to this meeting in his journal, which gives also a summary of his march that day :

"Clearing up some of the endless stream of papers at Hadley Wood and to I.H.Q. with Hunt, 9.45. Letters, Cunningham,* attack on Bible by A.S. Anti-Bible camp, etc., Gordon Simpson* his affairs. 11.30. Overseas Council. Blowers† full list East. Taylor‡—Song Book. Bedford's* M.S. 1.45. Dr. and Mrs. Noble

*Lieut.-Colonel.

†Commissioner.

‡Major.

—Nagercoil. Their spirit a delight. In love, really, with their work in the hospital. Refreshed by furlough. Some idea for extension—but must have assistant doctor. Taylor* Self-Denial Cry. Proofs—*Officer* and *Staff Review* [Private magazines for officers—monthly and quarterly]. 7.55 with Hurren to Ring, Rowland Hill's old chapel in Blackfrairs Road. Now a boxing booth. Swearing in new soldiers, 2,500 gorged. Meeting full of life and colour and praise to God . . . such joy and enthusiasm and yet seriousness as charmed me. The testimonies of representative converts splendid. A real Hallelujah Demonstration. Hurren drew in—a good go. I feel so glad that I belong to the Hallelujahs! There is no crowd like a London crowd for alertness and good nature. Group of sinners at the mercy seat. Home about 11.”

One notes the days are still long days of the sort that are nevertheless too short for him. Mrs. Booth was in Norway for The Army's fortieth anniversary meetings, and during her absence the Chief returned from his furlough in America, rested and improved in health and bringing a reassuring report. The General wrote to Mrs. Booth :

“ I have seen the Chief. In a word : the report on affairs in the United States as regards our recent anxiety is very good and reassuring. The campaign undoubtedly begun has failed, just as it has largely failed on this side. . . . He does not believe there is any truth in ——'s statement about unrest among officers.”†

On January 29th the voice of the Young People's General is heard pleading the cause of the young for the last time at a day's council with six hundred London young people's Local officers.

“ An exacting day for me,” he says, “ but I was helped by the gathering itself, the *fine* aspect of the Locals, their keenness, their evident faith and their devotion for the work of the young people. What an enormous amount of voluntary labour our Locals give to The Army and to the world ! What a testimony ! What an example ! ”‡

In a letter to one of the Divisional commanders referring to these meetings and to a Spiritual Day with cadets, one sees how the missionary in him claimed the help of the young people for future advances, and one hears again the familiar cry, “ We want more men.”

“ *Locals' Councils*. I agree with you that they were really effective gatherings, and that we shall be benefited in the days to come. I am very anxious indeed about the work of the

*Lieut.-Colonel.

†22.1.1928.

‡30.1.1928.

Young People's Secretaries, and I do wish it were possible for you to help in this matter. I do not know anything about your own Y.P. Secretary or his position in this respect, but I do believe that there is room for arrangements or re-arrangements in many of the Divisional officers which would be of the greatest value to the work. I should be very glad if you could lead the way.

"As you know, this work lies very near to my own heart, and in addition I see quite clearly the immense influence it is likely to exercise upon the future of our work in the heathen world, where we shall want far more money and men than we have hitherto thought likely. I had a great day with the cadets yesterday. There are some very fine young people now in Training, but of course the trouble is that there are not enough of them! But we press on!"*

On February 7th he left for Belgium and Holland, and from the journal we learn:

"To Victoria, F. with me going to I.H.Q. We called for the Chief and settled some matters on route. My dear one very tender. Some work, Self-Denial article and one for *Staff Review*.† The Lord's wisdom and guidance and *presence* just as real in a railway train as elsewhere.

"Muller [in charge of Belgium] on affairs here—and his own special difficulties—opened his experience of God's leading and guiding. Showed me place of a possible property for Brussels. To cost eleven to twelve thousand—say two million francs. Some prayer with him, and blessed.

"Read a little to-day. *The Outlawry of War*. A great topic. But it will never be done without a complete turning of the nations away from their present ideas. I suppose it was at one time just as impossible to believe duelling would be abandoned in favour of appeal to *law*. But the real difficulty as I see it about giving up war is the finding of a Tribunal to command confidence."‡

In Amsterdam the public meetings, afternoon and night of Thursday, were held in the Concert Hall. The night was what he described as "a Salvation and a Salvation Army affair—60 or 70 seekers. Several young men students among them greatly interested me." Officers meetings following; these were, in fact, the chief objective of his visit. How oblivious he is to numbers as a gauge of the importance of a meeting one may judge from the journal entry, which tells of an hour's meeting with seven persons and of hopes for Italy which were not to be fulfilled.

"At 2 o'clock met the Divisional Commanders [4] and T.C. [Territorial Commander] C.S. [Chief Secretary] and F.S. [Field Secretary]. A useful hour. . . . Hear, via I.H.Q. from

*15.2.1928.

†See page 270.

‡7.2.1928

Hamilton* he and Ebbs† had a pleasant interview with Mussolini. Kind and promised enquiry into our affairs. Evidently knows something of us. I want permission to do more for the homeless in Rome—the climatic conditions are favourable to sleeping out during part of the year—but even so the woman who has *no home* is in a sad plight. The men's shelter is always full.”‡

“Left hotel; at 8.10 a.m. Howard and a number of Staff to see us off at 8.27 for Brussels and London. Fierce gale in the night. Our train late at Brussels and Calais train gone. Decided in view of further reports and wire from London, saying ‘terrific gale’, to stay here till to-morrow. Later viewed property proposed by Muller—and to see Headquarters and Muller's home—then to shelter and the poor little hall attached. These great continental cities, what can be done in them to make known Jesus Christ? That is our problem.”§

“Long and careful talk with Muller about this country. It presents every problem known to the Church of God! The turn now taken by Socialism *against religion*—anti-God, complicates nearly every other difficulty. . . . Our work is so small and difficult and yet so *living* and charming. Officers in good spirits—but we sadly need more *men*.”**

Planning the celebration of the centenary of William and Catherine Booth's birth was one of the happy additions to the year's labours. He called upon Salvationists throughout the world to make the centenary “A year of thanksgiving, a year of intercession, a year of devotion to the compassion of Jesus and the compulsion of souls.” The Centenary Call Campaign was to be world-wide. “I am resolved,” the General said, “that whatever else we do we will by God's help celebrate the event by sending out extra officers into all our fields.” A call was made for a special offering of candidates. In Great Britain nearly seven hundred, the largest number of cadets ever received into Training in one year, entered the college at Clapton in August 1928. But the General never met them. His last Spiritual Day with cadets was held on February 14th. Of this day he says :

“Yesterday. Cadets all day. I see a marked development in nearly all. I was deeply conscious of the presence of God, and so were others. To Him be glory. Some beautiful open countenances among the cadets.”††

Writing to Commissioner Whatmore a day or two later referring to the death of an officer, he said :

“Day by day I see they are gathering homeward one by one. Our call will come. Oh, to have completed the task which God in His wisdom has set us. When I look back upon what God has done since the days when you and I first met I am humbled

*Lieut.-Colonel.

§11.2.1928.

†Major, in charge of Italy.

**12.2.1928.

‡10.2.1928.

††15.5.1928.

before Him, both in gratitude and astonishment, and I do believe that if only we can keep The Army to its original plan and preserve it from any other spirit, or any other plan, it is destined to accomplish still greater things.

“One of the encouraging things of the hour is the increasing number of officers’ children and grandchildren who are taking up officership. The present session at Clapton contains one or two grandchildren of very old Salvationists, some whose names would be familiar to you. This is a good sign. This session, with whom I spent a day on Tuesday last, is one of the most promising, and the outlook for the next session is even better. It will contain not a few converts of the November Siege. There is also a great advance in some of the European Training work, notably Sweden, Germany and France. My love to your wife. I have you both in the circle of my prayers.”*

Two days later a meeting was held at the Congress Hall, Clapton, which gave The Army and its General genuine pleasure. The Duke and Duchess of York presided at a Salvation Army musical festival. The great hall was crammed, the royal visitors received a shouting welcome. The General was in happy vein as he talked, and to judge from their fervent responses the crowd approved what he said. A shorthand writer garnered his words, from which these :

“The Army has in it a somewhat large and increasing musical force. For example, in this country alone, we have now more than a thousand bands, and the object of all our efforts in this section of our work is to take our music to the people who are outside religious influence ; to carry that music to the world which knows so little of music, to those in whose lives there is, alas, little but discord and disharmony ; to find them with our music in the streets, in the slums, and in the dark places of evil, so that, Sir, we have made our bands into peripatetic organs, travelling instruments, to bring the music to the points at which we most wish it to exercise its influence. . . .

“The Army is very happy in being able to raise composers within its own ranks. Some of those composers have been trained and musically educated, some of them have been without training and have had little or no musical education. For example, here to-night, in the course of the demonstration, one of those composers will be leading the expression of his own composition, and he follows the profession of a window-cleaner. . . .

“To-night is a demonstration intended to give an opportunity to composers to conduct the performance of their own compositions, and what we hear to-night, Sir, in this building will be heard shortly in the utmost confines of the world. These very notes that strike us with pleasure will soon be heard at the street corners, in the great gatherings and in the small, in the prisons, in the hospitals, in the homes for the little children, on the village

greens, in the distant lands, from China to Peru ; millions will hear their uplifting sound and feel, I believe, their uplifting influence—for all our music has one theme, the power of God unto Salvation—and all our music makes one call, the call of Christ to come and be saved.”

At the end of the meeting the crowd was silent, feeling was tense, as the General's closing words of prayer fell, at once a summons and a benediction upon all listening ears. “Lord, be gracious to the whole Army. Let the joy we have heard expressed to-night go out and be sent from land to land until the whole world shall know Him Who died for all, and Thou shalt have all the praise for what Thou hast done for us, and wilt do for us, now and for ever. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ Who died for all, but lived again, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you and those you love, now and for evermore.” Bramwell Booth's voice will not be heard in the Congress Hall again.

On the 19th of February he spoke from the British Broadcasting Headquarters and by this means many heard him for the last time. His word was persuasive, earnest. In conclusion he said :

“God promises the strength needed to stand up to our difficulties, and lays it down that that strength will be best seen in the very people who feel that they have no strength ! Indeed, that is the strength which comes to perfection not in the strong, but in the weak ; not in the noble, but in the selfish ; not in the most spiritual, but in the sensual ; not in the steadfast and faithful, but in the wobbling and fearful natures—not in the successful, but in the failures. God said, ‘My strength is made perfect in weakness.’ This is what we mean by Salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord.

“And so I say in closing, by Christ you can be what Christ demands. By Christ you can really do what Christ requires. By Christ you can become a witness to Christ, and God knows how deeply He needs witnesses to His Salvation. Thus every disciple of Christ may become a soldier of Christ, living and working ‘that all may know that He died for all.’ Let no one wait—come to God though fightings within and fears without oppose. Come into His Presence and claim His promised help now. If you will only seek Him for yourself you shall find Him for yourself—He is not far from every one of us.”

Bramwell Booth's birthday is at hand. He will be seventy-two. A few days before, he asks himself a question : “Casting my burdens again on God. He is my King. He sits enthroned on high in my life. Why should I not trust Him more ? trust Him with The Army ? ”*

*Journal.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SORROW AND DEATH

ON 8th March 1928 Bramwell Booth was seventy-two years of age. Shortly before his birthday (25th February) he received his sister's reply to his letter on The Army's Constitution. Though her letter showed her to be apparently uninfluenced by his appeal, he tenaciously held that she would not come into open conflict with him, and he looked to time as an ally. On Saturday, March 3rd, however, came a communication informing him that she had circulated the whole of their correspondence on the matter, including her letter just received by him, to all Commissioners and Territorial leaders. There was now no longer room for hope that dissuasives might yet avail, for her action published their disagreement to The Army. This was in itself repugnant to him, and the fact that it had been done without apprising him of her intention wounded him deeply. Sunday was spent in troubled thought and prayer. On Monday morning the Chief came down to Hadley Wood ; he expressed his sympathy to the General, and strong condemnation of Commander Eva Booth's action.

Bramwell Booth at this time, and until the High Council had met, believed in the loyalty of his Chief of the Staff. Talk with him that Monday morning was heartening, comforting : the Chief would help now as he had helped in earlier difficulties with Commander Eva. The General had received a blow, but he braced himself to meet the situation and together he and the Chief made their way to Headquarters. Bramwell Booth's heart was burdened indeed as he entered the familiar building that Monday morning. Well for him had there been anyone to prepare him for the still heavier stroke to come. On his office table the next day, Tuesday, 6th March, was a letter signed by Commissioners Hurren, Mapp, Jeffries, Hoggard, Wilson, Lamb, Blowers, and two retired Commissioners, Booth-Tucker and Carleton, expressing sympathy with the Commander's views, and asking that the General should abandon any idea of altering the Supplementary Deed of 1904.* The significance of this communication was but too clear.

Sitting alone in his room at Headquarters, Bramwell Booth bowed his heart to grief. He was stricken in that hour after such a fashion that, when presently he went to his wife's office, she started in alarm at his aspect, and knew before he spoke that calamity was at hand. He said, quietly, as was his wont, "My darling, here is trouble," and handing her the letter added, "Unless I had seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed ——'s name was there."

*See page 502.

The force of this blow was twofold. First, that these Commissioners were in agreement with Commander Eva Booth, and secondly, that they should decide among themselves upon this method of informing him of their view. Apart from the two retired, all the Commissioners who signed the letter were in close contact with him. Any one of them could see him easily at the shortest notice, he constantly conferred with them, had been on familiar terms with them all their lives ; none was without tokens of his friendship, and it was inconceivable to him that they should choose to address him formally in writing, and as a group, before having previously expressed an opinion to him individually, or sought his view of the matters concerned. Further, each held a position of highest trust and was fully aware that the use of combined signatures was not in accord with The Army's military form of government, and would, in fact, be regarded by them as reprehensible in their subordinates.

By that letter Bramwell Booth received a hurt from which he did not recover. Months afterwards, when he was trying to rest mind and body, his heart was still tasting the bitterness of that hour. Again and again he would suddenly break into the occupation of the moment to ask, "Why didn't they speak to me?" or, "I must have been very mistaken in A—— or B——, he has always come to me before." Did the sting in this grief lie in the fact that it assailed him where he had thought himself strong? These men knew him, he and they shared numberless recollections of happy intimacies, journeyings together, meetings, discussions of their work. He had counted on a personal tie between them and him, between them and his father, and now, at the first breath of schism, they ranged themselves against him. Had they not been so fully established in his confidence they would not have had power to wound him so deeply. It has been said that affectionate natures are liable to mistake "those who are desirous and well pleased to be loved by you, for those who love you."* Did Bramwell Booth make that mistake?

He saw all the signatories except Commissioner Booth-Tucker, and the result of the interviews was reassuring to him. He succeeded once more in making all allowances for "the other fellow's" point of view, and certainly received the impression that none of those with whom he talked desired to change William Booth's Constitution. He felt that there was no personal antagonism toward himself, and all appeared content to leave the matter of the appointment of his successor in his hands. There was nothing to contravene such a conclusion in the tone of the letters received from those Commissioners on his birthday, as for example, this from Commissioner Wilson :

" . . . Be assured of our devotion and loyalty. . . . We pray for you, believing that as God has hitherto put His seal upon your

*Coleridge.

leadership, so to-day and every day you will experience His promises fail not, and that it is in the will of God that many years are to be yours to lead us on successfully."

And from Commissioner Hurren :

" Dear General,

" Mrs. Hurren and I send you loving greetings on your birthday. Our only regret is that the years pass so quickly ! We are glad to serve you—and wish you many happy returns of the day with *deepest sincerity*. Do please take care of yourself especially at this time, for you are essential to us all—and The Army the world over.

" Yours affectionately and obediently,"

The Chief of the Staff, whose sympathy with the General about the Commissioners' letter had been freely expressed, wrote :

" My dear General,

" Never more sincerely have I wished you many happy returns of the day than I do upon this your 72nd birthday, and never have I prayed more fervently than I do to-day that God may spare your life to us all for many years. . . ."

Bramwell Booth had had much to do with drawing up the Supplementary Deed of 1904, and he knew precisely what William Booth had intended its scope should be. More than seven years was spent in its preparation. It was designed to enable The Army, without the publicity of appeal to the Courts, to get rid of a General who, as William Booth put it, " for some calamitous reason had become incapable for or unworthy of his position," or who doctrinally or otherwise had failed to fulfil his Trust under the Deed of Constitution. This Supplementary Deed provides, under certain conditions, that the Commissioners of The Army can by a written declaration and *without assembling*, remove from office a General who, they are satisfied is " of unsound mind or permanently incapacitated by mental or physical infirmity from the adequate performance of the duties of his office," or a General who, in consequence of " dereliction of duty " or " notorious misconduct," is unfit to continue in his office. This Deed also provides that in certain circumstances the Territorial leaders of The Army be constituted a High Council for the purpose of adjudicating upon the fitness of any General to continue in office, and (or) for the electing of a General should the position be vacant by reason of the failure of any General to appoint a successor, or from any other cause. The High Council is not invested with power to deal with any other matter whatsoever. It has no existence until actually assembled, and is automatically dissolved upon the completion of the duty for which it has been summoned. This Deed is variable by any General with the consent of two-thirds of the Commissioners.

After his sister's visit in October 1927, Bramwell Booth realised for the first time that it might become an instrument in the hands of a few to work grave injury, and was considering possible safeguards. Counsel's opinion, given on 3rd March 1928, stated, "The real point, I think, is that a small but eager and determined minority ought not to be at liberty to cause the expense, dislocation of work, and inevitable scandal incidental to an advertised, formal discussion of the fitness of a General of The Salvation Army for his work ; the very fact that a High Council had been summoned to sit in judgment upon him would in the minds of many be enough to condemn him, on the principle that ' Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.' "

In response to the Commissioners' request Bramwell Booth agreed that no alteration should be made in the 1904 Deed, at the same time pointing out to them that in any case this could not be done without the concurrence of two-thirds of the Commissioners of The Army. At this juncture he acted toward the Commissioners in harmony with advice he had once proffered to another : " Labour to remove from his mind the notion that we do not *trust him*," he had written ; " go out of your way to do it. He is sensitive . . . work him, consult him, and without lionising him make him feel you rely on him. Don't be *suspicious*. It is better to believe the wrong thing than not to believe at all. *Trust him*. Let him feel that you do. Don't seek to make everybody come to one standard or damn them. They can't *all* be six feet two and a half, twenty-six inches across the chest, twelve stone four, sound in wind and limb, and warranted for one year certain ! Don't on that account reject any of them."

On March 13th it was found that a copy of the letter signed by the nine London Commissioners had been circulated to The Army's leading Staff throughout the world. The General had understood that the letter was regarded by the signatories as confidential to himself, and its distribution added seriously to the difficulties of the situation. The Chief of the Staff appeared much concerned. He wrote to the General : " *This is too bad*. Who else, I wonder, has had the London Commissioners' letter ? I cannot understand this. Somebody is being used for propaganda. *I am sorry*."

From this time anxiety began to make serious inroads on sleep. Bramwell Booth was burdened with forebodings of ill for the beloved work, and felt himself devastatingly alone. Night after night his wife awakened to find him kneeling in prayer, and often the precious hours of darkness were spent in discussing the position. But he was not without moments of hopefulness, as see this conclusion to a letter to his wife :

" Dear and only Queen of my heart, I salute thee with all my love. The Lord reigneth—do not let us worry about New York or anything else."

The agitation launched by his sister was in his view directed to an attempt to depart from what William Booth had laid down. In the light of this conclusion he saw the desire to persuade him not to appoint his successor as a precursor to the appointment of a General who would be prepared to change William Booth's foundation. Months afterwards, when steps had been taken to remove him from office, and he had been summarily requested to retire, he asked, "What guarantee or assurance have I that I should be replaced by one who would seek first and foremost to maintain the principles of The Salvation Army? I have carefully and prayerfully considered the entire question in all its bearings, and much as, in some respects, I should welcome complete rest and relief from responsibility, I feel I should be less than a man if I agreed to the request to retire at a time when, as I understand, there is agitation to change the foundation upon which it rests."

Bramwell Booth considered the appointment of a successor who was loyal to the Founder's conception indispensable to The Army's welfare. To carry out his father's wishes in building up The Army, to forward the work in the spirit of his father's commands was, next to his devotion to Christ, designedly the aim of his life. Father and son had had no secrets from each other, and in what concerned The Army William Booth had shared his very soul with his son. Bramwell recognised his father's authority, and more, believed him to have been Divinely inspired; whoever may have entertained doubts on that score the son had none! This attitude may not be approved, but it must be taken into account by any one who would realise something of what Bramwell Booth suffered when, in the evening of his days, he met a challenge to a life-time's love and loyalty. How clearly William Booth had expressed his wishes upon the question of successorship may be judged from what he wrote "to be received as my dying wish."* His father's commands were reinforced by Bramwell Booth's own strong convictions that the introduction of the principle of election as a permanent means of appointing future Generals must bring the decay of a General's independence of action, unhealthy rivalry and intrigue, and the eventual disruption of The Army as an international body.

On March the 15th he left London for a campaign on the Continent. It was the last he conducted outside England, and it seems to be fitting that the countries to receive him were France and Germany; late enemies, but both loving this man and loved by him. In Paris an unique meeting was held in La Sorbonne, where Justin Godart gave an eloquent welcome speech and the General addressed the crowded audience on the work of The Army. The next day, Saturday, he spoke to France on the wireless, and then followed the week-end meetings, concluding with the Sunday night in the Salle Playel where three thousand heard him preach in a meeting which did not conclude until nearly midnight. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to officers' meetings. The French

*See page 223.

officers were the last to whom he talked. One of them, Staff-Captain Irene Peyron wrote :

“ That day he talked to us of Christ with such a love that after having listened to him I felt I wanted to cry out to all what Christ is ; it seemed to me no sacrifice would be too great to make for His sake. The Holy Spirit moved upon us, and when the General invited prayer there was such an outpouring I cannot describe it, we felt we wanted everything else suspended. He understood, and greatly prolonged the meeting. It is the outstanding hour of my life.”

From the last session of the officers' councils he left by the night train for the south of Germany, where meetings continued daily, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Leipzig, Breslau and Sunday in Dresden, whence he returned to London via Berlin. Four hundred men and women knelt at the mercy seat in this five-days campaign. He returned tired, as who would not after such an effort, but cheered as he always was when he had seen men blessed and helped. The manifest love of the people toward him on this campaign touched his heart in a special way, perhaps it affected him unusually because he was himself in need of comfort. He found a joy all his own in the thought that for The Army in Germany the wounds of the war were healed ; there were signs of progress everywhere. Undoubtedly too it had been no small pleasure to him to witness the influence his “ little daughter ” wielded, for Mary was the smallest of the seven in stature, and between him and her there was a link of tenderest understanding. She always seemed able to cause the sun to shine for him ; I should think he laughed more in her company than in anyone else's. But there was not much laughter in these, for him, sad days. His unerring intuitions premonished him, sorrow and apprehension conversed in his heart in an undertone that nothing interrupted. Prayer was his chief comfort. From Nuremberg he sent Bernard a line : (at this time his children were the subject of anonymous slander.)

“ My dear Bees,

“ I have had a great campaign in Paris. Far ahead of anything yet known. And by the way all spoke well of your meetings.

“ These German towns also are greatly stirred. Mary is doing well. Just now is worried, as we all are. It is a grief to me that you, my dear children, whom we have consecrated from the hour you were born, should have to suffer in this way. But the Lord will not forsake us. . . . Try to keep a cheerful courage.”*

“ I am telling the Chief that I do not want a fuss on my arrival,” he writes characteristically to one of his secretaries. † The opportunity to make a “ fuss ” did not come again, for there were to be

*23.3.1928.

†To Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Tucker.

no more "arrivals" from across the sea. His Chief of the Staff did not meet him, but sent a note, cheering because reassuring :

"My dear General,

"Welcome home ! We shall be delighted to see you again, and I do hope you are not too over-tired. You have evidently had a tremendous campaign, and I heartily congratulate you. God has been good, and I hope you feel cheered at all you have seen.

"Everything is all right here. There are, of course, business matters waiting your return, but I do not think there is any increase of anxiety on the special difficulty ; everybody as far as I am able to ascertain are going on with their work.

"You really *ought* to get some quiet and rest. You have had such a prolonged strain which must have affected you. Do try and ease off, and get from under it all for a bit. We will do our utmost to make it possible. God bless you."*

The next day, March 28th, the Chief came to Hadley Wood and conversation with him about the situation further relieved the General's mind. The usual round of business and interviews was resumed, but there were to be but few more days at Headquarters. Could he have known, could those with whom he talked have known, how strangely full of import to him and to them would have seemed the last hours of his presence with them on the familiar ground. Here, if anywhere in the Salvation Army world, Bramwell Booth was known. Here in a sense was his home. Certainly more hours of his life were spent under this roof than under any other. Here, in a very literal sense, he had laid down his life for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. There were still some who recalled him as he was in The Army's first days in those buildings. More than one Staff officer, high in the General's confidence now, who had begun his career as boy or junior clerk, remembered the time when the "Chief" was more often than not "Mr. Bramwell," whose office was not infrequently the scene of all-night sittings. Here he and Stead had had their first prayer meeting. Here Salvationists from the earth's four corners had talked with him. Here he had last looked upon his father's face, before the body was carried out for its journey to the grave. Here he had come to receive the legal announcement of his appointment as General of The Army. Here too had come upon him the sorrow which broke his heart : more than once during his last illness he said, "I am a broken-hearted man." Here he had dreamed dreams, planned, worked, wrestled with refractory and contrary spirits, heard men's confessions, seen their tears, and wept with them. Here he had talked of God and prayed with all manner of people, princes, philanthropists and cranks ; with the rich who came to give money, and with the poor who came to ask it. One of the last entries in

his journal records (it was already well past the hour at which Headquarters closed, but up to the last the General "worked late") :

" Having important interview with Hurren when asked to see a friend and wife who wish to give us some money. A humble, simple couple. How shall it be allocated ? After some discussion £5,000 for the maternity property in Bristol—already purchased and money to be found this week—£5,000 for extension of Mothers' Hospital. A charming manner. Both deeply interested. Much moved on my words about their own souls' life and relation to God."*

Now " 101," as he familiarly termed it, was to know him no more. Typical of the man that on the office record for these final days, still long and crowded, one should find an interview with Commissioner Carleton, a veteran, followed by one with a Captain. On Friday, March 30th, he had interviews with Colonel Nicholson† and Commissioner Kitching, and then to the Overseas Council which, when he was in London, met every week, often taking up the greater part of two days. On this particular day the Council was attended by Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, Commissioners John Cunningham and Blowers, Colonel Vlas, and the under-secretaries, Colonels Bower and Salter, and Lieut.-Colonels Simpson, Gore and Smith. After tea, interviews again : Colonel and Mrs. Braine, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, Commissioner Hurren, Commissioner John Cunningham. On Monday, 2nd of April—before arriving at I.H.Q.—he saw the Home Secretary, Sir W. Joynson Hicks‡, about the possibility of obtaining greater freedom for The Army's work among prisoners. On Tuesday he went straight from Hadley Wood to Denmark Hill to inspect the progress of that darling project, the Memorial Training College, arriving at " 101 " at 10.30, where one of the eight interviews of the day was with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Carter of India. But in these last days, rushed and burdened as he was, he still found time for the personal word ; the unofficial extra was even now not crowded out, as witness this note :

" My dear Jolliffe,

" I am sorry you are poorly, and am a little concerned that you should have this attack just now. I wonder if you have been careless ! I hope you will be better. You will know that fresh air and plenty of cold water to drink are valuable.

" I received your last note, and shall be glad to see you after Easter. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Jolliffe.

" P.S.—I had a marvellous affair in Germany. God is with us."§

*Journal, 23.2.1928.

†Then Editor of *All the World*, monthly magazine not now issued.

‡Afterwards Lord Brentford. §4.4.1928.

The last time he went to Headquarters, April the 12th, the official diary closes the forty-seven years' record at Queen Victoria Street with, "left for Hadley Wood." He had crossed the threshold of "101" for the last time.

Some sort of feverish attack which was thought to be influenza increased the sleeplessness, and his anxiety continued acute. He knew that an effort was being made to gather a body of opinion for Commander Eva Booth's view, and he anticipated a prolonged agitation, which might be a grave interruption of The Army's work. Commissioner Mrs. Lucy Booth-Hellberg, who had been appointed Travelling Commissioner, with her home in Stockholm where her daughter lived, was in England on business. Her presence was a comfort to her brother, she understood something of the sorrow of the position and of its effect upon him. Just before her return to Sweden she wrote to Mrs. Booth :

"I am feeling so sad and anxious about everything. It seems the clouds are so heavy, still they must have a silver lining if only we could pierce them ! But meanwhile what shall we do with Bramwell ? This can't go on without the risk of breaking him. . . . I feel so sorry for you. It is all so unkind and wicked."*

Though far from well he insisted upon fulfilling his engagement to go to Sheffield on April 14th. "I must keep faith with the public, the meetings will do me good." The week-end followed the usual programme, soldiers and ex-soldiers on Saturday night. This meeting "gave the week-end campaign a tremendously happy start," says *The War Cry* ; "held in a packed house, it was a hot time and rousing—seething in the first two minutes ; it boiled over again and again during the next three hours." Meetings on Sunday were held in the Empire Theatre, immense crowds gathered in spite of the inclement weather ; of the night meeting *The War Cry* says :

"Snow, driven by bitter blasts, had been harrying the waiting queues surrounding the great building, and with every seat occupied and the unusual spectacle of people standing in this, Sheffield's latest entertainment house, there yet remained hundreds more, patiently waiting for two hours when accommodation might be expected to become vacant. . . . The General showed Salvation as supplying the long-sought meaning of the mystery of life ; the answer to the urgent questions of the soul ; the only means of laying hold on eternal life—the only hope for all. Everybody could hear ; everybody could see, and many were thinking deeply when he came to his closing sentence : ' Shall it be ? That's the question ! Shall it be *now* ? ' "

One notes that the first week-end's meetings he conducted as General, excepting William Booth's Memorial Sunday at Clapton,

were in Sheffield, and now it is in Sheffield he leads his last. The course is nearly run : it will be on a Sunday evening, at prayer meeting time, when he was generally to be found moving among the people, tenderly calling them to decision, that he will hear the call for which he waits, and answering, will slip quietly away from the strife which has been his earthly life.

He caught a chill on his way home from Sheffield ; the heating arrangements for the train were defective, and the unseasonable cold accentuated the discomfort. He was not sufficiently recovered to lead the two days' meetings at Westminster Central Hall on Monday and Tuesday, April 23rd and 24th, and later left London for a few days at the sea.

Cables or letters had been sent to all Army leaders following the distribution of the correspondence from America, and the General now contemplated making a detailed statement. He was in favour of asking for a fuller expression of view from the Commissioners and others. But the Chief was opposed to inviting opinions on the questions raised, and strongly advised the General to make a brief pronouncement giving his decision. When in France a few weeks before, the General had discussed with Commissioner Peyron the probability that he would summon the Commissioners to consider with him the American demands.

"Letter to T.C's.," he wrote to the Chief on April 23rd, "you will see that I have made some alterations in the draft, but I have retained all your suggestions but one. I think them good. The one is the reference to that letter. I think it magnifies its importance to bring it in there." [This was the letter from the nine Commissioners.] "Further, it has occurred to me that something in the nature of an expansion of my Memorandum of the 24th November, especially bearing on the legal aspects of the matter, would be useful. I drafted something very roughly, and had an interview with Frost upon it. He has drawn up the enclosed and I propose we send it with the letter. I send it to you now that you may have time to look at it in the morning."*

The Chief came down to Hadley Wood on the day following this note to discuss the matter further. On April 29th in a letter to Mrs. Booth, he wrote :

"I have thought a deal about this letter to the Territorial Commanders and really think in the General's interest and in The Army's something less voluble and more emphatic would be best. I am afraid that the letter proposed will result in further correspondence and a keeping open of the subject which surely is undesirable, whereas if the General met squarely all that some might like to say, he would so have anticipated such possible communications as to make further letter-writing appear

undesirable and unnecessary. To illustrate what I mean, I have no doubt some will reply and say they do not want the constitution altered, but think the General should take advantage of the alternative provided in the constitution for the method of appointing the future General. I would anticipate this, and thus do away with the necessity of further argument about it. Then I would mention the letter from the nine Commissioners ; they have I fear, all had a copy, and may be wondering what is the position with them.

"I am seeking *only* the General's interests in making this suggestion, and enclose a rough draft of a letter which embraces the ideas I have in mind in making this proposal. You will realise it is a more *emphatic* decision, and, in my view, is more likely to settle the minds of our people. They will be able to say definitely the General has looked at *all* points and possibilities and has given his decision.

"Of course, there may be, and probably will be, some who will write and say they regret it, but I feel confident there will be less discussion and writing than would be the case if the proposed letter goes. But the General may feel different, and, if so, of course, we will go full steam ahead with the draft I have, copy of which I return so that you may look at it again in the light of what I have said."

"Yours affectionately."*

Finally the Chief's advice was acted upon and the letter agreed contained the paragraph :

"I feel, therefore, that I should now definitely say, as a result of further consideration of the whole subject, that any change in what we term our original Deed Poll cannot be entertained by me. I have neither the power nor the desire to make any such change. I received our 'system' from the Founder's hands as a sacred trust, and I cannot abandon that trust. I do not believe that you would ask me to do so."

The few days at the sea failed to revive the General's strength, but he did not yet regard his indisposition as anything more than a passing matter. He was to have met the Divisional Commanders of the British Territory in council, but his doctor vetoed any such thing. He wrote to Commissioner Hurren, then in charge of the British Territory, giving some guidance for those meetings, and it was fitting that in this, his last word of the kind, Bramwell Booth should be pleading for the Field officers, asking of their leaders "more kindness," "more personal sympathy," and reminding them that "everything with us is love." Reading the lines, and knowing the burden he carried, it is tragic how sorely the writer, then nearly at the end of his long life of service, stood in need of a manifestation of just those graces he was beseeching for others.

*29.4.1928.

"I was very glad to have your note following your return from Portsmouth," he wrote, "and I think you must have had a really good day. Praise God. . . . I am no doubt improving, but it is a slow business, and the set-backs are very trying.

"It does not seem likely, as I think you already know, that I shall be able to meet the Divisional Commanders. I feel it very much, but it cannot be helped. Let me know what line you thought of taking. I would especially like you to mention two things which are upon my heart, in thinking of the D.C.s. First, that while they must be firmer than ever, both in the administration and in the command of their Division, they must bring in a little more of the milk of human kindness, and show it in their personal intercourse with officers. . . . Some officers, especially among the younger people, get very little attention. Now, an hour or a couple of hours, or for that matter longer, spent upon an officer, especially if some definite counsel is given, and some personal sympathy shown, might have, in many cases would have, very important results. After all, the basis of everything with us is love, and some of these men are by nature a little rough. Their force of character, and much of their experience, has tended that way, and in some cases their roughness is unnoticed by themselves.

"Now mind, I don't want a 'sloppy' business. You know that, and you will know how to distinguish; but I am sure there is room for more of what might be called 'the play of affection' in some of the work.

"Secondly, I should like something said of a very definite nature, about *encouragement*. The art of encouraging—this is one of our spiritual fine arts; and there is ground for encouraging even the poorest and weakest specimens. Lord Salisbury once said to me that he liked his friends, when they said something for him, to say something against him. Well, I am not sure about that, but I am sure that it is good advice, especially to D.C.s, never to say anything to a man against himself, or his work, without at the same time saying something for him. . . .

"This has a special application to the young officer. We can all recall in our own experience the immense impression made upon us in our own early days by even a word of encouragement. Now I don't mean making promises and giving hints of better corps or promotion or what not; that is another matter, is as often evil as good; but I mean finding out and noticing something really commendable, with the hope, of course, of inspiring the receiver to still further efforts.

"May God guide you and visit the council.

"Yours affectionately, W. B. B.

"I shall, D.V., be at the C.P. somehow."*

He was! Twenty-thousand women had gathered for the cele-

bration of the twenty-first anniversary of the Home League* at the Crystal Palace on May 8th. This was the last indoor meeting at which he spoke. Again it was fitting it should be at a woman's meeting, for he was their special friend and an upholder of all that ennobles the home.

On May the 10th he led the stonelaying ceremony for the William Booth Memorial Training College at Denmark Hill. Amplifiers were fitted so that the crowd which could not be accommodated in the spaces and on the stands around the platform could yet hear and take part. Spring sunshine touched the scene with beauty. The Army flag, when the General released it, tossed out in brilliant contrast to a patch of blue sky; uniformed Salvationists, the shining instruments of the bandsmen, the sombre-clad crowd on the surrounding tiers, with the partly-erected buildings in the background, framed the central point where he stood among his people for the last time. And again, it was fitting that Bramwell Booth should finish preaching where he began, in the open air. Fourteen years before, he had written in his journal of an open-air meeting held in Hyde Park at the time of the International Congress:

"Scenes in Hyde Park very striking. Superintendent of Police estimates that from Embankment to and including the Park we dealt with a million people. I should say yes. I had great freedom in the meeting. I said to the Chief [then Commissioner Howard], 'I began in the street. I shall finish there!'"†

And again it was fitting that the occasion should be associated with William Booth. It was a last public expression of that filial love which for more than sixty years had not waned. Here for the last time in the presence of a crowd, Bramwell Booth spoke for his Master: the son spoke of his father: the General spoke to his soldiers: "Oh, you Salvationists," he cried at the end of his address, "Be thorough! Be out-and-out! Be the *whole* thing! Do not play with anything in the great business of God's Kingdom, but go in, *heart* and *head* and *hand*, and God will bless you and bless The Salvation Army."

But his health now caused grave anxiety. A specialist whom he consulted said, after a thorough examination, that the physical condition was good, but that he was nervously overdone and required some months' complete freedom from worry and work; that if this were obtained he should be "good for at least another five years." Now, for the first time since when in 1878 he had gone to Sweden, Bramwell Booth prepared to leave Army affairs in hands other than his own. The time was critical, contrary influences were at work, and he fully realised how vital would be the loyalty of the one appointed to act for him. He had much talk with the

*A Salvation Army association of women, having for its aims everything concerned with the betterment of home life. The Home League was founded by Mrs. Bramwell Booth in January, 1907.

†13.6.1914.



THE GENERAL AND MRS. BOOTH RECEIVING DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S OFFICERS' COUNCIL AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, LONDON. 1927



LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE. RELEASING THE FLAG AT THE STONE-LAYING CEREMONY OF THE WILLIAM BOOTH MEMORIAL AT DENMARK HILL MAY 10TH, 1928

Chief of the Staff, who gave fullest assurance that he would stand with the General and co-operate with Mrs. Booth. In a letter to Mrs. Booth dated April 30th, he wrote :

“ The understanding I had with you will be strictly carried out. You will know of anything as soon as I know.” And on May the 2nd, “ I want to do the utmost I can to prevent difficulty and to strengthen the General’s position.”

Writing to Mrs. Booth some months later, and referring to his desire to retire at the end of 1929, the Chief said,

“ I certainly will not leave the General in a storm, and will stand by him until he relieves me.”*

Arrangements were made to leave all in the Chief’s hands, he to consult with Mrs. Booth on matters of importance.

“ I shall do my best, in co-operation with Mrs. Booth, to carry on,” he wrote to the General. “ I have no misgivings as to what is my duty as well as my pleasure, viz., to act in all things as I believe you would act. I may not always correctly interpret your wishes, but that will only be because of faulty judgment, and not for any want of desire always to do as you wish.

“ We are all praying for you. Nothing seems to matter now, but that you should get well. Never was your life more precious, and you will, I am sure, do all that the people who ought to know say you must do to regain your old-time vigour. A month or two of quiet and absolute rest will be a wonderfully good investment if, as I believe it will, it gives to The Army and to the world its General for another ten years. . . . Try not to worry, or carry burdens. How I wish really every one of them could be taken from your mind and heart for this period.

“ I will consult with Mrs. Booth freely and fully. I think we quite understand each other and shall pull together, moved by a common impulse to take care of everything for you. We shall strive with all our powers to be *good stewards* and not be afraid of your return. . . . God bless you with ten thousand blessings.

“ With true affection and loyalty.”†

The War Cry of May 26th announced, “ The General has now left London for a period of quiet and recuperation in the country. Meantime, the Chief of the Staff is actively engaged in the administration of matters affecting The Army and the war, ably assisted by the co-operation of Mrs. Booth.”

And so it came about that after fifty years’ incessant labour, this now tired and burdened man obeyed the doctor and began his first rest without work ; rest without worry it was not within love’s power to give him. He went to Matlock for a short course

*16.9.1928.

†25.5.1928.

of treatment at Smedley's Hydropathic Establishment. A note from there to his wife shows only too plainly his mind had not laid down its burden :

"The new situations which continually emerge in one's mind are so difficult to cope with. The anxieties go over and over again, especially in the night, till I am in a fever of perplexity. Being away does not *alloy* one of them ! Being alone gives many a new turn of perplexity to some.

"Don't think that I do not try to keep a brighter side up. I do . . . To keep my mind *off* what I know is undesirable is in itself no small thing, and involves sustained watchfulness and effort of both nerve and will, night and day. May God guide us."

How well his mother had known him, that when he was but twenty-one she should warn him : "You are of my temperament, you are not elastic as papa is, you cannot throw things off like he can. . . . Mind my words—take more rest." But, alas, for disregarded admonitions ! At twenty-one he "cannot throw things off" ; there is little hope that at seventy-two he will learn.

Whilst resting he received the last letter written to him from Sir Washington Ranger, the head of The Army's firm of solicitors. Sir Washington had been in poor health for some time and the General had on several occasions been to see him. How differently things might have turned had the advice and help of this able, sympathetic spirit been available when Bramwell Booth stood practically alone in his endeavour to preserve The Army's Constitution. Ranger was more than the Booths' solicitor, he was their friend ; deeply religious, he entered with understanding into the real life of The Army. Characteristic of his relation with Bramwell Booth are such personal notes as is this one, written on the eve of his first visit to America, October 21st, 1913 :

"My dear General,

"I feel I did not express to you yesterday anything like all that is in my heart. My heart's desire and prayer to God is that you may have a really prosperous journey and time in the West in glorifying God, encouraging and strengthening His people, and bringing many souls now in darkness into the light and out of the world to God. Many, many hearts will go with you and will bear you well in mind before God during your absence ; but none more definitely than mine. . . .

"My best love to you.

"Always, my dear General,

"Sincerely and affectionately yours,

A. W. G. Ranger."

Now came the last of such notes, its closing words :

"You may be thinking I have forgotten you, but you are very frequently in my mind. I pray God will give you specially just that guidance along the particular road that is best for you to traverse awhile and sustain you in it with much blessing on you and yours in every way. Doubt not that He will do so, dear General. He never does turn a deaf ear to, or overlook, any single petition, however small, of any who look up to Him in believing confidence.

"With much love in the Lord, I am, dear General,

"Faithfully and affectionately yours in Him,

A. W. G. Ranger."*

At the end of June the specialist makes another examination and confirms his previous verdict. There is no reason why Bramwell Booth should not fully recover, *but he must have rest of mind*. July and August are spent in Surrey, where he drives and walks about the heather-clad commons. Now is revealed the full extent of the lack in his resources. Was anyone to blame? His upbringing? His circumstances? Himself? This man of wide outlook, versatile of thought, of unflagging enthusiasm, has no hobby. He has learned no end of things, but he has not learned to play! It has never been essential to him before; now, unless he can distract his thoughts by some interest apart from his work, it will fare ill with him. His dear ones rack their ingenuity. A game of chess may occupy an hour, but he is more than likely to break off in the middle and begin to discuss the forbidden subjects. The fact is that all his own flesh and blood are part and parcel of The Army and associated with the worry. With his sons and daughters, who come to and fro on visits there is little to arouse his interest that has not to do with their work, which is his also. His friends are "Army" too. Commissioner Kitching comes, but the talk is "Army." With his Friend and Love what should there be to speak of but the subject which has engrossed their lives? He laughingly wishes he could knit, but even knitting, unless the pattern were very complicated, would not distract the thoughts that cannot be lured from the beaten track by any promise of novelty. To one as heart-weary as he is now, some familiar method of relaxation alone could be restful, and there is none!

In September he returned to the sea. His condition fluctuated, an occasional good night's sleep rallied his spirits. But periods of great depression became frequent. He was discouraged. His anxiety about The Army increased, and he talked of it with anguish of spirit painful to witness.

Neuritis now attacked him and his right arm became seriously affected. He suffered much pain. It seemed impossible to allay his fears that his absence would facilitate agitation in favour of changing the Constitution, and that the High Council might be called to precipitate a crisis. He was told that the Chief emphatically

declared that he had satisfied himself that no efforts were being made to call the High Council and that no such step would be taken by any, certainly not by any London Commissioners, while he was ill. In June the Chief had written to Mrs. Booth :

“ I have now seen all the nine excepting B. Tucker and Jeffries, and I have their utmost assurance that they will be no party to any further action (Mapp, of course, I have not seen*)—they did not contemplate any, but I am glad I saw them as they could not do anything now after making such a declaration to me.”

The Chief, whose visits were cheering, assured him there were no signs of any activity on the constitutional question, that there was nothing but love and sympathy with him and prayers for his recovery.

The doctors found no symptoms that were not compatible with the nervous exhaustion from which he was suffering, and continued to affirm that with time there was no reason why he should not regain his strength. Anxiety was the chief enemy to his recovery. “ Don’t worry about anything,” were the standing orders, but only one thing could have given him relief from worry, and that did not come.

His wife went from time to time to Headquarters for conference with the Chief of the Staff and others, and in September led the annual councils for the Women’s Social Work officers. During her absence for these her Love wrote her his last letter. “ Darling,” he said, “ I trust you to God. He is the *Guardian* of you all. He will not fail us. Let us hold on to that.” And a few lines later, “ If you have occasion say a kind word to Tucker.” This was Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Tucker, who had for years served the General and The Army devotedly, and whose mother and father were of help in the Mission days when Bramwell was a boy ; and the letter goes on, “ God is our *Friend*. I remind myself of this when I *feel* the worst ; believing is not the same thing as feeling, that is the mistake we have so often made ; I mean, acting as though we might expect to feel what God has asked us to trust. I ought to be better on this line and I will, especially if you will help me.”

On October 7th word came that the Chief’s son-in-law, Bramwell Taylor, a Salvation Army officer in Canada, had died suddenly. The General at once wrote and the Chief replied :

“ My dear General,

“ It was very beautiful of you to write me the letter of sympathy which came to hand this morning. I knew *you* would feel Bramwell’s going, because I knew you valued him and his abilities. . . .

“ We do not forget you, dear General. It seems that every moment of every day produces an occasion for thoughts of you,

*Commissioner Mapp was visiting Australia.

and as they come we go on lifting you up to the Throne, from whence will come the help and strength you now so much need. I doubt if ever a man lived for whom more prayers are offered, or towards whom more sympathy was outpoured. We do not understand the delay in God's answer, but He does, and so we trust Him without a shadow of doubt but that He hears and will answer, and we shall have the joy of welcoming you back to dear old Headquarters again."*

Earlier he had written :

"My dear General,

"I was so glad to get yours with letter for the *Cry*. This is splendid, will create hope and bring cheer to our people all over the world. I am so glad too that you are really getting better. I must say I feel more optimistic, and am already visualising the happy day when we shall welcome you once again at I.H.Q. We don't want you to feel in a hurry because we know in nervous troubles time is the only effectual healer, and we want you *well*—not half well.

"I appreciate too your kind references to myself. You know I am sure that the knowledge that I am doing it *for you* is a great incentive to every effort, and you may count on the best I can give.

"I shall hope to see you again soon, on some matters which I think are ripe for bringing to you—appointments principally. God be with you, my dear General, and give you rest of mind and heart whilst you are forced to take rest of body.

"Yours affectionately,"†

Early in October alarmist rumours about the General's condition were abroad and his sister Eva telegraphed proposing to come to London. On October 19th, the day after a visit to the General, the Chief wired to her :

"Have seen the General. Find him quite able to discuss and decide important business matters with clear grasp of the situation. He is physically weak. Must take still a few months for recovery. Certainly there can be no justification at the present time to take any action on the plea of the General's health."‡

Long spells without any sleep at all now supervened, producing general debility and serious loss of weight. Another specialist was called in who reported hopefully. He ordered more rest ; walks were given up and towards the end of October rest in bed was tried. The Chief's last conversation with the General was on October 25th, just as the worst period of sleeplessness had begun. He expressed great concern. There was nothing in his manner

*9.10.1928,

†18.9.1928.

‡19.10.1928.

then or previously to indicate any change of attitude on his part. He wrote the next day to Mrs. Booth who was leaving for a week-end's meetings at Attercliffe :

“ October 26th, 1928.

“ It is kind of you to tell me what the General said about my visit, and if only I *could* make him happier what a joy it would be. I have had some sad, sad hours in reflection of him. He seemed so low yesterday that I felt rather cruel in bothering him about the few things I mentioned—and I really doubt the wisdom of doing it until he is much better.

“ There is nothing of great importance to write about to-day. I will gladly meet you at the station on Monday or anywhere else if you will give the word. If only we could do something—that is human, I suppose. We can, and do pray, and we will join the doctor in hopefulness for a recovery before long. I hope you will have a good week-end and that the dear Lord will help you to win a great victory in spite of your burdened heart.”

The General grew worse ; he was now virtually without natural sleep, and during the second week in November his condition was serious. The Chief came down on Tuesday, November 13th, but as the General was sleeping under the influence of a narcotic he only went into the bedroom for a few moments and did not speak to him. During this visit the Chief told Mrs. Booth that he feared an effort was being made to call the High Council, that while he hoped it might be averted for a time the position was very uncertain. He expressed deepest sympathy and said he would do everything he could to prevent any action being taken. He promised to call the Commissioners together for prayer first thing the next morning, Wednesday. This he did not do.

On his return to Headquarters that same Tuesday night, however, activities were set in motion for the immediate requisitioning of the High Council, and this was effected at ten o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, November 14th. Within two hours of receiving the requisition, and before notification of the fact had reached the General or Mrs. Booth (the General himself was too ill to be told what had taken place) the Chief of the Staff issued the first summons to attend the High Council, thus identifying himself with the requisitioning Commissioners, instead of leaving them to call the High Council, which the 1904 Deed, under which they acted, empowered them to do.

On the afternoon of Wednesday Mrs. Booth was notified by Mr. Frost that the High Council had been requisitioned by seven Commissioners. The Chief of the Staff wrote to Mrs. Booth :

“ Mr. Frost will have told you that I had a requisition this morning first thing from the necessary number of Commissioners

to call the High Council. I have had a strenuous fight carried on now for some months, and can look everybody in the face and say I did my best to prevent this. It has been months of mental and, I was going to say, spiritual agony, done because I thought the General would wish me so to act. After all this time it has proved ineffective, and we are faced with whatever the calling of the High Council may involve."

The next day, Thursday, November 15th, he wrote to Mrs. Booth :

" Herewith I send you a full copy of the request for the convening of the High Council signed by the seven Commissioners which was handed to me yesterday morning. I, of course, feel that I have no option but to dispatch the necessary cables and notices and this I am doing to-day."

The requisition was addressed to the Chief of the Staff and read :

" Commissioner E. J. Higgins,
" The Chief of the Staff of The Salvation Army,
" 101, Queen Victoria Street,
" London, E.C.4.

" We, the undersigned, being seven Commissioners for the time being of The Salvation Army, hereby request you to approve a meeting of the High Council in accordance with the provision of the Deed Poll of the 26th day of July, 1904, for the purpose of adjudicating whether the General for the time being is unfit for office.

" Signed by :—

" Samuel Hurren.
" David C. Lamb.
" Robert Hoggard,
" Henry Mapp.
" Charles H. Jeffries,
" Wilf. L. Simpson.
" Ricd. W. Wilson.

" International Headquarters.

" 14th November, 1928."

What shall be written of the days which followed ? The sick man began to improve. Natural sleep returned, slowly, but with healing, appetite revived : it seemed as though he had at last " turned the corner." By November the 26th he was able to resume the signing of Army documents, suspended for fifteen days. But there came questions hard indeed to answer ! From this time onward his spirit was mysteriously aware of happenings of which humanly speaking he knew nothing. " Are we alone ? " he asked his wife

one Sunday evening ; a screen obscured the view of a part of the room. On being assured no one else was present he said, "How is the Chief? He is not very well. Has he called the High Council?" The questions were successfully parried by others. A few days later he said, "Darling, these men will be taking advantage of my weak state and getting things into their own hands. They will end by turning me out and upsetting the Founder's plan."

His repeated enquiries, especially for the Chief, were increasingly difficult to meet, the more so that there were no letters from him. The General was told the doctors had enjoined greater quiet, and for the same reason he was told I must not see him until he was stronger, for it would have been impossible to prevent his discussing Army affairs with me. Christmas came. He dictated a few notes of greeting to officers, adding to some a line with his own hand, though writing was still very difficult because of the neuritis in his arm. My mother's diary entry for Christmas day includes : "Lowestoft band at midnight. . . . Beautiful sunshine this morning. Beloved more restful. Pleased with Bernard's Christmas card and Commissioner Laurie's letter. . . . More and more the anxieties of the situation press on his mind." Commissioner Laurie wrote :

"We are praying fervently that the Lord may continue to be very near to you and that He may soon restore you to us. Your example in this illness has been a great inspiration . . . and I love and admire my General more than ever. . . . How grateful I am for all that you have been to me and for the opportunities and privileges of service you have given me."

At the end of December the doctors pronounced him well enough to bear the shock of hearing what action had been taken. It was decided I should tell him. I travelled down from Headquarters for this purpose. The journey no sooner begun than ended, for hours fly to meet those who crave even a moment's respite. I felt that the words I must speak would be his death. How then could I speak them? It was New Year's day, 1929, and in the evening, soon after my arrival, my mother and I went into his room, our hearts steadied to the task. I kissed him and he spoke cheerily, told me he was "on the mend" : he had not seen me for some time ; then, looking steadfastly into my eyes, he said, "They have called the High Council." His words struck me like a blow : so God had told him ! I could not speak, I nodded. He then asked, "Did — sign?" I nodded again, and then a silence fell. He broke in, "Yes, I felt they would take advantage of my illness. I wonder what they really think in their hearts?" Then question followed question. "Where is the Chief in all this?" "What is Frost's attitude?" And the position was fully talked over. After some time my mother left us, and my father at once said to me, "If I die, Catherine, remember, there must be no bitterness. I forgive, you and the others must forgive too. They want to change

the General's plan, they must know I shall never agree." He always spoke to us of William Booth as the General.

There were only seven days before the High Council would assemble, and there was much to be done. I told him of the solicitors who were to act for him, Messrs. Ranger, Burton and Frost having expressed themselves to me as unable to do so. Their representative drew a distinction between the Trust and the Trustee which I could not understand, but it was made clear to me that the General should seek legal aid elsewhere.

The neutral attitude professed by the Chief of the Staff surprised and perplexed the General, though he did not at first understand this to be a complete withdrawal from himself personally. His apprehension centred more on the line of action his sister would take. He did not regard the Chief as a candidate for the Generalship : he had asked that he might retire at the end of 1929 on the grounds that the position of Chief of the Staff required a younger man, and the General had accepted this as agreed between them. But as the days passed, the Chief's silence and the fact that he made no attempt to come and see him prepared the sick man for what was to come and raised questions about the past—unanswerable indeed !

The hope of preserving The Army's Constitution unchanged now engrossed him. His strength rallied unexpectedly to the call. He had a battle to fight, for "my dear old General" for the well-being of the beloved "Concern." He believed that a majority of the members of the High Council would desire the position to be dealt with by him. The fact that he was at last improving in health and that the doctors spoke definitely of his recovery, encouraged him to feel that he would at least be granted time to prove whether the doctors were justified in their prognostication.

At this time, and through the difficult weeks that followed, it was mercifully possible to shield him from knowledge of much that transpired. He was still confined to his bed, and on a plea of keeping him quiet, in the interest of his recovery, he saw little of the newspapers, and was never aware of the animadversions and hostile publicity campaign levelled against him, nor were details of the proceedings at meetings of the High Council ever made known to him.

He at once set to work preparing a letter to the High Council, which was to assemble on January the 8th.

"My dear Comrades,

"The calling of the High Council to remove me from office is a great shock. I could have understood that the Commissioners might have been asked to consider whether I should continue in office, but the fact that the Council has been called leaves no room for doubt that the Commissioners who requisitioned the Council were influenced by a desire to deprive me of the power which belongs to every General of The Salvation Army under our

Foundation Deed, of appointing, or naming the manner of appointing, his successor. Whether their action is right may God guide you to judge.

"Had I been asked to resign it would have been a very different matter, and I should not on my own account have much regretted the request. The doctors say that I shall get well, but in any case it will take a few months. I cannot tell. At times I feel very low. If it be God's will, how gladly I shall return to my post.

"Will you give me time ?

"I made arrangements, when I went on rest, that the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth should act on my behalf as far as possible. I did not then anticipate so long an absence. As it is likely to be still further prolonged it seems to me it would be a strength to The Army, at a time which must now be regarded as critical, that I should place the administration in the hands of a Council. This I propose to do, appointing :

"The Chief of the Staff as President.

"Commander Eva Booth.

"Commissioner Catherine Booth.

"Probably two I.H.Q. Commissioners as members.

"Mrs Booth will wish to remain with me.

"Further, as all Commissioners and Territorial Commanders are assembled, I take the opportunity of saying that ever since I received the Memorandum from the Commander in October 1927, asking me to make certain changes in our Constitution, I have been anxiously and carefully considering the whole position, and was still at work on the matter when I was ordered away and told it was imperative to rest as completely as possible.

"It was in my mind to appoint a Commission to receive the various opinions, and to co-ordinate and examine their value and practicability and to discover :

"1. What changes are desired.

"2. Whether they could be brought about without endangering the stability of The Army or our methods of work.

"If the responsibility be mine when the Council has adjudicated, I shall, after conference with the Chief, and before the members of the Council have left, appoint such a Commission.

"I love The Army. I love its teaching. I love more than ever its unity. Do not let us do anything to endanger either. I would have come to meet you, but I am not equal to the effort.

"God bless you all and those you love.

"Your affectionate General."*

The reply was a letter from the Council asking him to retire. It was requested that this should be presented by a deputation of seven members. The doctors were opposed and consented only

when informed that it was feared that refusal might be misinterpreted and harm the General's cause. Again it proved unnecessary to tell him in words. His heart had been prepared by Another. When I went to him in order to do so he at once greeted me with the question, "How many of them are coming?" He spoke to each of the seven, personal words applicable to them, enquired after wife or friend. His first words, with the old merriment in his eyes, were, "Well, you see they have me in hobbles!" And, turning to Commissioner Yamamuro, "I don't know what that is in Japanese!" Mentioning the Memorial Training College he expressed a wish that they should see it; and then said, of the letter asking him to retire:

"I have read this carefully and the accompanying resolution. I realise all the disadvantages of division and see them fully; but at the same time I did receive what I have received as a very sacred trust from the Founder, and from the Lord, and you must give me time to consider what I ought to do.

"Of course, it is difficult to know what are the signs of the times, but I was a little surprised to find that I was to retire right off—that the idea should be to ask me to retire right off. That was not what I had thought at all possible. I have felt it very much that the position should be what it is. I have been very tried. When I made the present proposal [in his letter to the Council] I thought it would be an acceptable one. At the same time I made it because I thought it would be the best.

"Don't say I refused this, or accepted that. I am in the position of a man who is in very delicate health and has to make up his mind on a very grave subject. Thank God I have not to make up my mind about Him and trusting Him!"

Then he prayed with them; his last prayer with any company of officers. These were the closing phrases, jotted down at the time: "Lord, this is a special occasion. We ask Thee for a special blessing, a visitation to each of these, my dear comrades, who have helped me and who helped my dear father and stood by him. Help them to help me now. Help them to do the right thing and to do it in the right way, that is, in the right spirit. Then, if it pleases Thee to restore me, well then, I was going to say Lord do it as quickly as possible, but let Thy Name be honoured and glorified: our extremities have been, so often, our opportunity and Thy opportunity. *Bless The Army.* Thou knowest how we have loved The Army and cared for it to the best of our ability. Now let Thy Name be glorified in its success. Be with my dear comrades' families while they are away from them. *Bless the Council.* Give them a special blessing, from the President downwards. Take away all cause of ill-feeling and let all be well."

The strain of this, to him, most painful occasion took heavy toll

of his enfeebled strength ; seeing the Commissioners made the position mercilessly vivid to one who in spirit had been already wounded unto death. To the High Council's letter demanding his retirement he replied :

" We have worked together for many years. The chief object of my life has, as you all know, been the well-being of The Salvation Army, because I believe that the well-being of The Army is wrapped up with the well-being of the world at large. This work is far bigger than any individual or group of individuals.

" The wisdom of our Founder decided that The Salvation Army should always be under the oversight, direction and control of some one person. It has pleased God to call me to that position.

" Now I am asked to relinquish a sacred trust, which, in the sight of God, I solemnly accepted ; I should not be justified in laying down that trust unless I believed that I were no longer able to carry out its responsibilities.

" I have therefore thought it my duty to turn to those medical advisers who have attended me throughout my illness, to ascertain from them whether, in their opinion, I am likely to regain my health and strength. I am advised by them that, in all human probability and subject to God's Providence, I shall, in a few months, be fully recovered. Having this medical report and bearing in mind my deep obligations to the Founder and to The Army, I am bound to ask myself whether I should be justified in laying down the Trust committed to me.

" Such a question answers itself. I cannot do so. I have sworn to preserve the Trust committed to me. I should fail in my duty to the Founder and to The Army if I did not, so long as there is reasonable prospect that health and strength be given me, cherish and fulfil that Trust. This reason alone is sufficient to determine my decision.

" But when I am advised that, were I to take any other course, serious internal controversy would almost inevitably arise, and further, that the work of The Army might be interfered with by a lawsuit of the utmost magnitude, I am confirmed in the rightness of the decision which I have already made.

" Nevertheless, it is not without regret that I have to announce to you that I could not, in any case, assent to your request, for coming as it does after the summoning of the High Council, and in reply to my request for time, it amounts to little less than a threat of expulsion should I fail to comply with it.

" Further, it comes after certain alterations in our Foundation Deed have, so I am informed, been publicly suggested. Were I to yield to a request for retirement presented under these conditions, I should not be acting in the strong and consistent manner which the Founder would have desired.

" I cannot but be disturbed to read in your letter that you are



BRAMWELL BOOTH
AT THE AGE OF 70

here to consider difficulties which have arisen owing to my illness. I have not been informed what these difficulties are, but I cannot understand how they can concern the High Council.

"It does not appear to me that anything has arisen with which the Chief of the Staff is not fully competent to deal, particularly with the aid of the Special Council which I wish to appoint.

"I now learn from Mrs. Booth that since I went away on rest letters have been received showing that a number of you feel some method should be adopted to appoint succeeding Generals other than the mere naming of his successor by the General for the time being. I am strong in the opinion that this is a question of grave import to The Army, and you know from what I have already written my view of it.

"But I am deeply concerned for the unity of The Army, and to help to preserve this, as well as to secure consideration of this question apart from pressure of time and personality, I will avail myself of the alternative provided in our Foundation Deed of 1878. Should I die or otherwise vacate office before such time as the Commission appointed to consider this question has arrived at a conclusion acceptable to me and to the necessary number of Commissioners, I will leave the final choice of my immediate successor to the Commissioners of The Salvation Army.

"I do not want to judge you, but it seems to me a strange thing that I cannot be given time to recover.

"This is the time of The Army's greatest need, and I pray that God may direct and rule your hearts. He is near to you. I request that there be now in the Council a season of prayer, and that all are free to pray. As your General, I ask you to pray that you may be guided by the Holy Spirit.

"Yours affectionately."*

The General sent a statement to the Press ; it appeared in full in *The Times*, from which I quote as showing his view of some aspects of the position.

"For fifty-four years I have spent all my time and energy and toiled incessantly amidst burdens of anxious care such as few men are called to bear, in extending and leading The Salvation Army. I have never before had a prolonged rest ; but some months ago I was ordered away by the doctors so that I might have a complete cessation from work.

"I, of course, made arrangements for carrying on the responsibilities which rested upon me. The Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Higgins, is the Second-in-Command, and he has had full powers to act for me during my absence. I have yet to hear where he has failed.

"In November last my illness became critical and I have since learned that, following upon certain published bulletins,

*14.1.1929.

indicating that my recovery was doubtful, the High Council of The Salvation Army was called to consider the question of the future.

"It should be clearly understood that the Founder of The Salvation Army instituted the powers under which the High Council could be called for the sole purpose of turning out of office a General who was spiritually unfit ; and of electing a successor if that were done, or if for any other reason there should in fact be no General of The Salvation Army. An important point of the Deed is that, in declaring a General unfit, the High Council has power to set aside his nomination of a successor.

"It has been said that had the seven Commissioners who requested that the Council be called believed that I should recover, this step would not have been taken. This has, however, been done, and the High Council has met to adjudicate upon my fitness for my position, and with a desire to discuss proposals for radical changes in the constitution of The Salvation Army. . . .

"I was asked to retire from office under what amounts to nothing less than a threat of expulsion. The only ground for this request, so far as I can ascertain, is that I am ill. There is not even the excuse that I am a burden upon The Army's funds, for my personal needs have been provided from a Trust Fund supplied by a personal friend for this purpose."*

On receiving the General's letter the High Council immediately proceeded to adjudicate. Shortly before midnight the voting began and at the dawn of the hundredth anniversary of his mother's birth, January 17th, the High Council declared Bramwell Booth unfit to remain General of The Salvation Army.

The High Council refused to allow the General to be heard. He was advised that the refusal was probably illegal and that the question ought to be decided by the Courts, or serious difficulty for The Army would ensue. Further, his personal view was that under the Deed of 1904 ill-health, unless mental, could not be a reason for cancelling a General's appointment of his successor, and that if in fact the Deed could be so interpreted as to make ill-health a reason for adjudicating a General unfit and cancelling his Deed appointing a successor, it would contravene the provision of the Deed of Constitution, which it had no power to do. On the advice of Counsel he decided to appeal to the Courts on these questions, no other authority being competent to decide them. He did so only in the hope that a verdict in his favour would enable him to preserve The Army's Constitution from changes which he regarded as injurious. He said, "I stand by the Foundation Deed, by the Constitution of The Army. I do not think that these men are personally antagonistic to me, but they think I am in their way. They want to alter the Constitution. They want these so-called reforms. Very few have expressed themselves to me, and I am not at all clear what it is they do want. I am not prepared to concede

anything which cancels the original Trust. I am quite prepared to discuss what changes they wish." Bramwell Booth averred that it was not intended that the health of a General should be adjudicated upon by the High Council. This contention was, he thought, proved by the fact that whilst a General adjudicated unfit by the High Council was deprived of his right to appoint his successor, a General declared insane retained the right to appoint his successor, providing that the appointment were made one month before the insanity was declared.

Letters from the General to the High Council, the Press and *The War Cry*, state his view :—

"My dear Comrades," he wrote to the High Council, "A copy of your resolution informing me of your decision has reached me. I will not comment here on how this affects me personally. My first responsibility is to ascertain whether under the circumstances which have now arisen your decision entitles me to relinquish my Trust as you desire. I am advised that in the interests of The Army I am not at liberty to do this until the legality of the position has been tested.

"Meantime, I beseech you, for the love of the work for which we have spent our lives, do everything in your power to help our people at a time which cannot but be fraught with new and grave dangers.

"God bless you and yours.

"Yours affectionately,"*

To the Press :

"Sir,

"I see that my action in applying to the Courts, particularly in respect of the powers of the 1904 Supplementary Deed, is being made a ground for attack against me.

"When as Trustee of The Army's funds and protector of its Foundation Deed of 1878 I was advised by eminent Counsel it was my duty to apply without delay to the High Courts for a decision, I had, in fact, no alternative but to act on that advice.

"There were two points to be decided. Firstly, the position of the 1904 Deed, and secondly whether the procedure under that Deed had been correct.

"To infer that my action implies a desire on my part to destroy the 1904 Deed is entirely without foundation. In fact, whether action under the Deed, now contemplated for the first time, compels an immediate decision by the Courts as to its validity or not, it will and must be my first duty to enlist the best possible advice with a view to enquiring into its alleged faults and ambiguities, that the Deed may be altered and strengthened as found necessary. I consider it of vital importance to The Salvation Army that the essential features of the 1904 Deed remain a part of our constitution.

"I deeply deplore the necessity for going to the Courts, but in my position as Trustee under the Deeds I know of no other authority competent to give me the instruction and the Trust the protection of which it stands in need."*

To *The War Cry* :

"My dear Comrades,

"I realise that this is a sad time of perplexity to you, as well as to me ; and recalling other times of anxiety I should like to send you a message.

"Many of you are no doubt asking yourselves, 'Where does the General stand ?' Well, the General stands where the General has always stood.

"I stand for the Constitution of The Salvation Army as interpreted by the Foundation Deed. It is the greatest grief of my life so far, that doubts and fears as to the rightness of the Founder's plan should have arisen in the minds of capable and thoughtful men who have done splendid work for The Army. But I see no middle course. I must follow the Army flag, and adhere to the Foundation principles, that splendid heritage which the Founder bequeathed to us.

"I ask you to pray. Pray for The Army, for your comrades in every land, many of whom are facing peculiar difficulties at this time. Pray for the High Council. A great responsibility rests with each individual member. And pray for me that I may be guided and strengthened to do God's will.

"I thank you for the expressions of sympathy and loyalty that have reached me from all over the world ; they have cheered me. I pray for you and love you.

"Your affectionate General."†

The first action as to the legality of the High Council's adjudication was decided in the General's favour by Mr. Justice Eve, with the result that the adjudication was declared void. The second, as to whether the interpretation of the Deed by the High Council were correct, and if so, whether the Deed of 1904 had power to override the Deed of Constitution of 1878, was pending at his death. The issue raised has not been pronounced upon.

In spite of the strain through which he was passing the General's health showed definite improvement. Sleep was steadily increasing, but on January the 19th the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Higgins, wrote a letter which it was felt could not be withheld. Comparable in tone to nothing he had before addressed to the General, it distressed him so seriously as to cause a fainting attack, and a set-back ensued. On February 3rd, he returned home from the East Coast to Hadley Wood.

On February 13th the High Council met a second time. Mr. William Jowitt, K.C.,‡ appeared for the General, and the

*11.2.1929.

†5.2.1929.

‡Afterwards Sir William Jowitt.

Council heard the evidence of the physicians, Sir Thomas Horder, Dr. John Weir*, and Dr. Wardlaw Milne, who each said that with further rest the General should recover. The High Council then proceeded to vote the General unfit on the ground of ill-health, the effect of which was to cancel his appointment of a successor ; and on the same day, after a brief interval, voted on the candidature for the Generalship of the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Higgins, and Commander Eva Booth. The former was elected by forty-two votes to seventeen.

After the second decision of the High Council had been made known to him Bramwell Booth did not again speak of recovery. He cherished the hope that his right to appoint his successor would be upheld by the Courts, and that thus the battle for the Constitution might yet be won, but there were times when he spoke of the future, and of his sons and daughters as though he anticipated great difficulties for The Army and for them. That he was called to pass by such a path at the close of life remains a mystery unilluminated by any visible benefit to him or to others. There were hours when his soul was almost overwhelmed at the thoughts that hemmed him in. Then he prayed. There were some days when he asked any who came into the room to pray with him. He was touched by the tokens of love he received, such as a bowl of bulbs from The Nest,† fruit and flowers, often brought to the door and left without a name but with a message of love ; an Army Captain sent him her wedding flowers, a girl from the London streets brought roses. On his seventy-third birthday he was shown the piles of letters and telegrams—some he read and with a smile : “ There are some then who still love me ; ” but his isolation from The Army and its affairs ate into his very soul. He was like a man suddenly transplanted into an alien atmosphere, and in it his spirit drooped.

On March 10th he said good-bye to his sister Lucy, who was returning to Sweden. She had seen him several times and her love comforted him. He talked to her freely of the difficulties both past and present ; they prayed together, he sitting in his arm-chair, she kneeling beside him : they were the eldest and the youngest of the hilarious crowd who had romped together in the nursery at Gore Road. His sister says she can never forget that prayer, its tenderness and beauty. She afterwards wrote of her visits to him at this time :

“ I felt as though I wanted to take off my shoes before stepping on sacred ground. I saw him many times in that long, weary journey through the shadows ; and though each time the pain in those searching eyes rent my heart, the wonderful light on that dear suffering face has made me go away whispering to myself, ‘ He is in God’s own everlasting arms ! ’ Those words in Psalm 119 have come to my mind over and over again : ‘ Great peace have they which love Thy law : and *nothing* shall offend

*Afterwards Sir John Weir.

†A Salvation Army Home for little girls.

them !' How true it was ! Only kind words for others ; only urging that, whatever might happen, no unworthy feelings of bitterness should be allowed to enter my heart ; and assurances again and again that God knows the way we have been asked to tread."

As William Booth's birthday approached, his thoughts dwelt much on him and on the Centenary celebrations. There were to have been great rejoicings, praise and song and re-union. A missionary party of one hundred officers was to have been dedicated for the heathen, and advances had been planned on many fronts. Inscrutable ways of God that Bramwell Booth should have lived to see the Centenary celebrated without him, and himself shut out from all contact with The Army.

He wrote a message for *The Times* and it was a difficult and heart-breaking task to convince him that there was no request for any word from him for the Centenary *War Cry*, nor for the gathering he had arranged should take place at the Albert Hall on William Booth's birthday. The son who for forty years had been his father's right hand, and who had watched over The Army from its inception, was absent. No word of his paid tribute there to The Army's Founder, but in the sad quiet of the sick room at Hadley Wood Bramwell Booth conducted his last Army ceremony and dedicated his youngest grandchild, Wycliffe's infant son, William Bramwell, to God, under the Army flag. It was the flag that had accompanied him on campaigns all over the world ; beneath its colours men of every hue had knelt seeking Christ. This time its folds drooped over the babe. It will be needed once more in the General's life, that he may rest his eyes upon it for the last time, and die as he had fought, under the Colours.

And so it came about that Bramwell Booth's last Army service was for a little child, as his first had been for the children in White-chapel. His hands were laid in blessing upon this little one, he took him in his arms and in Christ's name prayed, " Lord, we bring this child to Thee, and ask that Thou wilt take him and lead him so that He may grow to be a man after Thine own heart. We pray that Thou wilt choose him, just as we choose his names, so that he shall bear on him the mark of Thy choosing, for Thy service. . . . Bless The Army, and may this child be forever Thy servant."

To his daughter Mary, shortly before her return to her post in Germany, he said, " Darling, whether living or dying, we are one. If I had life over again I should make more of what your Mother would make less of—sentiment." This with a twinkle in his eyes, and then : " Love is everything, and there are so many ways of showing it." Again and again he spoke to each of his sons and daughters of the future, and always reiterating, " There must be no bitterness. I forgive, you must forgive."

On April 29th he received the Prime Minister's letter announcing that the King had appointed him a member of the Order of Com-

panions of Honour. He said, "It is kind of the King. It will be good for The Army."

The doctors did not anticipate any sudden change. The anxiety now appeared to be that the shock of all he had passed through would result in an extended period of invalidism. On May 19th Dr. Weir saw him and had a long talk with him. The doctor maintained he ought to recover, but emphasised the necessity for a change of mind in the patient. He must be helped to *want* to get well. But it was impossible to wean his thoughts from The Army, and undoubtedly he grieved unceasingly. He prayed much, often aloud, often by name for those on his heart. He loved many of those by whom he felt himself forsaken, talked of them and of his fellowship with them in the past.

On June 7th I went away for a short rest. He knew I was to go, and the evening before I left we talked together. He spoke, as always, of The Army, mentioned his fear that there would be shortage of funds, with ensuing hardship for the officers; spoke of many things, of the sorrow of the past months, and then, resting his eyes with infinite love on mine, he spoke to me about accepting God's will. "My darling girl, we must trust Him. You must trust Him." I did not know I should not hear his voice again.

During the night of June 15th and 16th, Nurse Mrs. Roberts was with him. (The General often called her by her maiden name, Davies: he liked to associate her with years past.) That night, as often when unable to sleep, he prayed aloud, and especially for The Army. Toward early dawn he said, "I'm so tired, Davies, pray with me." She did and he seemed comforted. My mother sat with him part of the night, as she constantly did when he was restless. He spoke of his heart-break at what had happened and then went on to talk of The Army. He had so often during the months past spoken to her of his fears and anxieties for its future; now he said, "I have felt blessed. I want to tell you I am more at rest about The Army, about the future;" adding words too intimate to repeat here. Later he began to speak of Christ, repeating His name. "Darling, the Name of Jesus. *Jesus*. His Name, His beautiful Name. A Name to live by, and a Name to die by." And again repeating, with great distinctness, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," he dropped asleep. But in the early morning he was seized with a heart attack lasting some hours, and, though he rallied and the doctor thought immediate danger was passed, he hardly spoke again. All the family was summoned, but Mary was unable to reach him. He seemed to be resting when at about 8.30 in the evening it became evident death was at hand. Except Mary all his children were with him, and his sons' wives, Jane and Renée, his wife's brother and the two officers, Brigadier Nurse Bertha Smith and Adjutant Nurse Roberts, who had so devotedly eased the burden of his sickness.

Our mother knelt close to him holding his hand; Bernard held

the flag. He could not speak, but looked his love upon us all, and then, turning his wonderful eyes, rested them for the last time upon our mother, and the light faded from them, just as it was fading from the summer sky. Then the stillness was broken by her voice, beautiful as always : " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? The Lord is righteous in all His ways and holy in all His works.—We accept the will of God."

June the sixteenth was the anniversary of Catherine and William Booth's wedding day. It was a Sunday. It was the hour when Bramwell Booth had so often pleaded with hesitating souls in the prayer meeting and helped them into the Kingdom. " At even when the sun was set " the Lord of Life healed Bramwell Booth of his wounds. And now his loving heart was for ever beyond the touch of evil, and of sorrow. The loving son was with his mother and father. The loving disciple was with his Lord.



LAST JOURNEY THROUGH THE CITY
JUNE 24TH, 1929



CATHERINE BRAMWELL BOOTH LEADING THE SERVICE IN ABNEY PARK
CEMETERY



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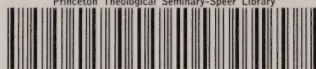
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